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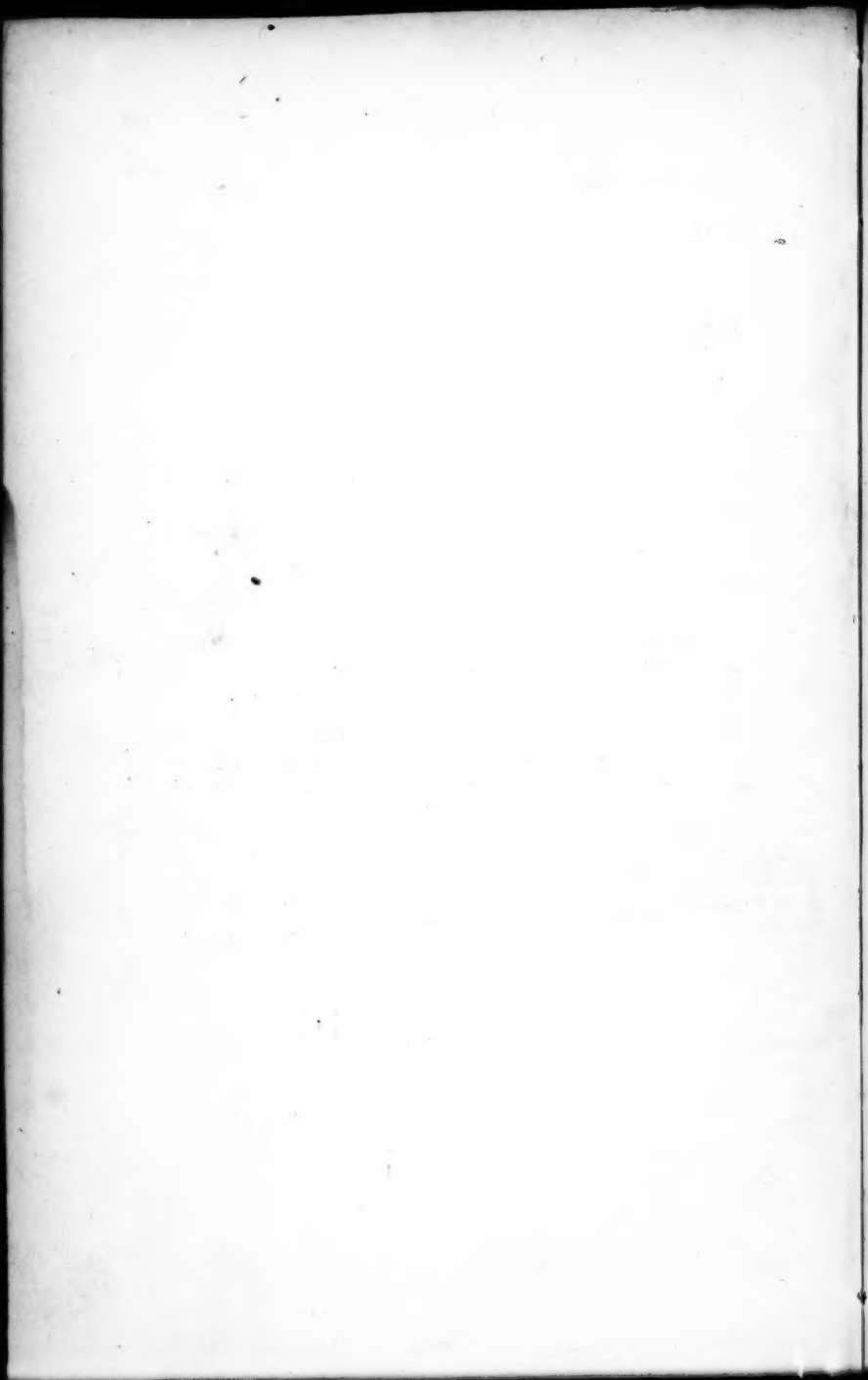
Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum, et folia ligni ad sanitatem
gentium.—*Apoc.* xxii. 2.

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Frédéric Ozanam.

NEARLY forty years ago, an association was set on foot at Paris, the chief object of which was to prove the power and beauty of Christianity, by its action and influence in works of charity. It was an alliance of Catholic youths, who resolved to make a stand, in the name of Christ and the Gospel, against rationalism and the other new systems which were undermining the old faith. This infant society was organized by eight young men, friends and fellow students, who, with one exception, were under twenty years of age. They felt that there is a great power in association, for it is a power of love, and in the strength of union they resolved mutually to encourage and sustain each other, and to strive by prayer and the force of example, to revive the primitive spirit of Catholic faith and of charity, and to endeavour to win back souls to the belief and practice of religion.

The leader of this little band was Frédéric Ozanam, who thus first comes before us as the founder of that Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which now counts its members by thousands, and which has established its Conferences, not only all through France, but in England, over all Europe, and even in America.

Frédéric Ozanam was the son of Jean Antoine François Ozanam, who was born at Chalamont, in 1773, and was descended from an old family of Jewish origin, which had been converted by St. Didier in the year 600 of the Christian era. Jacques Ozanam, the celebrated mathematician of the seventeenth century, was his great uncle, and Jean himself received a very good classical education at the College of the Oratorians at Lyons. Notwithstanding the many vicissitudes of his life, he always retained a great love of letters, and inspired his sons with the same literary tastes. At an early age, he entered the army, and was distinguished, through all his military career, for rare courage and intrepid bravery. He was chosen as envoy to treat with General Suvarrow, from whom, it is said,

he obtained all that he demanded, and he presented to Napoleon the standard of Brasinsky's Uhlans, which he had taken with his own hands. He married, in 1800, the daughter of a rich and honourable merchant of Lyons, quitted the service, and settled in Paris. But, ere long, he was obliged to leave his comfortable home and seek for himself a new profession, for, by an imprudent act of kindness in becoming surety for a relation, he lost his whole fortune.

His Christian faith, which was always strong and unwavering, supported him in this sad reverse, and with undaunted courage he started with his wife and young family for Milan, where he gave lessons to provide for their maintenance, while at the same time he pursued the study of medicine. He went on foot to Pavia to pass his examinations, and his labours were so successful that in two years he became a distinguished physician. In 1813, he received from the Emperor the decoration of the Iron Crown, for his great skill and devoted care of the sick at the Military Hospital, during a violent outbreak of typhus fever at Milan. It was on the 23rd of April of that same year that his son Frédéric was born.

In 1816, Dr. Ozanam, neither desiring to live himself, nor to bring up his sons under Austrian domination, resolved to leave the land of his voluntary exile and to return to Lyons, where his great reputation quickly followed him. His extensive practice and constant studies never prevented his watching with active care over the education of his sons. He also devoted a fixed portion of his time to the service of the sick poor. He and his wife were in the habit of personally visiting the poor, and when both were getting advanced in years, they mutually forbade each other to mount higher than a fourth story. Charity, however, overcame this reciprocal prudence, and it sometimes happened that they met on the same landing, in the very act of violating this compact. It was in coming down stairs from a visit to one of his poor patients, that Dr. Ozanam had a fall which proved fatal to him a few hours after, in the year 1837.

Brought up in such a school, Frédéric Ozanam learnt in his earliest years to be tender and sensitive to the ills of others. He was taught never to separate faith from works, and always to see Christ Himself in the person of the poor. Thus he was being prepared for that great work which God had destined for him, and which was to spread so promptly and so widely.

He was educated at Lyons, and seems always to have been a thoughtful, studious boy, who soon astonished his masters by his precocious talents and brilliant parts. While still at College, he began a poem in Latin verse, on the Fall of Jerusalem, and consoled himself, in the prospect of the profession of a notary, to which his father destined him, and which was most distasteful to the young scholar, by thinking that during his leisure hours he could work at this grand poem. His skill in versification and taste for poetry were already so remarkable, that one of his masters carefully preserved his schoolboy effusions in Latin verse. He had the great advantage of studying under the Abbé Noirot, who had a peculiar gift for the direction of youth, and for developing in each of his pupils his special vocation. This able professor soon saw that in Ozanam he had to deal with a nature of no common order, and he loved to have the lad as the companion of his rambles along the steep and solitary paths which are to be found on all sides in the neighbourhood of Lyons, and which make that town so favourite a resort to men of meditative minds. In this familiar intercourse, the learned master acquired a great influence over the youthful student, an influence which decided the bent and direction of his thoughts, and doubtless it was to the healthy and strengthening teaching of the Christian philosopher that Ozanam owed the firm, unvarying lucidity of faith, for which he was always so remarkable.

When he was hardly fifteen, Ozanam conceived the idea of a work which was to be called, *Démonstration de la vérité de la Religion Catholique par l'antiquité des croyances historiques, religieuses et morales*. This was, in fact, the work which occupied him until his last days, the commencement of those studies which, twenty years later, resulted in *l'Histoire de la Civilisation aux temps barbares*. He changed the form of his plan, but the plan itself remained always the same, and though he began with the hand of a novice, it was already a firm and resolute hand, and his earliest manuscripts, and the first pamphlets which he published, contain the germ of those qualities which were developed later in the accomplished and brilliant writer.

At the age of seventeen, Ozanam was deeply impressed with a conviction that there was a grave and very important mission to be carried on by young men in society. He rejoiced that he was born at a time when he might be useful in doing good, and the dream of his youth, and the object and aim of his studies, were to prove the beauty, excellence, and truth of Christianity,

and to show how religion is glorified by history. The whole social system, which had been shattered by the great Revolution, was still in a state of chaos, and like all thoughtful men of the time, Ozanam felt that the present needs of society required a new order of things, but what was to be its new basis was a problem yet unsolved. The following extracts from a letter, written to one of his late companions who had gone to Paris, describe his feelings on this subject—

Like you, I feel that the past is giving way, that the foundations of the old edifice are tottering, and that a terrible shock has changed the face of the earth. But what will rise out of those ruins? Is society to remain buried under the crumbling remains of fallen thrones, or shall she reappear, more brilliant, younger, and more beautiful? Shall we see *novos celos et novam terram*? That is the great question. I, who believe in a Providence, and do not despair of my country like Charles Nodier, I look for a sort of palingenesis. But what will be the form, what will be the law of that new society? I do not undertake to decide this.

He then relates how deeply he had studied the history of all religious beliefs, how carefully he had examined the traditions of each country and people, their origin, their rise, &c., and he speaks of the joy and consolation which filled his soul, when, by the strength of his reason, he found that the primitive and only true religion was precisely that Catholicism which, as a child, he had learnt from his mother's lips, and which had so often sustained him, both in heart and soul, by its beautiful recollections and its still more beautiful hopes—Catholicism in all its grandeur, and with all its delights. Then, with the ardent enthusiasm of youth, he goes on—

I find it upheld by science, illuminated by rays of wisdom, glory, and beauty. I embrace it with enthusiasm and love, I will ever remain faithful to it, and will stretch out my arm and point it out as a beacon of deliverance to those who are floating over the sea of life. How happy I shall be if a few friends will gather round me. Then we shall unite our efforts, we shall create a work together, others will join themselves to us, and, perhaps, some day all society will meet under this protecting shadow. Catholicism, full of youth and strength, will rise up and put itself at the head of the rising age, to lead it on to civilization and happiness. Oh, my friends, I feel quite overcome while thus writing to you, and full of intellectual pleasure, for the work is magnificent, and I am young and have a great deal of hope, I believe that the time will come when I shall have matured and strengthened my thought, and be able to express it more worthily.

Towards the autumn of 1831, Ozanam went to Paris to complete his studies for the bar, which he pursued with ability and perseverance, in docile compliance with the wishes of his parents, though poetry, history, literature, and philosophy were the studies to which his own inclinations would have drawn him.

However, he still found some leisure time for his historical researches, and, as a sort of recreation, he employed himself in acquiring a knowledge of the English, Italian, Spanish, and German languages. "I am also working hard," he writes, "at Hebrew and Sanscrit; but pray, of what avail will it be to a client that his advocate should know Sanscrit and Hebrew? It would be better that he should grow mouldy over the code."

The pleasures and seductive charms of Paris seem to have had no attractions for him, and his first impressions of the gay city were those of sadness and discouragement. Fresh from the pure atmosphere of a Christian home, and the loving care of a mother to whom he was devotedly attached, separated for the first time from those he loved, he felt solitary and alone. He had arrived full of noble aspirations and courageous resolutions, but he found a world hostile to all his most cherished ideas and feelings. It seemed to him as if he were in the midst of a moral desert, and altogether lost in that vast "capital of egoism, that vortex of human passions and errors," as he describes it. "I dislike Paris," he says, "because there is no life in it, no faith, no love; it is like a huge corpse to which I am attached, while still young and full of life—its coldness freezes me, and its corruption is killing me." But this solitude did not last long, for a friend of his father's, M. Ampère—the patriarch of mathematicians, as Lacordaire calls him—offered him a room in his house, and received him as a son into his family. It was an immense advantage to Ozanam to have this great man for his patron, for not only did he find science, religion, and fame united under the roof of his venerable host, but he had the opportunity of meeting and becoming acquainted with many of the eminent men of the day.

M. Ampère soon felt both esteem and affection for his young guest; he often invited him into his study, conversing freely with him, and explaining to him many of his scientific discoveries. He even made him work under his own eye, and some pages have been preserved, written partly by one and partly by the other. Often during these conversations, when treating of the marvels of nature, the aged *savant* would break forth into rapturous exclamations of admiration for the Author of these wonders, and burying his head in his hands, would cry out—"Que Dieu est grand! Ozanam, que Dieu est grand!"

Amongst the letters of introduction which Ozanam had brought from Lyons, was one to M. de Chateaubriand. He

was of so retiring and timid a disposition that he kept it some months before he could take courage to present it to the celebrated man. When at last he did so, he was received with such affability and kindness that he was soon quite at his ease. After questioning him with paternal interest on his projects, his tastes, his occupations, &c., M. de Chateaubriand, fixing his eyes attentively on him, asked him if he intended going to the theatre. Ozanam, taken by surprise, hesitated between the truth, which was a promise he had made to his mother never to enter a theatre, and the fear that he might appear childish to his noble interrogator. For a little time he was silent, while the struggle went on in his mind. M. de Chateaubriand continued to look at him, as if he attached great importance to his answer. At last truth prevailed; and the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*, leaning towards Ozanam to embrace him, said affectionately—"I implore you to follow your mother's counsel; you would never gain anything at the theatre, and you might lose a great deal." Ozanam never forgot these words, and whenever any of his companions, less scrupulous than himself, invited him to accompany them to the play, he would answer—"M. de Chateaubriand told me it was better not to go there."

Ozanam soon found how carefully the precious gift of faith needed to be guarded in the midst of the war which political opposition was then waging in Paris against religion, in the name of liberty. The Chambers, the press, public instruction, poetry—all were turned into arms against Christianity. The nineteenth century wished to build up what the eighteenth had destroyed, but the new systems of philosophy and religion were based on reason, not on faith, and their highest aim was the amelioration of the human race, for time, not for eternity. When Ozanam heard the attacks on Christianity, and the extravagant propositions made by the rationalist professors of the Sorbonne—that ancient Sorbonne which Christianity had founded, and whose dome was still surmounted by the symbol of the Cross—he was more than ever convinced that a history of all religions was never more called for by the wants of society: to show the immortal alliance between faith and science, to prove that religious truth is the beginning and the end of philosophical truth, and to demonstrate all that Christianity has produced and preserved—the truths it has propagated, the sentiments it has inspired, the laws it has dictated, and the works of art and

poetry of which it has been the source. And also he felt, more deeply than before, that it was the duty of the youth of that time to join together, in preparing to do battle for the divine cause, by the practice of that Gospel they were called on to defend.

The future is before us [he writes to one of his young friends], immense as the ocean. Like bold mariners let us embark in the same boat and row on together. Above us is religion, the bright star which we must follow; before us, the glorious track of the great men of our country and our doctrines; behind us our young brothers, our companions, who, more timid, are waiting for our example.

Again he writes—

I have found here several young men, deep thinkers, and rich in generous sentiments, who are willing to consecrate their powers and their researches to this high mission, which is also ours. Every time that a rationalist professor raises his voice against revelation, Catholic voices are raised to answer him. Many of us have united together for this purpose. I have already taken my part twice in this noble work, by sending in written objections to these gentlemen. But we have been particularly successful at the *cours* of Monsieur X. Twice he has attacked the Church, the first time by treating the Papacy as a passing institution, which came into existence under Charlemagne, and is now dying out; the second by accusing the clergy of having constantly favoured despotism. Our answers, publicly read out, produced the best effect, both on the professor, who almost retracted what he had said, and on the audience, who applauded. The greatest use of this work is to show to young students that one can be a Catholic and have common sense, that one can *love religion and liberty*; in short, to draw them out of religious indifference, and to accustom them to grave and serious discussions.

Ozanam knew not then that he was the instrument God had chosen to uphold the cause of religion, and that his voice would one day be raised in valiant defence of the truth in those very places where now, to his deep grief, he heard it attacked with hostility or treated with indifference. But that time was not yet come, and meanwhile his great desire was to see some special religious instruction established, to initiate youth in the fundamental truths of Christianity, and to treat the leading questions of the day, showing the relations of society with religion, so as to counteract the bad effects of the lectures given by the rationalist professors. A petition for this object was drawn up by Ozanam, and, with the addition of two hundred signatures, was presented by him to the Archbishop of Paris. Thus he was not without influence in the foundation of the *Conférences* at Notre Dame, which were opened by the Archbishop himself in February, 1834. In the following Lent, the Abbé Lacordaire took possession of the pulpit of Notre Dame, and during many

subsequent years the vast edifice was thronged by the multitudes who were attracted by the learning and piety of the eloquent Dominican.

It was not sufficient, however, that the manifestation of the religious belief of the lay Catholic youth should be confined within the domain of theories and philosophical and historical discussions. It was necessary for the great task which Ozanam had traced out, that their religious opinions should have a practical and positive value, and should stamp an impress on their whole lives. They were young, and they must not remain inactive; but before doing a public good they must try to do good to a few. Before attempting to regenerate France, they might at least relieve some of her poor.

I wish, therefore [writes Ozanam], that all our young men should in heart and soul unite in some charitable association for the relief of the lower classes.

The world has grown cold [he says in another letter]; it is for us Catholics to revive the vital heat which is so nearly extinct, it is for us to renew the era of martyrdom. For to be a martyr is possible to all Christians; to be a martyr is to give our life for God and our neighbour, to give our life in sacrifice, whether the sacrifice be consumed all at once as a holocaust, or whether it be slowly accomplished, its smoke going up night and day like the perfumes on the altar; to be a martyr is to give back to God all we have received, our gold, our blood, even our whole being.

Again he writes—

The question which divides the men of our day is no longer a political, but a social question; it is whether the spirit of egoism shall prevail, or the spirit of sacrifice; whether society shall be only a great *exploitation* to the profit of the strongest, or a consecration of *each* to the good of *all*, and, above all, for the protection of the weak. . . . On one side there is the camp of the rich, on the other the camp of the poor; in the one there is the egoism which would keep all to itself, in the other the egoism that would possess itself of all; between the two there is an increasing hatred, and there are threatenings of an approaching war which will be a war of extermination. One only means of safety remains, that, in the name of charity, Christians should interpose between these two camps, and should go like benevolent messengers from one to the other, obtaining abundant alms from the rich, and patient submission from the poor; conveying gifts to the poor, and words of gratitude to the rich, accustoming them to look on each other as brethren, communicating to them a little mutual charity, which charity, stifling and as it were paralyzing the egoism of both, and diminishing their antipathies day by day, the two camps shall rise up, destroy their banners of prejudice, throw down their arms of passion, and march to meet each other, not to fight, but to embrace, and to unite together in peace, making one fold under one shepherd—*unum ovile, unus pastor*.

Inspired by these sentiments, and aided by a few chosen friends, Ozanam commenced the formation of that association for the relief of the poor, of which we have already spoken. He

placed it under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul, choosing that saint whose name is so dear to the Church and to the world, as its model on earth, and for its protector in heaven. Of course there were many obstacles to be surmounted, and difficulties to be overcome; the work was looked on with suspicion by some, with jealousy by others, but the blessing of God was upon it, and the little seed then sown was soon to grow up into a wide-spreading fruitful tree. It is not our purpose to enter into a detailed account of this admirable Society of St. Vincent de Paul; we will only add an extract from an eloquent discourse which Ozanam made twenty years later, at one of the Conferences at Florence, when he was relating to the young Tuscans the circumstances of its origin—words of sad interest, for they were the last which he ever pronounced in public.

We were at that time invaded by a flood of philosophical and heterodox doctrines, which were being agitated on all sides, and we felt both the desire and the need to strengthen our faith in the midst of the attacks which were made against it by the different systems of false science. Some of our young fellow students were materialists, some St. Simonians, others Fourierists, others again Deists. Whenever we Catholics tried to remind our erring brethren of the wonders of Christianity, they all said—"You are right if you speak of the past; Christianity did wonders in former times, but now Christianity is dead. And, indeed, you who boast of being Catholics, what do you do? Where are the works which prove your faith, and which would make us admit it and respect it?" They were right—this reproach was too well deserved. It was then that we said to each other, "Let us set to work, and let our actions be in harmony with our faith. But what is to be done? How can we better show that we are true Catholics, than by doing what is most pleasing to God? Therefore let us succour our neighbour, as did Jesus Christ, and let us place our faith under the protection of charity."

In this thought we were all eight united, and at first, as if jealous of our treasure, we did not wish to admit others to our meetings. But God had decided otherwise. The association of a few intimate friends, which we had proposed to ourselves, became, in His designs, the nucleus of an immense family of brethren, which was to spread over a great part of Europe. You see that we cannot really give ourselves the title of founders; it was God Himself Who willed it and Who founded our society.

I remember that in the beginning one of my good friends who was for a time deceived by St. Simonian theories, said to me, in a tone of compassion, "But what do you hope to do? You are eight young men without fortune, and you pretend to relieve the misery which abounds in a city like Paris! Even if there were many more of you, you could not do much. We, on the contrary, are working out a system and ideas which will reform the world, and do away with poverty for ever! We shall do forthwith for the human race what you would never be able to accomplish during many ages." You know, gentlemen, how those theories ended which were thus deluding my poor friend. And we who excited his pity, instead of eight, are now two thousand in Paris alone; and we visit five thousand families, that is to say, about twenty thousand individuals—about a quarter of the poor within the walls of that immense city. There are five hundred Conferences established in France, and we have them also in England, Spain, Belgium, America, and even in Jerusalem. It is thus that, by beginning humbly, one can arrive at

doing great things, like Jesus Christ, Who, from the lowliness of the manger, rose to the glory of Thabor. It is thus that God made our work His own, causing it to spread over the world, and showering down on it His abundant blessing.*

While Ozanam was thus actively employed, his literary studies were not laid aside; many new writings came from his pen, some of which were the fruit of his travels during his vacations. He was an observant traveller, always making copious notes and laying in fresh stores of knowledge, and with his ardent and poetic imagination, he enjoyed with enthusiasm the beauties of nature and fine works of art. The following letter gives an account of one of his excursions.

To strengthen myself against the contagion of example, and imbibe a greater love of solitude and liberty, I went with my brother on a pilgrimage to the Grande Chartreuse. I need not tell you that we went on foot, and that we did not die of sadness on the way. . . . I will not tell you what we saw, because you have already made the same pilgrimage. All that I can say is that I found there scenery which I have not the talent to describe, and men who I should never have the strength to imitate. However, the impression which this journey has made upon me is very different to all that I had previously imagined. I had heard only of sublime desolation, of torrents and precipices, of deserts and frightful austerities, and I saw only a delicious solitude, luxuriant vegetation, rich meadows, forests where the verdure of the beech mingled itself with the dark fir-tree, rocks overgrown with wild roses, rivers falling in beautiful cascades on beds of turf and moss; on all sides tufts of blue campanulas, tall and graceful ferns like dwarf palm trees, large flocks on the mountains, birds in the woods, and yonder, in the valley, the grand and majestic monastery, the monks in their ancient habit, every feature of their serene countenances expressing repose and happiness; their chants rising at all hours of the day in strength and harmony, and the midnight hymns going up to heaven at the hour when crimes are frequent and God's judgments are being prepared. Finally, the charming chapels of Notre Dame de Casaliban, and of St. Bruno, with their fountains and their souvenirs of seven hundred years. I do not know if the idea is a strange one, but the Chartreuse, thus placed in the hollow of the mountains, seemed to me like a solitary nest where holy souls, gathered under the maternal wings of religion, grow up peacefully till they one day take their flight to heaven.

Religion, a mother full of condescension and goodness, has centred round this sacred nest all the harmonies of nature and all the beauties of creation. And it is remarkable that the anchorites, and monks of all ages while withdrawing themselves from the artificial enjoyments of society, exiling themselves from the tumult and pleasures of towns, and rudely mortifying their bodies, always sought out picturesque situations, fine views and beautiful landscapes, for their places of solitude. This remark is constantly verified in Italy, where all the summits of the mountains are crowned by monasteries. It was so also in old France. Wherever there was a bold and precipitous mountain, a smiling valley, or a shady forest, the traveller was sure to see a belfry surmounted by a cross, or to find on the pathways the prints of the cenobite's sandals.

Nature, in its simplicity, in its virginity, is profoundly Christian; it is full of solemn sadness and ineffable consolation, it speaks but of death and

* *Œuvres Complètes d'Ozanam*, t. viii., p. 34.

resurrection, of past falls and future glorifications. Mountains, above all, say many things to the soul, of which they are a kind of figure; richness and sterility, immeasurable heights and fathomless abysses, varied and numberless views, immense disorder, traces of ancient upheavings, efforts to reach to heaven, always impotent, but ever renewed. Is not that the figure of our poor existence? Mountains in their variety resemble human nature, as the sea in its immensity resembles the divine nature. Thus on the earth that we tread under our feet are written, in ineffaceable characters, lessons of a sublime philosophy, and that philosophy is none other than that which is written in no less ineffaceable characters in the pages of the Gospel.

In 1836, Ozanam attained the degree of doctor of law, and was already an aspirant to the same honour in letters, which was accorded to him three years later. M. Cousin, who was one of the judges on that occasion, after hearing his thesis, could not refrain from exclaiming—"Ah, M. Ozanam, eloquence can go no farther!" Such a testimony from so great a master in oratory and composition, was more valuable and flattering than all the applause of the public.

A brilliant career was opening before him in Paris, but for family reasons it was decided that he should return for a time to Lyons, to practice at the bar, and on his father's death, soon after, he resolved to sacrifice to filial affection his hopes of University advancement, and remain with his widowed mother, whose failing sight and weakened health made his presence at Lyons seem almost an imperious duty. He therefore refused the chair of philosophy at Orleans, which was offered him by M. Cousin, but he accepted the nomination to the chair of commercial law at Lyons, a foundation which that town had demanded from the Government, that they might offer it to their young and brilliant fellow citizen, Frédéric Ozanam.

While filling this post, he was distinguished for his great erudition, his eloquence, and his mature judgment. But alas! his poor mother did not live to enjoy her son's almost unexampled success, for she fell very dangerously ill, and breathed her last a few short months after his nomination. The death of this beloved parent was a very severe blow to Ozanam, and is thus touchingly described by him—

Towards the end she recovered her mental energy, and Jesus, by descending for the last time into the heart of His dear servant, gave her strength for the final struggle. She remained for about three days calm and serene, murmuring prayers, and acknowledging by a few words of ineffable maternal kindness, all our care and caresses. At last came the fatal night; it was my turn to sit up with her, and through my tears I recited to her the acts of faith, hope, and charity which she had taught me when I was a little child. About one o'clock, new symptoms alarmed me, and I called my eldest brother, who was lying down in the next room. Charles heard us, and

also got up; the servants hurried in. We knelt around her bed, Alphonse said the heartrending prayers for the departing, to which we made the responses through our sobs. All the aids which religion reserves for that solemn hour, the absolution, the indulgences, were once more applied to her soul. The remembrance of her pure life, of the good works, too fatiguing and too multiplied, which had hastened its end, the presence, almost by a providential coincidence, of her three sons, who preserved the faith in the midst of such perilous times, and lastly, the hopes already so nearly realized of a happy immortality—all these circumstances seemed combined to soften the dread, and to illuminate the darkness of the hour of death. There were no convulsions, and no agony, only a sleep, which left almost a smile upon her countenance, a light breathing, which grew weaker and weaker. A moment came when it ceased, and we rose up orphans! . . . That dear memory will never leave us. Even in my actual solitude, in the midst of the desolateness which often preys upon my soul, the thought of that solemn scene comes back to me to restore and sustain me. When I consider how short life is, and how near may be the time of reunion with those who are now separated by death, I feel all the temptations of self-love and other evil passions vanish away; all my desires lose themselves in one only wish—to die like my mother!

Ozanam often spoke with emotion of the early religious instruction he had received from his mother, and again and again he exclaims in his letters—"Happy is the man to whom God has given a holy mother!" Her gentle exhortations, her powerful example, her fervent piety, all exercised a most salutary influence on him during his life; nor did this influence cease after her death, for so vivid was his faith, that she still seemed ever present to him, ever watching over him, and only changed in having more power and a stronger love. He had an intense realization of the communion of saints, and in one of his letters says—

You know that the great mystery of the communion of saints does not allow us to believe ourselves alone here on earth; it surrounds us with the spirits of the most holy, and those most dear to us, as so many witnesses and glorious patrons, in order that our hearts may not grow faint under our trials. And then life is very short, and soon the hour will come when we shall go to rejoin all those who have gone before us in the paths of faith and love.

For some time Ozanam had been tormented by a restless indecision as to his future career, and since his mother's death he was in still more painful uncertainty in regard to his vocation. He had even some thoughts of embracing the religious life, in order that he might serve God better by quitting the world. As in most men of great intellectual power, there was a tinge of melancholy in his disposition which made him look forward to the future with somewhat gloomy apprehension. "The moment when one makes choice of a destiny," he says, "is a solemn one, and all that is solemn is sad. I suffer from that absence of a

vocation which makes me see the dust and the stones on all the paths of life, and the flowers on none." At the same time, he feared to take the decision of so important a matter into his own hands; his great desire was to place himself unreservedly under the direction of Providence; his constant prayer was that he might know God's will, and do it. "Ask the Supreme Guardian of souls," he writes to a friend, "to give me light to know His designs for me, and energy to accomplish them. May His will be done on earth as in heaven—that is to say, with faith and love." His prayers were answered, for circumstances soon arose which opened out to him the path which he was to tread, and revealed to him God's secret designs in his regard.

A *Concours pour l'agrégation des facultés* was to take place in Paris for the first time in 1840. It was open to all who held the title of doctor of letters, and Ozanam, by the advice of his friends, though with some diffidence on his own part on account of the difficulties presented by the programme, came forward as one of the candidates. It was the first time that he found himself in the presence of rivals, and the examinations were long and severe. The last trial was the most difficult. A subject was given out in the evening, and on the next day, after only twenty four hours preparation, the candidate was required to deliver an oral lesson upon it, in presence of his judges and his competitors. The subject which fell to the lot of Ozanam was the history of the Greek scholiasts. It really seemed like a trick of fate, for the subject was one to which he was a stranger alike by his habits of thought and by his studies, and a smile of derision was seen on many faces when the announcement was read out. M. Egger, one of the rival candidates, who was particularly well versed in Greek literature, offered Ozanam some of his books and valuable notes on the scholiasts, which act of generosity gave rise to a lifelong friendship between the two men. Still his friends trembled on the following day, for they could not but fear for his success. Ozanam, however, treated the sterile subject with such elegance and facility, his ideas were so original and ingenious, so elevated and full of interest, that the judges, the public, and the eminent men who were present at the *concours* were astonished and charmed. It was a great and glorious triumph, and at once decided his professorship. He was most distinguished in the eyes of the judges for "his broad and clear conception of an author and his subject, the excellence of his commentaries, his bold and correct

views, and a language which, uniting originality to judgment, and imagination to depth, appeared eminently suitable to a public professor.* Nothing, perhaps, can better show the simplicity and humility which were such remarkable features in Ozanam's character than his own account of this intellectual triumph—

After a night of toil and a day of anguish, I arrived, more dead than alive, just at the moment when I had to speak. Despairing of myself, I made an act of hope in God such as I had never made before, and I never got on better. In short, I spoke on the scholiasts for an hour and three quarters, with an assurance and a freedom which even astonished myself, and I succeeded in interesting, in affecting, in captivating, not only the judges, but the audience, and I came away with all the honours of war, having won to my side even those who derided me. . . . God gave me the grace to take into this contest a faith which, without seeking to put itself forward, animates the thought, preserves harmony in the intelligence, and gives life and warmth to speech. Thus I may say, *In hoc vici*. And this idea, which at first may seem proud, is really that which humbles me, and at the same time gives me confidence. A success so marvellously providential quite overpowers me. I think I see in it, as you do, an indication of God's design for me, a true vocation, what I have been praying for during so many years. My eldest brother is of this opinion, and I am going to enter, with still trembling, but more tranquil steps, on the new career opened out before me by this unexpected event.

X Ozanam was only twenty seven when he won for himself this distinguished position, and when, after four years of prosperity and success as *suppléant* to M. Fauriel in the chair of foreign literature, he was unanimously appointed his successor, no one so young had ever before occupied a professor's chair in the Academy of Paris. In the midst of this success he remained quite unspoilt, always unaffected, studious, and sincere, and he might still have been taken for a simple student as he went on his way to the Sorbonne. Notwithstanding his constant studies, and incessant intellectual preoccupation, he never neglected prayer and meditation; his first act in the morning was to read a portion of Holy Scripture, and he never left his home for the Sorbonne without kneeling before his crucifix to pray that he might say nothing contrary to truth, or with the view merely of gaining applause. He was most regular in the observance of his religious duties. He writes—

I believe the Church to be above all the things of this life. I believe in worship as a profession of faith, as a symbol of hope, as a terrestrial realization of the love of God. And on that account I practise my religion as far as I can, and according to the habits which were taught me in my childhood, and I find in prayer and the sacraments the indispensable support of my moral life in the midst of the temptations of an ardent imagination and a delusive world.

* *Rapport de M. Victor Leclerc sur le Concours de 1840.*

The professorship of Ozanam was the most important period of his life. He entered on it seriously, as a sort of mission by which he hoped to realize the dream of his youth, for he saw that from this new position he could render a great service to the Church. Yet he had a special difficulty to contend with. He was appointed to lecture on foreign literature, while it was by a loyal history of the Church that he desired to confirm the great truths of Christianity. One of his chief objects was, by his instructions to shed the light of science over those ages which were unjustly kept in the shade, as well as to demonstrate the greatness of the Church allied to the constant progress of Christian civilization. He proved himself, however, quite equal to the undertaking, hard as it was, and not unfringed with peril. Deep erudition was needed, no apocryphal documents could be accepted, no doubtful texts quoted, or contestable arguments advanced; and great deference was required towards those learned men who had once been his masters, and were now his adversaries.

It was by respecting the past, without sacrificing to it either the present or the future—by associating himself to all the generous sentiments of youth, without flattering it in its chimeras or its errors, that Ozanam made himself beloved even by those who did not share his ardent faith. During the agitation and strife which prevailed at that time with regard to the liberty of public instruction, he preserved, as Lacordaire says, the affection of the Catholics, and the esteem of the body of which he was a member, as well as the sympathy of that fickle and inconstant multitude called the public, which sooner or later decides everything. Youth crowded eagerly round his chair, and not only has his memory lived in the hearts of all who thus knew him, but reflections of the teaching of this modest and great professor may be seen in many of the best cotemporaneous writings; for the great moral influence which he exercised on the souls of those who heard him was not less remarkable than that which he exercised over their intellects. "Do I make men learned?" he said. "I know not; I should like to do so; but what I seek to do, and what I desire above everything, is to make them Christian."

One great secret of Ozanam's rare popularity was his unvarying gentleness; for, while always immovable in his personal religious convictions, he ever used the most persuasive language in trying to spread them. There was not a shade of

bitterness or harshness in his piety; he respected honesty and talent wherever he met with them; and no man ever practised more scrupulously the beautiful precept, *In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.*

A submissive child of the Church in all matters of faith, he was still a man of his time, and his study of history had taught him that the Church, while ever unchanging in doctrinal unity, had, during the course of ages, adapted herself to different systems of society and opposite forms of government. This fervent Catholic was a partizan of liberty, and a defender of the vital idea of progress.

The thought of progress [he writes] is not a Pagan thought; it is with the Gospel that we see the commencement of the doctrine of progress. The Gospel not only inculcates the perfectibility of man, but it makes a law of it. "Be perfect"—*Estote perfecti*. This precept destines man to an unending progress, for it places its term in infinity. "Be perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect." This law of man becomes also a law of society. St. Paul, comparing the Church to a great body, desires that it may "grow up in Him Who is the Head, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ." A Father of the Church, Vincent de Lerins, after having established the immutability of Catholic dogma, asks, "Shall there, then, be no progress in the Church of Christ? There shall," he answers; "and even great progress, for who would be so jealous of the good of mankind, or so offensive to God, as to prevent this progress? But let it be *progress*, and not *change*. In every age there must be a constant growth of intelligence, of wisdom, and of science for each as for all."

It is very rarely that men are gifted with the combined eloquence and learning which Ozanam possessed in such an eminent degree, that the one seemed as natural to him as the other. We are told that when he appeared in his place in the Hall of the Sorbonne, his face was pale, his voice weak and almost trembling, his eyes cast down, and his gestures slightly embarrassed; but he was soon carried away by his subject, which had always been deeply and thoroughly studied; and warming by degrees under the empire of some elevated or generous sentiment, he lost all his natural timidity, and breaking forth into eloquence, in which mingled solidity and elegance, poetic exaltation and deep religious feeling, ardent enthusiasm and vigour of expression—he for the time raised the professor's chair to the level of the orator's tribune or the Christian pulpit, and there passed through his audience one of those thrills which are the most incontestable, because the most involuntary, testimonies to eloquence. His lectures were frequently interrupted by bursts of applause, and at their close he was received with warm and loud acclamations.

Ozanam's health was giving way under the pressure of intellectual labour, and in order to recruit his failing strength, he sought repose and enjoyment in Italy, where he spent the winter of 1846-7. He had visited it once with his mother, and again in 1841, on the occasion of his marriage to Mdlle. Soulacroix, daughter of the Rector of the Academy of Lyons. A child of Italy by the circumstances of his birth, he was enthusiastically fond of that country, the language of which was familiar to him as a mother tongue. He had a special attraction to Umbria, and its mystic schools of painting and poetry of the thirteenth century, and he brought back from this last journey all the elements of his graceful and charming essays on the Franciscan poets.

While at Rome he and his wife had a private audience of the Holy Father, for whom he had the most profound veneration; and he relates with delight, that, in imitation of her parents, his little child, only eighteen months old, knelt of her own accord before him with her hands joined, just as if she recognized in the Pope the representative of Him Who said, "Suffer the little children to come to Me." In one of his letters, he gives an account of a Mass at S. Apollinari, the Church of the Seminary, where the Pope went to officiate. After describing the first part of the ceremony, he goes on to say—

Up to this time all had been edifying, but it became sublime when the Pope, after giving the communion to the ecclesiastics, signified his desire to give it to the people. Then the guards made way, and the Sovereign Pontiff came down from the altar, holding the Blessed Sacrament in his hands. At the same time there was a movement in the crowd, which pressed forward to kneel at the Holy Table. The steps were closely filled with a double row of the faithful. All were devout and affected, even to tears. There was no distinction of persons. There were in that crowd the Queen Dowager of Saxony and Italian peasants, men and women of different nations, and my Amélie side by side with me, as we have always been in happiness as in sorrow, as we hope to be till the end of our lives, and even after this life. What would we not have given to have had with us all those we love! The sacred procession approached us. I saw the beautiful countenance of Pius the Ninth illuminated by the torches, deeply moved by the solemnity of the moment, and more noble, more full of gentleness than ever. I kissed his ring, the ring of the fisherman which, for eighteen centuries, has sealed so many immortal acts. Then I tried to see nothing more, to forget all else, and think only of Him Who is the Master of us all, and before Whom Pontiffs are but as dust! Half an hour after, when the Mass of Thanksgiving had been said, the Pope went out in the midst of the kneeling crowd which was waiting to receive his blessing.

Ozanam looked upon it as a great happiness of his life to have been during that year at Rome, and to have witnessed the glorious early days of the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth. The

evening before they left the Eternal City, he was deeply impressed by one of those popular ovations which were then not unfrequent. Its object was to thank the Pope for a new Edict which he had just proclaimed, and an immense multitude had assembled with torches and music in the Piazza in front of the Quirinal, and was waiting till the Pope should show himself. Soon one of the windows of the palace was opened, and the Sovereign Pontiff, accompanied by two prelates, appeared in the balcony. He was saluted by the loudest and most vehement cheering, women waved their handkerchiefs and men their hats. On all sides rose the cry, "Viva Pio Nono!" But on a sign from the Pope, nothing was heard but the word *sitto* (hush), and in less than a minute the most profound silence reigned throughout that excited crowd. Then the voice of the Pontiff was raised to bless his people, and when stretching out his hand to make the sign of the cross, he pronounced the solemn words, a loud *Amen* was echoed from one end of the Piazza to the other. It was a wonderful spectacle. All Rome was there at that late evening hour, praying with its Bishop under a splendid starlit sky. When the Pope withdrew from the balcony, the torches were all extinguished in a moment, the crowd dispersed quietly without disorder, and nothing remained of that brilliant scene but a few Bengal lights, which flickered on some of the terraces of the neighbouring palaces.

In the beginning of the following year, being once more in Paris, Ozanam was busily engaged in setting on foot the *Ere Nouvelle*, a newspaper which had a brilliant but short career, though it was cordially and ably supported by the Père Lacordaire, and had received the Archbishop's approbation. To this occupation and that of his "Cours" were added his fatiguing military duties as national guard, for we have now come to the bloody days of June, when fearful civil war was raging in Paris. At this stormy period, when his heart was filled with anguish at the state of his unhappy country, the thought occurred to Ozanam that the intervention of the Archbishop as a mediator might have a good effect on the insurgents, and he and two of his friends went immediately to propose this scheme to Mgr. Affre. Monseigneur received them with his usual kindness, and after listening to their project, he quietly answered, "I have been haunted by that thought since yesterday, but how can I get at the insurgents? And would General Cavaignac permit such a proceeding?" On hearing their expla-

nations, he immediately put on his violet cassock, and his gold cross on his breast, and thus attired, he accompanied Ozanam and his friends to the National Assembly, where General Cavaignac was to be found. Cavaignac received the Archbishop with respect and admiration, and gave him a proclamation to the insurgents, containing a promise of pardon if they laid down their arms. At the same time he pointed out to him the great danger to which he was about to expose himself, and told him that General Bréa, who had been sent as envoy, had just been taken prisoner by the mob. But nothing could turn Mgr. Affre from his resolution, and his only answer was heroic in its simplicity, "*J'irai.*" He went home to take a little rest and refreshment, and to make his confession as if he were about to die. Then, positively refusing the escort of Ozanam, Cornudet, and Bailly, who begged to accompany him, he started alone with his *grand vicaire*, commenting on the way those words of Holy Scripture, "The Good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep." When the saintly Archbishop had reached the first barricade, he ascended it, holding in his hand the promise of pardon. A fatal shot struck him at that moment, and as he fell he uttered these words, "Oh, that my blood may be the last that shall be shed!"

During the next four years, Ozanam gave a series of lectures on the Civilization of the Fifth Century, which have since been published, and are, perhaps, the most remarkable of all his works. He also published his *Etudes Germaniques*, and was a constant contributor to the *Correspondant*, and other periodicals. His Commentaries on the *Divina Comedia* are also very valuable additions to the literature of our time, and it is owing to his efforts that Dante has become in France one of the best known of foreign poets, for Ozanam was the real promoter of that movement, which produced so many charming and talented works on the Dantesque poetry. At the same time, he was still actively employed in superintending his Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and in other works of charity. He never neglected visiting the poor, treating them always with kindness and affectionate respect. On Easter Day, he was in the habit of giving them little presents, a crucifix, a statue of our Lady, or some little luxury chosen for the occasion. One New Year's Day, the last he spent in Paris, he told his wife of a family of poor people who had once been in easy circumstances, but who, through great misfortunes, were now obliged to pawn their wardrobe, the last remains of better days, and said that he should

like to give it back to them for a New Year's gift. His wife dissuaded him from his plan, for very plausible reasons, but, in the evening Ozanam was out of spirits; he looked sadly at the toys which were heaped up at the feet of his little girl, and he would not touch the *bonbons* which she offered to him. It was easy to see that he regretted the good work which he had omitted in the morning. His wife then entreating him to follow out his original intention, he went off immediately to redeem the piece of furniture, and, after accompanying it himself to the house of the poor family, he returned home quite happy. Ozanam was very simple in his tastes, and a stranger to all luxury, but he was extremely particular in having some extra delicacy on his table on Sundays and feast days. Rare books and fine engravings were temptations he could not always resist, as well as the occasional acquisition of any little painting which, by its beauty, captivated his fancy. He was very fond of flowers, and liked to have them near him on his desk, and on the 23rd of every month, which was a date dear to him as being that of his marriage, he never failed to offer some beautiful plants to his wife. Even on the eve of his death he did not forget to do this, and on the month which preceded it, being then at the little village of Antignano, he sent for a branch of myrtle which he had observed growing by the seaside, that he might give it to her, who for twelve years had been the delight and the solace of his life.

We come now to the spring of 1852. Ozanam had been ill, and a violent attack of fever obliged him to keep his bed on the day on which he was to give the opening lesson at the Sorbonne. He heard that the students were discontented at his absence, and without any consideration for its cause, were, with the heedlessness of youth, clamouring loudly for their professor. Notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends, the prohibitions of his physician, and the tears of his wife, he got up, dressed himself, and went to the Sorbonne, saying, "I wish to do credit to my profession." When he entered the hall, pale and exhausted, more like a corpse than a living man, the crowd was filled with admiration mixed with remorse, and he was received with frantic applause. Never had he been so eloquent. This great demonstration of sympathy and affection seemed for the time to give him back the strength which for some months had forsaken him, and he quite outdid himself on this last occasion. He paused a moment at the close of the lecture, and then

exclaimed, "Our age is reproached for being an age of egoism, and it is said that the professors are infected with the general epidemic. Yet, it is here that we impair our health, it is here that we wear out our strength. I do not complain of this, our life belongs to you, we owe it to you till our last breath, and you shall have it. As for me, if I die, it shall be in your service." Such were the adieux of Ozanam to the audience which had loved and applauded him for twelve years. He came down from his chair, never again to appear there. A dangerous attack of pleurisy, in which he lingered for some time between life and death, cut short his brilliant career, for his health was now completely broken, and he never rallied sufficiently to resume his professional duties.

While on this bed of sickness, Ozanam, in the tenderness of his heart and in his zealous love for the truth, still found courage to write a very earnest and eloquent exposition of his faith to a friend of his youth who had fallen into doubt. This letter, which we give almost entirely, cannot fail to interest the reader.

Paris, June 16, 1852.

My dear friend,—Forgive me for having left you so long without an answer; your friendship will find many excuses for me.

When you came to shake me by the hand I was already very unwell, but that was only the beginning of a very serious illness. A fortnight later, after an obstinate fever, a dangerous kind of pleurisy declared itself, which might have ended badly, had not the skill and tenderness of my brother, the care of all my family, the prayers of all my friends, and, above all, the mercy of God, arrested the progress of the malady. A tedious convalescence succeeded this violent attack, and I am still so far from well that I am to be sent to the waters in the Pyrenees; afterwards I shall spend the autumn by the seaside, and perhaps winter in the south. It is a great misfortune to have all my labours suspended, and my career interrupted, just at the time I was going to present myself as a candidate for the Academy, but we must learn to make sacrifices when God requires them, and ask Him that we may do His will as it is done in heaven, joyfully and lovingly. What, in fact, are my griefs in comparison with the afflictions of our unfortunate L—, who has become blind when he seemed to be the only support of his aged mother. Alas, I have not been able to see this poor fellow again; but since you were here, my brother has been to the Necker Hospital, where he talked with the Sœur Adelaïde, and they came to the sad conclusion that he must go into the Incurable Hospital, which is the only asylum for so desperate a case. You have been very good and very generous, my dear friend, to our former colleague; he will be grateful to you, and will pray for you. And I also, unworthy as I am, will pray for you, since you desire it. Ah, what touching recollections you bring to my mind. No, I have not forgotten the sweetness of that Christmas night, nor all the pleasant intercourse with you and L—, when, young and full of fervent love for the only truth, we conversed together on eternal things. Allow me to say, my dear friend, that even then we began to perceive with sadness that doubt was introducing itself into your mind; but we knew your heart to be so upright, your sentiments so elevated, that we felt sure that sooner or later this trial would turn to your good, and the peace of faith would be restored to your soul. Who knows if that moment

be not now come? You have sought in all sincerity to solve your difficulties, and without success. But, my dear friend, the difficulties of religion are like those of science: they always exist. It is a great thing to clear up some of them, but no life would suffice to exhaust them. To be able to explain all the questions which may be raised on Holy Scripture, would require a thorough acquaintance with the Oriental languages. To answer all the objections made by Protestants, it would be necessary to study the history of the Church in all its minutest details, or rather the universal history of modern times. Occupied as you are, you could never settle all the doubts that your active and ingenious imagination would never cease to stir up, to torment your heart and your mind. Happily, God does not give certainty at such a price. What, then, is to be done? To do in the matter of religion what we do in the matter of science—assure ourselves of a certain number of truths which are proved, and leave objections to the study of the learned. I firmly believe that the earth turns round, yet I know that this doctrine has its difficulties; astronomers explain them, and if they do not explain them all, the future will do the rest. Thus with the Bible: it is set thick with difficult questions, but some have been settled for a long while; others, till now considered insoluble, have found their answer in our day; many remain, but God permits this, to keep the human mind at work, and to exercise the activity of future ages.

No; God can never require that religious truth—the necessary nourishment of our souls—should be the fruit of long researches, which are impossible for the great mass of the ignorant, and difficult even for the learned. Truth must be within reach of the simple, and religion must rest upon proofs accessible to the humblest of men. As for myself, after many doubts, and after having often watered my pillow with tears of despair, I have settled my faith on reasoning which would be intelligible to a mason or a coal heaver. I say to myself, that as all nations have a religion, good or bad, religion is therefore a universal, perpetual, and, consequently, a legitimate need of mankind. God, Who implanted that need, has promised to satisfy it. There is, therefore, one true religion. Now among the religions which divide the world, it does not require either lengthened studies, or discussion of facts, to be certain that Christianity is supremely the best, and that it alone can lead man to his highest moral destiny. But in Christianity there are three bodies—the Protestant, the Greek, and the Catholic Church; that is to say, anarchy, despotism, and order. The choice is not difficult, and the truth of Catholicism needs no other demonstration.

Here, my dear friend, is briefly the reasoning which opens to me the gates of faith. But once entered in, I am illuminated with a new light, and still more deeply convinced by the interior proofs of Christianity. By these I mean that experience of every day, which makes me find in the faith of my childhood all the strength and light of my mature age, all the sanctification of my domestic joys, and my consolation in all my sorrows. Even if all the earth should have abjured Christ, there is in the ineffable sweetness of one communion, and in the tears it causes me to shed, a power of conviction which would make me still embrace the Cross and defy the incredulity of all the world. But I am far from such a trial, for, on the contrary, how strongly does this Christian faith—which some people represent as extinct—act among men! You do not, perhaps, sufficiently know, my dear friend, how much the Saviour of the world is still loved, and how this love produces self-sacrifice and virtues which equal those of the first ages of the Church. I will only cite the young priests who I see leaving the Seminary of Foreign Missions to go and die in China, to die like St. Cyprian and St. Irenæus, and those Anglican convert clergymen who give up livings worth thousands a year, and who come to Paris to give lessons for the maintenance of their wives and children. . . .

Independently of this interior evidence, I have studied the history of Christianity for the last ten years, and every step which I take in those

studies strengthens my convictions. I read the Fathers, and I am charmed with the moral beauties and the philosophical clearness, which quite dazzle me. I examine the dark ages, and I there see the wisdom and magnanimity of the Church. I do not deny the disorders of the middle ages, but I am convinced that Catholic truth alone struggled there against the evil, and drew forth from that chaos the prodigies of genius and virtue which we admire. I am enthusiastic about the legitimate conquests of modern ideas. I love liberty, and have served its cause, but I believe it is to the Gospel that we owe liberty, equality, and fraternity. I have had both leisure and means to study the difficulties on these different points, and they have been made clear to me. But I did not require this, and if other duties had stood in the way of these historical studies in which I found so much interest, I should have reasoned about them as I reason about the exegetical studies which are beyond my reach. I believe in the truth of Christianity; therefore, if there are objections, I believe that they will be explained sooner or later; I even believe that some will never be explained, for Christianity treats of the relations of the finite with the infinite, and we shall never understand infinity. All that my reason can exact is that I shall not force it to believe in anything absurd. Now there can be no philosophical absurdity in a religion which satisfied the intelligence of Descartes and of Bossuet, or moral absurdity in a belief which sanctified St. Vincent de Paul, or philological absurdity in an interpretation of Scripture which contented the critical mind of Sylvestre de Sacy. Some men of our day cannot bear the dogma of eternal punishment—they find it inhuman. But do they think that they love mankind better, or have a more exact consciousness as to justice and injustice, than St. Augustine and St. Thomas, St. Francis of Assisi and St. François de Sales? It is not, then, that they love mankind better; it is that they have a less lively sentiment of the hatefulness of sin and of the justice of God.

Oh, my friend, do not let us lose ourselves in endless discussions. We have not two lives—one for seeking the truth, the other for practising it. For this reason Christ does not wait to be sought for. He is ever present in that Christian society which surrounds you; He is before you, He is near you. You will soon be forty years old; it is time for you to decide. Yield yourself to that Saviour Who invites you; lay hold on His faith as your friends have done. In it you will find peace; your doubts will vanish away as mine did. So little is wanting to make you an excellent Christian! It only needs an act of your will; to believe is to will. Make this act; make it at the feet of the priest, who will call down grace from heaven to confirm your vacillating will. Take courage, dear friend, and that faith which you admire in our poor friend L—, which consoles him in his great affliction, will add infinite joy to your prosperity. Be happy and Christian; that is the prayer of your friend.

During his partial convalescence, Ozanam might occasionally be seen walking in those beautiful alleys of the Luxembourg, where his friends and colleagues had so often escorted him on the way to his brilliant triumphs at the Sorbonne. The irresistible smile which won all hearts, still played about his lips, but his bearing, his voice, his whole appearance, showed only too plainly to those passers-by who knew him, that he was but the shadow of his former self. A winter's exile in Italy was considered indispensable by his physicians, and in August he started with his wife and child for the Eaux Bonnes, the waters of which place had been prescribed for him. His heart was sad at the thoughts

of his lost career, and he was preoccupied by the prospect of his family being abandoned to the chances of an uncertain and sombre future. His submissive resignation, however, never failed him, and he was ready to exclaim, *Que Dieu soit béni*, whether it pleased God to purify him by prolonged suffering, or to restore his health and grant him more days on earth, that he might serve Him better.

One of his youngest disciples, for whom he had a special affection, had the consolation of being with him at the Eaux Bonnes. This young man was entering upon life with brightly dawning hopes, while Ozanam, with sad forebodings for the future, looked back on years that were spent, and days that had been lost; but, both were ill—ill of the same fatal malady, and both, as they walked together on the beautiful mountain paths, were led from nature to nature's God, and their conversation often turned on death, and a future eternity of bliss. This young friend thus describes these moments, so full of sweet and tender reminiscences. "We often went on the *Promenade Horizontale* to enjoy the still calmness of evening, and only left it when the last purple tints of the setting sun had faded from the top of the Pic de Gers, and the chilly vapours began to rise up from the valley of Laruns. When, at the last turn of the path, we came in sight of the roofs of Eaux Bonnes, it was already dusk; the outline of the mountains was sharply defined against the sky in the clear twilight, the moon rose silently from behind the dark fir trees on the rocky heights, and the soft breezes, regular as the breathing of a sleeping child, gently swayed the branches of the trees. At that quiet hour, and on so beautiful a spot, our souls naturally rose up towards God. We still conversed, but long intervals of silence made us aware that it was rather the hour for prayer, for that inward prayer, not uttered aloud in words, but which consists in keeping silence before God. O Lord, O my dear Master, I thank You for these hours." The same pen thus relates their parting, two months later, at Biarritz. "M. Ozanam wished to accompany me to Bayonne. It is only about an hour's journey from Biarritz to Bayonne, and that hour was the last I spent with him on earth. God permitted him to have a presentiment of this. He talked to me on the way, on very serious subjects, concerning both himself and me, also on general affairs, on the state of the Church, on the line of conduct one ought to pursue under present circumstances, and on the hopes held out by the future.

He spoke to me as if for the last time, and I listened with religious attention. When we had rejoined the highroad to Spain, and the cathedral towers of Bayonne came in sight, he changed his tone, he told me that he felt stricken unto death, and that, probably, we should never meet again. I shared his fears, but with more hope, at least with more illusions, and I tried with all sincerity to combat his sad forebodings, but he held fast to them, and spoke to me of his approaching death with a conviction that crushed all my grounds for hope, and when the carriage drew up by the side of the *diligence* which was to take me back to Paris, he clasped my hand firmly in his for some minutes. We got down, and I had only just time to arrange my luggage and take my place. The moment came when we must part, he embraced me tenderly, and said, 'Henri, bid me a good farewell.' My heart was breaking, but not a tear was shed. I followed him with my eyes as long as it was possible to have that consolation—a turn in the road abruptly broke the last thread, and I saw him no more. . . . Time, that great master, changed my regrets without destroying them. Very soon, fresh anxiety was added to those regrets, then anxiety turned to hopelessness, and at last came that terrible certainty which always takes one by surprise, however much one may have expected it." The writer of these lines was Henri Perreyve, a name now familiar to most of us, who, after Ozanam's death, used constantly to say that it seemed to him that the hand of this dear friend and master was stretched out from another world, to sustain him in his discouragements and moments of weakness.

Before quitting the Pyrenees, Ozanam visited the birthplace of the patron of the society he had founded, and saw the old oak tree under which St. Vincent de Paul, as a shepherd boy, had sheltered himself whilst tending his sheep. He had intended making a tour in Spain, including a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, but his delicate health, and the cold and inclement weather, prevented his getting further than Burgos.

From the abundant notes which he brought back from this journey, he composed his last work, which was finished only a few weeks before his death, at a time when he could not write more than two or three lines without being obliged to rest. He called it, *Un pèlerinage au pays du Cid*, and far from its showing any signs of increasing feebleness, no one of his books is more remarkable for variety of style and liveliness of imagination,

and we find him in it by turns the witty and amusing tourist, the inspired poet, the learned scholar, and the fervent Christian.

During his three days' sojourn at the old Castilian capital, he saw, as he describes it, three hundred years of history, and the following extract is taken from his adieux to Burgos, the centre of the ancient monarchy, the *Mother of Kings* (*Madre de Reyes*), as it is called.

And now the moment is come to bid farewell to those beautiful places, which I shall never see again, and where I shall leave a portion of my regrets and my affection, as I have already done in so many old towns, and on many shores and mountains. Somewhere in Sicily there are some broken columns, shaded by a clump of olive trees; at Rome there is a certain oratory in the Catacombs; at the foot of the Pyrenees, a chapel by the side of a limpid river, whose waters flow under a bridge draped in ivy; there are, on the coasts of Brittany, melancholy spots on the sea shore; to all of which my thoughts return with infinite delight, especially when the present hour is sad and the future is full of anxious care. I shall add Burgos to these pilgrimages of my thoughts, which often console me in this painful pilgrimage of life. Let me, then, take one last look at its Cathedral, and kneel once more in its glorious sanctuary, before the Virgin which adorns its altarpiece, and if the prayer of a Catholic scandalizes you, do not listen to me.

Oh! our Lady of Burgos, who art also our Lady of Pisa and of Milan, our Lady of Cologne and of Paris, of Amiens and of Chartres, Queen of all great Catholic cities. Yea, truly thou art fair and beautiful!—*Pulchra es et decora!* since the thought of thee was alone sufficient to fill the works of men with beauty and grace. Barbarians had come out of their forests; they seemed made only to burn towns and to destroy; but thou madest them so gentle that they bowed their heads under the stones, drew the heavily laden carts, and became obedient to their masters, in order to build churches dedicated to thee. Thou madest them so patient, that they took no count of time when carving their magnificent doorways, galleries, and spires. Thou madest them so bold that the grandeur of their Basilicas has left far behind the proudest edifices of the Romans, and at the same time so chaste that these great architectural structures, peopled with statues, breathe forth only purity and heavenly love. Thou hast conquered even the pride of these Castilians, who abhorred labour as a type of servitude; thou hast disarmed many who found glory only in the shedding of blood. In place of a sword, thou hast given them a trowel and a chisel. For three hundred years thou didst keep them in peaceful labours. O Lady! how well God has rewarded the humility of His servant! And in return for that poor house of Nazareth where thou didst lodge His Son, what rich dwelling places He has given thee!*

Pisa was chosen for his winter residence, and though at first his friends hoped that the progress of his malady had been arrested, the unusually cold and trying weather of that year disappointed their fond illusions.

I am here suffering and tottering (*chancelant*) [he writes], but not quite giving way, very much like the leaning tower which I pass every day. That, indeed, is an example which ought to instruct and reassure me. For leaning as it is, it has lasted nearly seven hundred years, and it never ceases to serve God after its own fashion, by praising Him with the voice of its bells.

* *Un pèlerinage au pays du Cid.*

The Campo Santo, with its marvellous cloisters, painted by Giotto and Benozzo Gozzoli, had a peculiar charm for Ozanam, and he had an enthusiastic admiration for the incomparable Cathedral of Pisa—"the first flower," as he calls it, "of Catholic art in a land destined to become so fruitful."

On entering within its gates of bronze [he writes], one feels as if overpowered by the Divine Majesty, one recognizes the Son of the Eternal Father, and rejoices that our Lord has permitted a people to build a dwelling place almost worthy of Him. The fear of God, the sense of the nothingness of man, the legitimate pride of a Christian—all these emotions are at once aroused, and one understands those words of the Psalmist, "How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!" . . . Buschetto and his companions were only barbarians; it was in 1063 that the Cathedral was built, but those ancient cutters of stone understood that the church ought to be a celestial Jerusalem, and they constructed this one with such lightness, that one cannot say whether it has risen out of the earth, or whether it only *rests* there, having come down from heaven. The eighty four columns which support the five naves are tall and graceful as the palm trees in the eternal gardens. Angels which we believe to be painted by Ghirlandajo, but which surely are living, ascend and descend in charming groups along the great arch of the sanctuary. In the apse, between the Blessed Virgin and St. John, Christ is seated on a throne in His glory, crushing under His feet the lion and the dragon. The gold ground which surrounds it is like the light which emanates from the Divine Word to illuminate the heavens and the earth—*Ego sum lux mundi*. Before that majestic figure, under the glance of those impassible eyes, which seem to penetrate to the very soul, we can only fall on our knees, and exclaim, *Tu Rex gloriae Christe! Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius!*

Ozanam was received at Pisa with a cordiality and kindness seldom shown to strangers; his works on Dante were well known and highly approved, and had been already more than once translated. He was allowed free access to the valuable library of sixty thousand volumes, and many of his hours were spent there in laborious researches, in copying, and in collecting materials for his book on the Civilization of Italy from the Fifth Century to the Thirteenth, which, alas! he was destined never to finish. He greatly desired to complete this work, which had been, in fact, the object of his life. But as M. Ampère said—"More beautiful than the constancy with which he carried out this plan from his youth, is the sacrifice of this plan, and of his life itself, to the divine will." Long ago Ozanam had written—

We are here on earth only to accomplish the will of God. That will fulfils itself day by day, and he who dies leaving his work unfinished, is as advanced in the eyes of the Supreme Justice as he who has time to finish it entirely.

And we find the following lines written by his hand at Pisa, on the 23rd April, 1853—

"I said in the midst of my days, I shall go to the gates of death. I sought for the residue of my years. I said, I shall not see the Lord God in the land

of the living. My life is at an end; it has rolled away from me as a shepherd's tent, it is cut off as by a weaver; from morning even to night Thou wilt make an end of me. My eyes are weakened looking upwards. Lord, I suffer violence, answer Thou for me. But what shall I say, or what shall He answer for me, whereas He Himself hath done it? I will recount to Thee all my years in the bitterness of my soul." This is the beginning of the Cantic of Ezechias. I know not whether God will permit me to apply its end to myself. I know that today I complete my fortieth year, more than half of the ordinary course of life. I know that I have a young and beloved wife, a sweet child, excellent brothers, a second mother, many friends, an honourable profession, literary labours brought precisely to the point when they may serve as a foundation for a work of which I have dreamed for years, and lo! I am attacked by a serious and unrelenting malady, all the more dangerous because its fatal progress is often concealed. Must I give up all these blessings, which Thou, my God, hast Thyself given me? Wilt Thou not, O Lord, be content with part of the sacrifice? Which of my inordinate affections shall I immolate to Thee? Wilt Thou not accept the holocaust of my literary self-love, of my academic ambition, even of my projected studies, in which, perhaps, pride has a larger share than zeal for truth. If I sold the half of my books, to give the price to the poor, and if in limiting myself to the fulfilment of my official duties, I consecrate the rest of my life to visiting the poor, and to the instruction of apprentices and soldiers, wilt Thou be satisfied, O Lord, and leave me the happiness of growing old by the side of my wife, and of finishing the education of my child? Perhaps, my God, Thou wilt not do this, Thou wilt not accept these interested offerings, Thou rejectest my holocaust and my sacrifice, it is *myself* that Thou dost demand. "In the head of the book it is written that I should do Thy will; then said I, behold I come."

It was a consolation to Ozanam during this winter of illness and suffering to be able to promote with activity the cause of the society that was so dear to him, and which had been the first work of his life. Already, in 1847, he had made it known in Tuscany, and he found, as he says, "seven families of St Vincent de Paul" flourishing there on his return. Still the Grand Duke was somewhat prejudiced against the society, and did not cordially encourage its establishment. Ozanam, however, obtained a personal interview with the Dowager Grand Duchess, who was then at Pisa, and pleaded his cause so eloquently that a few days later the Grand Duke gave his long withheld authorization to the Conference at Florence, as well as to those at Leghorn and Pisa. In the spring, Ozanam went to Siena with the intention of establishing a Conference there, but he had the sorrow of returning without success. He was deeply grieved at this failure. "It seems," he said, "as if God would no longer bless my exertions." He determined, however, to make a last appeal, and in August he wrote a long letter from Antignano to his friend the Père Pendola, rector of the College at Siena, begging him to make another attempt. A fortnight after he received an answer, and to his great joy he read these words, "My dear

friend, today, the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, I have founded two Conferences, one in my College, and one in the town."

On the last day of August, accompanied by his wife and child, and his two brothers, Ozanam left the little village of Antignano, on the sea coast, where they had been staying for some time. As he went out of the house they had occupied, he took off his hat, and raising his eyes to heaven, said this prayer, "My God, I thank Thee for the sufferings and the trials that Thou hast sent me in this dwelling; accept them in expiation of my sins." Then turning to his wife, he said, "I wish you to bless God with me for my sufferings;" and throwing himself into her arms, he added, "I bless Him also for the consolations which He has given me."

On his homeward voyage, as he lay on the deck of the steamer which was bearing him to France, he gazed with regret on the picturesque shores of that Italy he loved so passionately. Still when the coast of Provence came in sight, he was consoled by the thought that he was now certain of seeing his dear country again, and that before he died he should be able to commit his beloved wife to the affectionate care of her own family. He had a longing desire to see Paris once more, for he had old and dear friends there, and he was attached to it by many memories of the past. But this wish was not to be gratified; the end was very near, and so long a journey was impossible. It pleased God to spare him very severe suffering during the last days, and it was in this state of calm that he received the last sacraments of the Church of which he had been so faithful a defender and champion. The priest having recommended him to have confidence in God, he answered, "Oh, why should I fear Him? I love Him so much." When these solemn rites were accomplished, he sank into a sleep which seemed the harbinger of death. He only woke up now and then to bless or to thank those who were round his bed, smiling to one, putting out his hand to another. On the morning of his death, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, he opened his eyes, raised his arms, and said, in a loud voice, "My God, my God, have mercy on me!" He sank back on his pillow, and breathed his last.

His friends have raised the most fitting monument to his memory. As Lacordaire says, they chose neither marble nor bronze, but his own writings, and they have with faithful and respectful hands, collected all his works, his scattered notes and his letters, into a series of eleven volumes, which will make his

name known to, and honoured by, posterity. A valuable testimony is borne to his erudition and brilliant talents in a preface to these volumes written by the learned Ampère, son of Ozanam's first patron, and his constant and sincere friend.

A. M. D. G.

A Study.

IN THREE MONOLOGUES, WITH INTERRUPTIONS.

I.—BEFORE LIGHT.

AMONG the first to wake. What wakes with me?
 A blind wind, and a few birds, and a star.
 With tremor of darkened flowers and whisper of birds,
 —Oh with a tremor, with a tremor of heart—
 Begins the day i' the dark. I, newly waked,
 Grope backwards for my dreams, thinking to slide
 Back, unawares, to dreams, in vain—in vain.
 There is a sorrow for me in this day;
 It watched me from afar the livelong night,
 And now draws near, but has not touched me yet.
 In from my garden flits the secret wind,—
 My garden. This wild day, with all its hours,
 (Its hours, my soul!) will be like other days,
 Among my flowers. The morning will awake,
 Like to the lonely waking of a child
 Who grows uneasily to a sense of tears,
 Because his mother had come, and wept, and gone;
 The morning grass and lilies will be wet,
 In all their happiness, with mysterious dews.
 And I shall leave the high noon in my garden,
 The sun enthroned, and all his court my flowers,
 And go my journey, as I live, alone.
 Then, in the ripe rays of the later day,
 All the small blades of thin grass, one by one,
 Looked through with sun, will make each a long shade,
 And daisies' heads will bend with butterflies.
 And one will come with secrets at her heart,
 Evening, whose darkening eyes hide all her heart,
 And poppy-crowned move 'mid my lonely flowers.
 And shall another, I wonder, come with her,—
 I, with a heavy secret at my heart,
 Uncrowned of all crowns, to my garden and flowers?
 Thou little home of mine, fair be thy day.

These things will be ; but oh ! across the hills,
Behind me, in the dark, what things will be ?
Well, even if sorrow fill me through and through,
Until my life be pain, and pain my life,
Shall I not bear myself and my own life ?
—A little life, O Lord, a little sorrow.
And I remember once, when I was ill,
That the whole world seemed breaking through with me,
Who lay so light and still ; stillness availed not,
My weakness being a thing of power, I thought.

“ Come to the Port tomorrow,” says the letter,
And little more, except a few calm words
Intended to prepare me (and, I guess,
O me, my life !). He never was too kind,
This man, the one i' the world, kin to my son,
Who knew my crime, who watched me with cold eyes,
And stayed me with calm hands, and hid the thing,
For horror more than pity ; and took my son ;
And mercifully let me ebb away
In this grey town of undesigned grey lives,
Five years already. Today he sends for me.
And now I will prevent the dawn with prayers.

II.—ABOUT NOON.

She shut her five years up within the house ;
And towards the noon she lifted up her eyes,
Looked to the gentle hills with a stirred heart,
Moved with the mystery of unknown places
Near to a long known home ; smiled as she could,
A difficult smile, that hurt half of her mouth,
Until she passed the streets and all sharp looks.

“ Sharp looks, and since I was a child, sharp looks !
These know not certainly, who scan me so,
That not a girl of all their brightest girls
Has such an eager heart for smiles as I.
It is, no doubt, the fault of my cold face,
And reticent eyes, that never made appeal,
Or plead for the small, pale, bewildered soul.
If they but knew what a poor child I am !
Oh, born of all the past, what a poor child ;
I could waste golden days and showers of words,
And laugh for nothing, and read my poets again,
And tend a voice I had, songless for ever ;
I would not if I could. I would not cease,
No, if I could, the penance and the pain
For that lost soul down somewhere in the past,
That soul of mine that did and knew such things,

If I could choose ; and yet I wish—I wish—
Such little wishes, and so longingly.
Who would believe me, knowing what I am ?

“ Now from these noontide hills my home, my time,
My life for years lies underneath mine eyes ;
And all the years that led up to these years,
I can judge now, and not the world for me.
And I, being what I am, and having done
What I have done, look back upon my youth
—Before my crime, I mean—and testify,
It was not happy, no, it was not white,
It was not innocent, no, the young fair time.
The people and the years passed in my glass,
And all the insincerity of my thoughts
I laid upon the pure and simple Nature
(Now all the hills and fields are free of me),
Smiling at my elaborate sigh the smile
Of any Greek composing sunny gods.
And now begins my one true white child time,
This time of desolate altars and all ruins,
For Pan is dead, and the altars are in ruins.

“ The world, I find, is full of endings for me,
Emotions lost, and words and thoughts forgotten.
Yet amid all these *lost* things, there is one,
But one Beginning, a seed within my soul.
Come quickly ! and go by quickly, O my years
Strip me of things and thoughts, as I have seen
The ilex changing leaves ; for day by day
A little innocent life grows in my life.
A little ignorant life in the world-worn life.
And I become a child with a world to learn,
Timorous, with another world to learn,
Timorous, younger, whiter towards my death.”

She turned to the strange sea, that, five long years,
Had sent her letters of his misty winds
Bearing a cry of storms in other lands,
And songs of mariners singing over seas ;
And having long conjectured of his face,
Seeing his face, paused, thinking of the past.

Down the hills came she to the town and sea,
And met her child's friend where he 'waited her.
She swayed to his words unsaid, as the green canes
Murmur i' the quiet unto a wind that comes.
“ I sent for you, mind, for your sake alone.
No—my dear ward is well. But it has chanced
(I know it's a hard thing for you to bear,
But you are strong, I know) that he has learnt
What I had faithfully kept, your life, your past,

Your secret. Well, we hope that you repent,
At least, your son and I."

"God bless my son,
My little son hopes I repent at least."

"When he had read the papers, by mischance—
I would have kept them from him—broken down,
Beside himself at first, though the young heart
Recovered and is calm now, he resolved
On the completest parting; for he thinks
He could not live under one sky with you.
But being unwilling to disturb you now,
And vex you in your harmless life, gives up
His hopes in England, his career, and sails
Tonight to make a new life in the States.
As to the question of your seeing him
(He is in the town here), I persuaded him
To let you choose, this being probably
The last time in this world. It rests with you."
"I pray you, as we pray morning and night,
Save me from the sick eyes of my one child;
But let me see my one child once. Amen.

"I never came across the hills before
In all these years; now all the years are done.
Who would have said it yesterday at this hour?
Now my son knows, and I have crossed the hills,
And sure my poor face faces other things.
Not back! not home! anything, anything,
Anything—no—don't turn, I am very calm.
Not back the way I came today—not home;
Oh, anything but home and a long life."

"Am I the arbiter? Besides, what fate
Can you desire more merciful than home
And hidden life? And then remember him.
You have borne the separation, as it seems,
With the most perfect patience; and your life,
Ending (as to the world) owes this at least—
It is not much—to his bright beginning life,
Absence and perfect silence till you die.
I've done my duty, as I think, to both.
If you seemed in the least to ask for pity,
I well could pity you. I hope that time
Will bring you a softer heart. Goodbye."
"Goodbye."

III.—AT TWILIGHT.

Gone, O my child forsaking me, my flower.
Yet I, forsaken, pity you with tears,
Gone while I learn a world, to learn a world.

I am to have no part with you again,
 And you have many things to share ; it's keen ;
 I love you, I love you ; but more keen is this,—
 That you will have no part with me again ;
 And what have I to share ? Pain, happy child.

Gone, gone into the West, for ever gone,
 O little one, my flower ; not you alone,
 My son who are leaving me ; but he, the child
 Of five years back ; that is the worst farewell.
 I had not thought him lost until today.
 But he had kept with me until today ;
 Never seen, never heard, but he was there,
 Behind the door on which I laid my hand,
 Out in the garden when I sat within,
 A turn of road before me in my walks.
 As others greet a presence, I did greet
 An absence. O my sweet, my sweet surprise !
 How will it be now ? for he is so changed
 I hardly knew the face I saw pass by.
 And yet it is the one that must of needs
 Grow from that long ago face, innocent.
 Grave with the presage of a human life.
 So, child, giving again in thought my kiss,
 My last, long since, I kiss you tall and changed
 In that one kiss, and kiss you a man and old,
 And so I kiss you dead. And yet, O child,
 O child, a certain soul goes from my days ;
 They fall together like a rosary told,
 Not *Aves* now, but beads—you being gone.

I was not worthy to be comfortless,
 I find ; and feasts broke in upon my fasts ;
 And innocent distractions and desires
 Surprised me in my penitential tears.
 For my absent child God gave me a child in Spring.
 New seasons, and the fresh and innocent earth,
 Ever new years and children of the years,
 Kin to the young thoughts of my weary heart,
 Chime with the young thoughts of my weary heart,
 My kin in all the world. And He Himself
 Is young in the still time of cold and snows.
 (Mary who fled'st to Egypt with Him ! Joseph,
 And thou whose tomb I kissed in Padua,
 Protect this perilous childhood in my heart.)

But oh, tonight, I know not why, tonight
 Out of the earth and sky, out of the sea,
 My consolations fade. These empty arms
 I stretch no more unto the beautiful world,
 But clasp them close about the lonely heart
 No other arms will clasp. What is thy pain,

What is thy pain, inexplicable heart?
Sorrow for ruined and for desolate days.
Failing in penitence, I, who fail in all,
Leave all my thoughts alone, and lift mine eyes
Quietly to One Who makes amends for me.
Peace, O my soul, for thou hast failed in all:
(One thought at last that I might take to heaven!)

It's well I never guessed this thing before;
I mean, the weakness and the littleness
Of that which, by God's grace, begins in me.
O earthly hopes and wishes stay with me!
(He will be patient). Linger, O my loves
And phases of myself, and play with this
New life of grace (as He Whose gift it is
Played with the children—a child). How could I bear
To see how little is perfect yet—a speck—
If all things else should suddenly wither away?
(And yet they wither away—they wither away.)

Less than I knew, less than I know am I
Returning childless, but, O Father! a child.

She therefore turned unto the eastern hills
Thrilled with a west wind sowing stars. She saw
Her lonely upward way climb to the verge
And ending of the daytime; and she knew
The downward way in presence of the night.
She heard the fitful sheepbells in the glens
Move like a child's thoughts. There she felt the earth
Lonely in space. And all things suddenly
Shook with her tears. She went with shadowless feet,
Moving along the shadow of the world,
Faring alone to home and a long life,
Setting her twilight face to meet the stars.

A. C. G. T.

Reviews of Famous Books.

VIII.—THE PEREGRINATIONS OF FERNAND MENDEZ PINTO.

I.

It is a matter of some surprise that, while English and American litterateurs and writers of history have almost ransacked the universe for subjects and materials for vivid and pageantlike delineation, the Eastern world should have been hitherto so greatly neglected for the Western. The lately published volumes of the Comte de Beauvoir must have come upon many a reader in England and France with the sensation which a newly discovered treasure of culinary skill excites in the palled appetite of an epicure who is but too familiar with ordinary dainties. Most especially must this have been the case as to the parts of M. de Beauvoir's work which related to Java, Siam, and the neighbouring countries. Many of us may have turned from his pages almost for the first time to look at a map of Eastern Asia, and to revel in the thought of this gorgeous world, so little in comparison thought of in Europe, which lies to the east of our Indian possessions. The Malay peninsula and archipelago, Siam, Java, Sumatra, the Moluccas, and a hundred other isles, a portion of the globe large enough to make room for a continent, a sea spangled with the most magnificent islands in the world, most richly endowed with all natural gifts, the lands of gold and spices and precious stones, with coasts deeply indented, volcanic ranges, great rivers, exuberant vegetable and mineral treasures, lands whose cities are of fabulous beauty, like the creations of magic, with temples and palaces and colossal works of fantastic art enough to make the prosaic Western world seem tame and cold indeed—no one can look at such a map and not say to himself that such regions are meant to have a history; and then, perhaps, the mournful thought may cross his mind that that history was meant to be Christian, a story of the enlightenment of those who sit in

darkness and in the shadow of death, a story of saintly heroism and of the triumphant progress of the religion of the Cross from country to country and island to island, throughout those realms of the Sun which seem to have all blessings but those of the moral order, a progress of the Cross which would have carried in its train the elevation of the nations over which it passed to the level of true civilization, and so have fitted them to bear their part in the great drama of the world's history.

Why it has not been so it is not our purpose now to inquire, but it is strange, as we said at the outset, that no one has as yet told the story of the opening of all these wonderful lands to Europeans in the sixteenth century, a story not so grand and simple, certainly, as that of the Spanish conquests of Mexico and Peru, but which has its due quota of grand adventures and noble achievements, and brings on the scene more than one really heroic character. The civilization which the Portuguese found in the East was older, and possessed of greater vitality, than any which the Spaniards came across in the New World, and the new invaders made comparatively little impression upon it. The same must be said in its degree of the religious influence of Europe upon the East. Christianity had its heroes in both worlds in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and no figure in the annals of America can compare with the Apostolic grandeur of St. Francis Xavier. The glories of the Church of Japan surpass the achievements of the Jesuits in Paraguay, and there was more intellectual and scientific eminence devoted to the propagation of the Gospel in India, China, and the rest of the East than was required by the condition of American missions. And yet Catholicism has, indeed, made its mark upon Asia, but its day of triumph and glory has yet to come.

Whenever the attention of writers of our time is turned to the history of the European connection with Asia after the discovery of the way to India by the Cape, we venture to promise those who may devote themselves to the task of writing the Portuguese annals of Asia a very large and interesting field of labour, the literature of which is by no means scanty. The work the name of which we have prefixed to this article is not a history, but the path of the writer is often crossed by historical events and personages. It is a book thoroughly characteristic of the time and the nation which gave it birth, and it might be well worth the while of some adventurer in the lighter walks of literature to give the English public—perhaps

in a somewhat compressed form—what it has never yet had, a faithful and complete version of the *Peregrinations of Fernand Mendez Pinto*.

II.

It was in the spring of 1537 that Fernand Mendez Pinto sailed from Portugal on the memorable voyage related in this curious old book, to so much of which might be applied the words with which he concludes the story of one of his adventures—"I shall not marvel if they that read this history will not believe my report." Certainly it is full enough of what he calls "strange accidents" to satisfy the most eager appetite for the marvellous, and one absolutely gasps at the rapidity with which perils of every kind succeed one another. Pirates, especially, are so constantly turning up in the earlier part of the book, that we feel surprised when we come to a chapter which does not introduce us to a fresh member of this class. Mendez says that he suffered five shipwrecks, was a slave thirteen, and sold sixteen, times, not to mention starvation, floggings, and other hardships, more than enough to account for his being "pensive," as he calls it, and to make his readers wonder how he ever lived to tell the tale. We are glad that he did; for it is very pleasantly and amusingly told, and one cannot help having a kindly feeling for the author, who seems to have been a simple, true hearted person, and a pious Catholic, without much book learning, but with plenty of quick observation and bright fancy—thanks to which, we have many gay moving pictures of the pageants and ceremonies of Eastern Courts and temples, and many a tragic tale of Asiatic ferocity. He has a sense of humour, too, which comes out in several good stories, and a simple, natural pathos, which gives a great charm to his way of telling one or two sad little episodes.

As to Pinto's veracity, which has been questioned by Cervantes and others, it does not seem quite clear why he has been so summarily set down as an unmitigated liar. Tales as horrible as any he tells abound in the annals of our Indian Empire; and many of us have heard accounts from eye witnesses of the King of Oude's treasures, and the glories of the Emperor of China's Summer Palace, which sounded quite as fabulous as anything we find in Pinto's book. His description of the one hundred and thirteen chapels of Pekin, of the Calaminham's Court, &c., are pale and commonplace compared with what the Comte de

Beauvoir tells us of the royal pagoda of Siam, with its mats of woven silver, on which only the King may tread, and its rubies and diamonds flashing round the great golden Bouddha, whose head is formed of a single emerald, on which is a helmet of sapphires and opals; or of that gigantic gilded idol which measures fifty metres from the shoulder to the foot; or of those magnificent temples of Bangkok, after visiting which he says—"Since then, I have been to Canton, Shang-hai, and Peking, and the impression left on my mind is, that the finest pagoda of those cities, compared with the meanest of the kingdom of Siam, is what Quimperlé is to Paris." Now and then there are coincidences which tell strongly for the old traveller's general truthfulness. For instance, in describing the pagoda of Tinagoogoo, in the capital of the Calaminham, he mentions certain "triumphant charets," drawn "by above three thousand persons, who, for that purpose, made use of very long cords, and thereby gained to themselves plenary remission of their sins. . . . Now, that many might participate of this absolution by drawing the cord, they set their hands close to it, one after and close to another, continuing doing so to the very end, in such sort that the whole cord was covered with hands." In the Count's description of the ceremonies performed before the urn containing the remains of the late King of Siam, he says—"Long white, gilded cords stretched from the foot of the golden urn in all directions, like the threads of a spider's web. At the end of each one is a mandarin, in an attitude of adoration. They believe that these cords carry their words and prayers to the King."

Prefixed to the book is an "Apologetical Defence," in which the translator gives a list of grave and approved authors, who confirm Pinto's statements in a multitude of instances, carefully quoting chapter and verse in each case; and as among these authorities we find such names as Mendoza, Trigault, and Lucena, it seems but fair to acknowledge, that "by all this, the author is thoroughly vindicated from all aspersions of falsehood." We agree, too, with the writer of the apology in thinking that, "were it otherwise, it is so full of variety, and of comick and tragick events, as cannot chuse but delight."

It is impossible to attempt anything like a regular analysis of the book in a limited space. One gets bewildered with the multitude of barbarous Kings and "Gentiles" among whom Pinto's adventures lie, with their "Zabindars, Mitaquers, Zemin-doo," &c., &c., dignitaries of whose offices and position we

confess to retaining a very general and undefined notion. The only way seems to be to follow Fernand in his varied wanderings, so far as space allows, giving here and there a characteristic anecdote, or a brilliant picture. The great difficulty is that of selection.

III.

One of his earliest adventures is "in the straits of Mecqua" with a renegade Christian, whose Mahometan wife had persuaded him to abjure the faith. Fernand's captains deal with him in a summary way. "They, much amazed hereat, gently persuaded him to quite this abominable belief, . . . whereunto the wicked caytiff made answer, with a brutish obstinacy, that at no hand he would yield to forsake his Law. . . . By these speeches of his, the captains, perceiving there was no hope of recalling him from his damnable error, caused him to be bound hand and foot, and so, with a great stone tied about his neck, to be cast alive into the sea, sending him to participate with the torments of his Mahomet, and to be his companion in the other world, as he had been his confident in this."

At Malacca, the Portuguese Governor receives the Ambassadors of the King of Batas in Sumatra, offering rich presents, and himself as vassal to the King of Portugal, in return for his assistance against certain of his enemies. "He gained his wishes and something over and above, as fire pots, darts, and murdering pieces, wherewith he departed so content, that he shed tears for joy."

In these seas we make acquaintance with several pirates, one of whom, Coia Acem, seems to have been the Asiatic Barbarossa, and is agreeably described as "the Shedder and Drinker of the blood of Portugals." Antonio de Faria, Pinto's captain, has a fierce encounter with him, ending in a victory and the death of the pirate, who, being "of a more eminent condition than the rest, and consequently deserving of a greater honour in his funeral, the captain commanded to be cut into four quarters, and so cast into the sea, where, for the merit of his works, his body was intombed in the bellies of the hungry lizards. . . . And in precipitating him into the sea, Antonio, instead of a prayer, said, 'Go, wicked wretch, to the bottom of hell, where thy soul doth enjoy the promised delights of thy Mahomet, as thou didst yesterday publish to these other dogs, such as thyself.'"

We have a wonderful account of the island of Calemply, with its seventeen golden tombs of Kings of China, which reads like nothing but a page from the *Arabian Nights*. The island is completely surrounded by a jasper platform, on which are pillars and balusters of copper, and galleries containing monstrous idols—within, a wood of orange trees, embowering one hundred and sixty hermitages, dedicated to the gods of the year. Out of one of these comes an old man, in a violet damask gown, who remonstrates with Antonio on his intention of rifling the tombs of the treasure buried in them, but, though he is very courteous and apologetic to the hermit, he is not to be dissuaded, representing that he and his company have suffered shipwreck and are starving. However, they are again wrecked, in the gulf of Nankin, and have to cast all their chests of silver overboard. Then follows their long painful journey to Nankin, interrupted by imprisonments, floggings, and miseries of every kind. On one occasion they got a hundred lashes each, through imprudently laughing at some "ridiculous and diabolical fooleries," related by the bonzes, "whereby," says Fernand, "we were taught not to jeer at anything we saw or heard."

Here is a touching little incident which happened in one of the Chinese towns, through the streets of which they were allowed to walk, chained together, asking alms. They represented themselves to be shipwrecked Siamese, but something in their appearance seems to have excited a suspicion of the truth in a woman they met, who, unfastening her sleeve, showed them a cross branded on her arm, and cried out, "'Do any of you know this sign, which amongst those who follow the way of truth is called a cross?' To this, falling down on our knees, we answered, with tears in our eyes, that we knew it exceeding well. Then, lifting up her hands, she cried out, 'Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,' in the Portugal tongue, and because she could speak no more of our language, she very earnestly desired us, in Chinese, to tell her whether we were Christians. We replied that we were, and for proof thereof, after we had kissed that arm whereon the cross was, we repeated the rest of the Lord's Prayer, wherewith, being assured that we were Christians, she drew us aside, and weeping, said, 'Come along, Christians of the other end of the world, with her that is your true sister in the faith of Jesus Christ.'" She induces the man who is guarding them, by a bribe, to let her take them to her house, where she has a little oratory, and tells them that her

name is Inez de Leyria, that her father had been Ambassador from Portugal, but being suspected to be a spy, was imprisoned, and some of his companions were so cruelly tortured that they died. Her father was banished to this town, and married her mother, whom he made a Christian. During twenty seven years, they had converted many, and at that time, Inez told the travellers, there were more than three hundred Christians in the place, who met in her house every Sunday, to say the Catechism. They knew no prayer but this—"O Lord Jesus Christ, as it is most true that Thou art the Very Son of God, conceived by the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin Mary, for the salvation of sinners, so Thou wilt be pleased to forgive us our sins, that thereby we may become worthy to behold Thy Face in the glory of Thy Kingdom, when Thou art sitting at the right hand of the Almighty. Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. In the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen." And so, all of them, kissing the cross, embraced one another, and every one returned to his own home. Her father had left her other prayers, which had been stolen from her, and all she remembered was what she had recited. The travellers stayed five days with her, and made her a little book in Chinese, containing the Pater Noster, Creed, and Commandments, and "other good prayers." And so, secretly giving them an alms, this poor Inez speeds them on their sad journey, bidding them remember her in their prayers.

Nothing in China surprises Pinto more than the marvels of Pekin, with which he fills many pages. He greatly praises the laws and regulations of the country, and gives an interesting account of the granaries for the poor, which owed their origin to the piety of a certain King, who, having become blind, resolved to do some pious work; and when, after giving the tenth of his taxes for this object, he was about to sign the grant by affixing a stamp, which he used in consequence of his affliction, God restored his sight at that moment.

The prisoners were tolerably well treated at Pekin, but in the town of Quincay, where they are next sent, they suffer tremendous hardships, being compelled to labour for six months tied two and three together, at iron forges. At the end of this time, they fall so sick that their taskmasters turn them out: so, for four months they wander about begging alms; and bind themselves by oath, "to live lovingly for the future, as good Christians should, one amongst us being chosen every month,

whom all the rest were to obey as superior, and these rules were put into writing, and God gave us the grace to live ever after in good peace and concord, though in great pain and extreme necessity of all things." This sounds as if there had been some quarrelling and want of charity, and as if their hardships were teaching the poor travellers some of the sweet uses of adversity. One of the party, Gaspar de Meyrelez, is a "pretty musician," and helps not a little, by the presents he gets from the natives for playing and singing at their feasts. One day, as he and Fernand are going to cut wood, they meet a procession "carrying a dead corpse to the grave, full of jollity." They lay violent hands on Gaspar, and insist on his singing as loud as he can, for the delectation of the dead man. Fernand, meanwhile, goes on alone to the forest, where he meets an old man who is a Christian, and whose story reminds one of that of Inez de Leyria. It is very affectingly told, and we do not wonder that he could not restrain his tears, when, on visiting the stranger's house, his young children kneel down and recite a short profession of the Catholic faith, which this good family had kept through so many difficulties, and without any aids or encouragements.

From time to time there is a little improvement in the treatment of the "Portugals," but they are always considered as slaves, and are willing enough to take service with the King of Tartaria, who makes an attack on Nankin. They find him in his camp, surrounded with much splendour, and the whole affair is conducted with great form and ceremony, but the expedition proved a thorough *fiasco*, and the King returned to his own country, having lost vast numbers of his army by sickness, to say nothing of horses and "rhinocerots." Naturally enough, Pinto and his companions have no fancy for remaining in China, so they are sent to the Court of Cochin China, with an Ambassador from the King of Tartaria. On their way they have an adventure, which shows that hardship has not quelled the spirit of mischief in some of the party. The Tartar Ambassadors, with our friends, are present at a sermon preached by the Talapicor, "which is their Pope," in a pagoda of religious women, in the course of which he "delivers a world of fooleries, and bestirred himself in such a manner as was a wonder to behold." A certain wag, named Vincent Morosa, amused himself by repeating the exclamations, and imitating the enthusiastic gestures of the audience, "and that with such a grace, and so settled a

countenance, not seeming any way to jeer him, that not one of the assembly could forbear laughing, he continuing more and more confirmed, and seeming even to weep out of excess of devotion." Oddly enough, the people, and even the ladies of the monastery, while joining in the merriment, believe all Vincent's grimaces to be in good faith, and the effects of pious excitement, otherwise, as Pinto observes, "no question but he had been so chastised as he should never have been able to march again."

The travellers are well received by the King of Cochín China, who provides them with a ship to carry them to the Chinese coast, where they hope to find a Portuguese vessel in which to embark for Malacca. They land on the island of Tanixuma, the first Japanese territory they have entered. They are very well received, "for indeed," says Pinto, "it is the custom of those of Jappan to be exceeding kind and courteous." One thinks of St. Francis Xavier's often repeated praises of the dispositions of his "dear Japanese," and they seem the same in our own day. "The gentlest and most polished people on the face of the earth," the Comte de Beauvoir calls them, "who, I really acknowledge, have a right to call us barbarians." The Nautaquin, or lord of the isle, is so enchanted with the dexterity of one Zeimoto, in shooting with an arquebuss, when once convinced that there is nothing uncanny in the business, that after witnessing the death of a kite and two doves, he insists on the performance of a ceremony which reads like a travestie of Mardocheus' triumph: he mounts his horse, takes up the successful sportsman on the crupper behind him, and solemnly rides through the streets, followed by an admiring crowd, and preceded by four ushers, shouting—"Know all men, that the Nautaquin of this island, and lord of our heads, enjoyns and expressly commands, that all persons whatsoever . . . do honour this Chenchicogim of the further end of the world. . . . And whosoever shall not do so willingly, he shall be sure to lose his head." And they all answered with a great noise, "We will do so for ever." Of course Zeimoto can do no less than present the arquebuss to the Nautaquin, and teach him how to make the powder, the consequence of which was that in five months' time there were six hundred in the island. From Tanixuma they go to the Court of the King of Bungo (we are feeling at home now among names which St. Francis has made so familiar), who has sent a messenger to the Nautaquin, begging a sight of one of

the wonderful strangers. His choice falls on Fernand, "because he seems not so solemn, but is of a more lively humour." The account of his introduction to the King, who is ill in bed, is so irresistibly comic, that we must give it in Pinto's words—"The King entertained me very graciously. 'Thy arrival,' said he, 'is no less pleasing to me than the rain is profitable to our fields sowed with rice.' Finding myself somewhat perplexed with the novelty of these terms, I made him no answer for the instant, which made the King say, 'I imagine this stranger is daunted with seeing so much company here, for peradventure he hath not been accustomed to it.' To which speech I answered by my Truchman, that it was true, not in regard of so many folks as were about me, because I had seen far many more, but that my amazement proceeded from the consideration that I was before the feet of so great a King, which was sufficient to make me mute a hundred thousand years, if I could live so long. I added further, that I myself was but a silly ant in comparison of his greatness, so that His Majesty could not see me in regard of my smallness.' All the assistants made such account of this mad answer of mine, as clapping their hands by way of astonishment, they said, 'Verily, it seems that this man is not a merchant, which meddles with base things, but rather a bonze, which offers sacrifices for the people; or, if not so, surely some great captain, that hath a long time scoured the seas.' 'Truly,' said the King, 'I am of the same opinion, now that I see him so resolute; but let every man be silent, because I purpose that none shall speak to him but myself alone, for I assure you that I take so much delight in hearing him talk, that at this instant I feel no pain.'" Fernand has certainly made good progress in Eastern hyperbole.

The famous arquebuss brings him as much credit here as at Tanixuma, but in the end nearly costs him his life. He has promised to teach the King's son the mysteries of shooting, but zeal outstripping discretion, the young Prince gets holds of the arquebuss while its owner is sleeping, charges it two spans deep, and nearly shoots his thumb off. Pinto is accused of an attempt on his life, and dragged before an officer of justice, who stands over him with a poniard dipped in the Prince's blood, and occasionally giving him "a great kick to rouse up his spirits," when fortunately the boy recovers his senses and clears Pinto, who makes such a satisfactory cure of the wound that he takes leave of the Court loaded with favours and a present of above

fifteen hundred ducats. After leaving Bungo, there are more shipwrecks and pirates, and they have a narrow escape of their lives on one occasion, being sentenced to death as spies by the King of the Lequios. From this danger they are saved by the spirited intervention of a lady, who induces a number of others to join her in a petition to the Queen Mother. They are honourably dismissed, and after many dangers we find them mixed up in an attack upon the King of Martabano, which ends in a frightful story of pillage and massacre.

IV.

We must hasten to the Court of the "great Calaminham," or "lord of the world," which they visit in the suite of the King of Bramaa's Ambassador. We have a minute description of the processions and ceremonies in the great pagoda of Tinagoogoo, which they saw at the time of a great festival, at which, says Pinto, "Enemies reconciled themselves one to another, and rich men forgave their debts which were not able to pay; in a word, so many good works were done, more proper for Christians than for Gentiles, as I must needs say, that if they had been done with faith and baptism, for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, and without mixture of the things of this world, assuredly they would have been acceptable to Him." Among the troops of pilgrims at one of the temples they find a Portuguese woman, married for many years to a Pagan; she told them that her sin made her fear to live among Christians, but that she prayed God to bring her, before she died, to some country where she might repent. The story is very shortly and simply told, but there is something affecting in the picture of these good Portuguese meeting their unhappy countrywoman in that temple of devils, and striving to bring her to a sense of her sin, and to help her to turn to God. They offered to take her with them to Pegu, and start her thence for the island of St. Tomè; and she promised to accept their kindness, but, sad to say, this poor soul seems to have let the day of grace go by, for they never heard of her any more.

The reception at the Court of Timplan is a very grand affair, and Fernand, who revels in State ceremonies, describes it all *con amore*. There are sports and "fine comedies"—masques, as we should call them—and then, "for the space of three *Credos*, six little girls danced with six of the oldest men in the room, which seemed to me a pretty fantasticalness."

Certainly, this country of the Calaminham is a wonderful place. At one town, where the Ambassador stopped to buy "knacks of china," they heard of a kind of people called Calogens, great archers, with feet like oxen, who habitually ride certain animals as big as horses, which have three horns, and a row of prickles on their back, and short wings like the fins of fishes, on their shoulders, with which they fly six and twenty paces at a jump. This does seem rather too much for one's credulity, yet the writer of the "Defence" quotes two authors in confirmation of the statement.

At length the travellers reach Siam, and we have a really interesting account of the King, who has been poisoned by his wife on his return from a successful war, and of whom many virtuous actions are recorded. One of these stories is amusing. The King, being about to start on an expedition, sent "certain colonels" to beg soldiers in the different provinces. One of them, Quiay Raudivaa, had to do his recruiting in a province where the inhabitants, being rich and luxurious, raised a large sum, with which they bribed Quiay to dispense them from service. Instead of these defaulters, he had to enlist a set of poor, feeble old men, who in due time passed in review before the King with the rest of the recruits. As may be supposed, he wondered greatly at this goodly company, and sending for one of them, he discovered the truth. Whereupon, Quiay Raudivaa was sent for, and to punish his avarice and bad faith, melted silver was poured into his mouth; after which, the King thus apostrophized his dead body—"If there needed but five tureens of silver to kill thee, how couldst thou think that the threescore thousand ducats of those cowards should not be capable of sending thee into the other world? God forgive thee thy avarice, and me the little punishment I have given thee for the same." The money the wretched man had taken as a bribe was distributed among the poor old men, whom he then sent home, "willing them to pray God for him."

One of the most tragical stories in the book, and one of the best told, is that which relates the miserable end of Diego Suarez, the Governor of Pegu, the favourite general and "brother" of the tyrant of Bramaa, to whom he had sold his services, and with whom his influence seems to have been unbounded. A marriage had been arranged between the son and daughter of two rich merchants of Pegu, and on the wedding day, Diego, passing by the house of the bride's father, on his

way from the palace, stopped his elephant on hearing signs of music and rejoicing, and sending for the old man, congratulated him with many compliments. The father was highly flattered; for attentions from so great a man as Diego were as much thought of as if they came from the King, and to show his gratitude, he sent for his daughter, that she, too, might thank him for his condescension. At her father's desire, she drew a ring from her finger, and presented it to Diego, who immediately seized her hand, saying—"God forbid that so fair a maid as you should fall into any hands but mine." At which the poor old man, falling on his knees, implored him in the most touching terms to leave his daughter unmolested, offering to give up her dowry, and to yield himself Diego's slave for life. Suarez, without replying, ordered the captain of his guard to kill him; however, he escaped, but the bridegroom and several of his relations were slain, and the poor girl strangled herself with her girdle.

For four years from this dreadful day, the desolate old father never left the street he lived in, but went up and down, begging alms of his very slaves. At last, the tyrant who favoured Diego being dead, he went to a temple dedicated to the "god of the afflicted," and then, with a cord round his neck, he spoke of his wrongs in such moving terms, holding in his arms the idol which he had taken from the altar, that crowds of people followed him in great excitement to the palace, where they called out—"O King, come and hearken to the voice of thy god, who demands justice of thee by the mouth of thy poor people." Then, when he appeared, they told all the sad tale, and the King bade the people go to the market place, and wait there, promising that the man who had done this cruel wrong should be delivered up to them. The "chirca," or officer of justice, went to arrest the wretched man, and as he was being taken to the market place, he was met by his son Balthasar, who, falling at his feet, asked with tears, the meaning of his finding him in this sad condition. "Ask it of my sins," answered Diego, "and they will tell thee, for all things seem dreams to me." The miserable father and son clung to each other, and could only be parted by force, at which Diego fainted, and on coming to himself, he lifted up his hands to heaven, crying—"Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine, Domine quis sustinebit? But, O Lord, out of the great confidence I have in the infinite price of Thy precious Blood, which Thou hast shed for

me upon the Cross, I may say with more assurance, *Miseri-cordias Domini in æternum cantabo.*" By this time, he had come in sight of the furious crowd who were waiting for him, and in great terror he cried out—"Have all these accused me?" and so, weeping and praying, he went up the stairs to the market place, kissing the ground, and calling on the name of Jesus at every step, and when he reached the top, the old merchant, who stood there with the idol in his arms, said to the people—"Whosoever shall not, for the honour of this god of the afflicted, whom I have in my arms, stone this accursed serpent, let him be for ever miserable." As he ceased, so great a shower of stones fell on Diego, that he was buried under them, and an hour afterwards dragged out, and his body literally torn to pieces by the maddened people.

Pinto says great things of the riches and capabilities of the kingdom of Siam. "The conquest of it," he considers, "would have been far more useful to us than all the estates which we now have in the Indies, and we might obtain it with a great deal less charge." The Comte de Beauvoir has the same ambition for France that the old traveller has for Portugal. He says—"We ought not to let waters lie stagnant, which are capable of being made so fruitful when once stirred. I am convinced that the day which unites Siam to the great line of the Indies and Japan, of which Singapore is the centre, will justify my first impression. I wish, with all my heart, that France would seek, through her magnificent Messageries Impériales, the honour of this commercial, peaceful, and legal conquest—the only one we can desire, the only one which would give us all the more prestige, and be all the more international and fruitful in results, from being disinterested as regards the question of territory."

V.

At length poor Fernand seems about to end his weary wanderings. The Portuguese vessel he hoped for is found at Malacca, and in due time he lands at Goa, and is expecting to sail for Portugal, when Antonio Ferreyra arrives with a letter and present from the King of Bungo to the Viceroy, in which he represents that "Father Francisco having been not long since in this country, preaching to them of Omangucha the new law of the Creator of all things, I secretly promised him that at his return into my kingdom I would receive from his hand the name and water of holy Baptism, howsoever the novelty of so

unexpected a thing might put me into bad terms with my subjects. Whereupon, he promised me on his side, that if God gave him life he would come back again unto me as speedily as he could. And, forasmuch as his return hath been longer than I looked for, I have sent to know both of him and you the cause of this retardment. Wherefore, my lord, I desire you that he may hasten to me with all speed. For besides that his arrival in my kingdom is very important for the service of God, it will be very profitable to myself for the contracting a new league with the great King of Portugal," &c. The Viceroy sent for Father Belquior, rector of the Jesuit College, requesting him, as Father Xavier was dead, to go to Japan in his stead, which he at once consented to do, and no one being found so fit to accompany the Father in the character of Ambassador as Pinto, he agrees to do so, although the poor man honestly says he was "very unwilling thereunto."

In the strait of Singapore they were run aground on rocks, and got the ship with some difficulty to Patana, to the King of which place they had a letter from the Governor of Malacca. He received them kindly, and on learning that they were going to China, and thence to Japan, where Father Belquior intended preaching the Christian faith, he seemed to consider them well-meaning lunatics, for after ordering that they should be abundantly supplied with provisions and all else that they required, he turned with a smile of compassionate superiority to those about him, saying, "How much better were it for these men to go to China and enrich themselves there, than to recount tales in a strange country!" On the coast of Siam they meet with contrary winds, but the proverb of an ill wind that blows no good, was very opportunely verified in their case, as the mishap occasions their treating with the captains of some Portuguese vessels they met, one of whom charitably took and maintained them free of charge.

After many delays they reach the kingdom of Bungo, where poor Father Belquior meets with sad disappointment. At the time of their arrival, the King is absent in the Isle of Xequa, engaged in catching a whale, the first that had been seen in those parts, an occupation which he found too absorbing to leave, but he sends a letter to Pinto, in which he declares himself so overjoyed at his arrival that he would have come to him immediately, "had I not sworn that I would not part from hence till I had killed a great fish which I had cooped up here.

Wherefore I entreat thee, my good friend, that thou wilt come to me in this vessel which I have sent for thee; for, on thy coming, and on the death which I hope to give to this fish, my present content depends." The whale is killed, and the King is so delighted that he receives the "Portugals" in a very propitious humour, putting many questions to Pinto, in answering which he naively says, "I alwaies added something of mine own, as judging it necessary for the increasing of the Portugals reputation." At a supper to which they are invited, to celebrate the exploit of catching the whale, the Court are greatly amused by the strangers eating with their hands, instead of with chopsticks, which they find unmanageable.

This peculiarity of the guests gives occasion to a practical joke. The young Princess with some of her companions enter dressed as merchants, and kneeling before the King, she asks leave, in a very amusing speech, to "barter a certain commodity," which she and her fellows have with them, "for whatever may be offered," seeing that her necessity is great, from extreme poverty and many children. The "commodity" turns out to be a quantity of wooden arms with hands, which she hoped the Portuguese would purchase, "to the end that, while they made use of one sort of hands, the other might be washed."

The last scene in which the King of Bungo figures, is that of the grand State reception he gives to Pinto, as the Viceroy's Ambassador, and to Father Belquior. They appear before him with a train of their countrymen, and "four pretty boys in cassocks, and silken crosses on their breasts," and in the company is one whose name is familiar to all who love St. Francis Xavier, a young Japanese convert, Joan Fernandez.

The King greeted Father Belquior in these words, "Believe me, Father, this day is the only one that I can call mine, in regard of the extreme pleasure I take to see thee before mine eyes, because, methinks, I see Father Xavier, to whom I wished as well as to mine own person." He then led the Father into another room, and "made very much of the four little boys, which was a new thing to him." After thanking and complimenting him, in the manner Joan Fernandez had taught him, Father Belquior entered into the cause of his coming, which was to show him the way of salvation, but, alas, fair words and kind expressions were the only harvest he was to reap, and one feels glad that "Father Francisco" had gone to his rest, and that this disappointment was not added to the multitude of griefs

and anxieties which tried his noble heart so sorely and so ceaselessly.

The King excused himself from becoming a Christian on the plea that his affairs were in a precarious state, and that his subjects would resent any change in him, but expressed a hope of one day doing what was asked of him. The good Father bade him remember "that his life was not in the hands of men, and that if he should chance to die before he effected his resolution, what would then become of his soul?" To which he answered, smiling, "God knows." He gives plenty of promises and excuses up to the last, which, says Fernand, "did not much content the Father," who, finding all his efforts fruitless, returns with his companions to Goa.

In this last episode of his journey to Japan with Father Belchior—or rather, Melchior Nuñez—Mendez Pinto has not quite done himself full justice, and the details concerning him which are gathered from other sources may well be added here, as they shed a good deal of light on the character of our worthy "peregrinator." It seems that after his return to Goa in 1553, Mendez intended to go back to Portugal with what substance he had acquired, and he had enough to live comfortably upon for the rest of his days. But before sailing from India, he was persuaded to make a retreat. Father Melchior put him into a little house at Choran, an island three miles from Goa, where he made the Exercises and his general confession. He was talking with Nuñez about the wonders he had seen in Japan, when a fit of enthusiasm came over him, and he offered a large sum of money, about twelve thousand pardams, besides a quantity of merchandize which he possessed, for the Japanese mission, if the Father would go there to establish a College at Amarguchi. He spoke of his devotion to Father Master Francis, which he thought of satisfying by this great sacrifice. Nuñez was caught by his enthusiasm, and made up his mind to go. It was not quite a judicious step, as he was Vice Provincial of India. However, Nuñez took counsel with friends, both Jesuits and men of other orders, and they all advised him to go. It was known that St. Francis Xavier, before his death, had intended him for Japan. The Viceroy, moreover, when Nuñez went to speak to him about it, showed him letters from three different Kings in Japan—of Firando, Amarguchi, and Bungo—asking for the Portuguese alliance, and for Fathers to teach these people Christianity. The Viceroy asked Father Nuñez what he was

doing here? why he was not in Japan? Nuñez told him that he had come on purpose to ask leave to sail thither, and all was arranged.

Meanwhile Mendez began to distribute his fortune, and to buy fine presents to be taken to Japan. "He was now incomparably more joyous," says Bartoli, whom we are quoting, "in thus spending his money than he had been in acquiring it." The Viceroy knew him well, was fond of him, and thus he made him Ambassador to the Japanese Princes, and Mendez was to go with Father Melchior in that capacity. But when the time came for their embarcation, he was present at a devout ceremony in the little church at Choran where he had made his confession, which for a time completely altered his life. Father Melchior said mass at the altar of our Lady, and before communicating, he renewed his vows aloud. He had been promoted by St. Ignatius to "profession," but there was no one there to receive his vows, and so he could only renew those which he had formerly made. The other Jesuits present did the same. Mendez Pinto, all on fire with enthusiasm, must needs follow suit. Before any one could prevent him, he pronounced aloud, and with the greatest fervour, his vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. It was extremely awkward. A very firm prudent man would have pointed out to him the difficulties in his way, and would certainly have seen in his character abundant proofs of the absence of sufficient steadiness, not to speak of learning, for the requirements of religious life. But Nuñez accepted him on the spot into the Society of Jesus, and it was in this capacity as a religious novice, though wearing still the secular habit, till he had discharged his functions as Ambassador, that he went first to Malacca and then to Japan. We need hardly say that he did not persevere in religion, and, in fact, the whole expedition was a failure as to any great results for the advancement of Christianity.

Pinto tells us that he left Goa furnished with a letter from the Viceroy, setting forth his services and sufferings. Pinto at last embarks for Lisbon, and the amusing account of his adventures end mournfully enough. He had an interview with Queen Katharine of Portugal, who referred him to her Prime Minister, from whom he received "good words and better hopes"—hopes destined never to be realized. The poor man's papers were kept one year and a half, and after all there was no result from these applications, which, he says, had been

more grievous to him than all his hardships; so he resigns himself to being neglected and forgotten, and closes his story with these pious and charitable words—"I do not leave to believe that the cause why I remained without the recompense whereunto I pretended for so many services and travels rather proceeded from the Divine Providence, which permitted it to be so for my sins, than from the negligence and fault of him whom the duty of his charge seemed to oblige to do me right. . . . In regard whereof, I render infinite thanks to the King of Heaven, Whose pleasure it hath been that His divine will should be this way accomplished, and do not complain of the Kings of the earth, since my sins have made me unworthy of meriting more."

We ought to say a few words, in parting, of the translation of Pinto's work which we have used and quoted, and of which we have also, by implication, asserted that it is imperfect. It is contained in a thin folio, published in London in 1663. The title page sets forth that here are "The Voyages and Adventures of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a Portugal, during his travels for the space of one and twenty years in the Kingdoms of Ethiopia, China, Tartaria, Cauchin China, Calaminham, Siam, Pegu, Japan, and a great part of the East Indies, with a Relation and Description of most of the places thereof: their Religion, Laws, Riches, Customs, Government in the time of Peace and War: when he five times suffered shipwreck, was sixteen times sold, and thirteen times made a slave." All this is said to have been "written originally by himself in the Portugal tongue, and dedicated to the Majesty of Philip, King of Spain." It is said to be "done into English by H. C., Gent.," who turns out to be Henry Cogan. The work is dedicated to the Earl of Strafford. There is no profession at all of abridgement or selection; yet it is certain that large portions of Mendez Pinto's work are left out. We have quoted some passages which mention the visit of Mendez to the King of Bungo, in Japan, in company with Father Melchior Nuñez. But that visit was brought about by the previous preaching of St. Francis Xavier. St. Francis was accompanied to India by an envoy of this King of Bungo, and, indeed, his presence in Japan is mentioned in the history itself as given in the English translation. But Mendez Pinto's work contains a great deal about the presence of St. Francis at the Court of Bungo, about his conferences with the bonzes there, his famous voyage from Japan to San Chan, and, indeed, about other subsequent passages of his life, as well as about the

honours he received after his death on his second visit to San Chan. All this, by no means the least interesting part of Mendez Pinto's work, even to ordinary readers, is left out in the English translation. We can hardly tell why, unless there was a desire to exclude the mention of a Catholic saint from a Catholic book. This is enough to justify our criticism on the translation, which, in other respects, is well done, and pleases the reader by the quaint racy English into which the amusing pages of Mendez Pinto are rendered in it.

*St. Chrysostom on Questions of the present day.**

MR. STEPHENS styles his work a "monograph," which, as we seem to gather from his introduction, differs from a biography in viewing a period of history in the light borrowed from an illustrious individual's character, rather than confining itself solely to that individual's life. But it is not only, nor even we should say mainly, the fourth century on which light is to be thrown. To the test of this early Father's doctrine the author desires to bring Church questions of our own day: with the proposition of such questions he begins his work, and with what he considers Chrysostom's solution of them he ends it. This is undoubtedly the most important and the most interesting feature of his book; it touches us far more to know whom the great Patriarch would now call coreligionists than to settle the chronology of his birth or even to hear something new about the Synod of the Oak; as, moreover, this is the only head on which Mr. Stephens does tell us anything decidedly new, we shall confine this necessarily brief notice to its consideration.

Before, however, descending into our author's ground and examining alongside of him the questions which he proposes, a word or two must be premised as to the radical difference of principle with which we start. Mr. Stephens, and the school of which he is a member, begin with the assumption that the early days of Christianity were privileged above its riper age; that in the first few centuries there was a Church for which holiness and freedom from error may be postulated as a thing of course, while that nowadays, on the contrary, there is no such body, and that if in the *melee* of conflicting creeds we would discover the best, we must submit their pretensions to the judgment of antiquity and give our preference to that which looks most like what antiquity

* *St. Chrysostom: his Life and Times.* A Sketch of the Church and the Empire in the Fourth Century. By Rev. W. R. W. Stephens, M.A., Balliol College, Oxon; Vicar of Mid-Lavant, Sussex. London: Murray, 1872.

believed. A Catholic's standpoint is *toto celo diversum*. We hold that the Church is unchanging and unchangeable, that she could not be the Church at all or in any one age but by force of an assistance which avails to make her the Church always and for ever; that as regards the primitive days, they were in that respect no whit better off than we, that the Church is as much and as truly the Church now as she was then, but that because she *was* the Church then her teachings if we can gather them will be found to agree with the teachings of the Church now.

We must not, however, be misunderstood. It does not in the first place follow from this that we set less store than others by the Fathers and their teachings. Far from it. We do but found our appreciation of both on a widely different principle. Whatever the Fathers taught as *mouthpieces of the Church*, or whatever they truthfully witness of the contemporary Church's teaching, that we are *ipso facto* pledged to hold; whatever even an individual Father of orthodox repute may advance we should reluctantly condemn. But this is so not because these utterances are "primitive," nor because they come from a Church which "enjoyed many advantages of which at later periods the Church was deprived,"* nor yet because the Fathers as Fathers are the teachers to whom we naturally turn when we want to know what we are to hold or what reject. Not so. But just as we learn from the living *magisterium* of this nineteenth century the articles of our creed, so did the Christians of the third or fourth learn from the *magisterium* of their day. Of that *magisterium* the episcopal Fathers formed a part, and of its teachings, episcopal or nonepiscopal, they are witnesses. Whatever, therefore, as the Church's accredited agents they taught, and whatever as truthful witnesses they declare her to have taught, that we know to be true, and knowing too that truth is with us as with them, we look to them with the confidence that we shall hear from their lips no authoritative teaching at variance with the authoritative teachings of today.

But neither must it hence be inferred that feeling this confidence and approaching their works with this belief, we will therefore swamp all difficulties that may seem to arise with this *à priori* assumption. This is no more necessary than it is that an astronomer, who is able to predict the course of a planet from his knowledge of the forces to which it is exposed, should therefore refuse to verify by observation the truth of his prediction;

* Dr. Hook, *Church Dictionary*. "Primitive Church."

and when we meet with those who cannot see that agreement between us and the Fathers is a necessity, we are and must be ready to show that it is at least a fact.

Thus much premised, we are ready to undertake alongside of Mr. Stephens the more important part of his investigation, the programme of which he thus proposes—

What was the general character and position of the Clergy in the fourth century? . . . What was the existing phase of monasticism? What the ordinary form of worship in the Catholic Church? What the established belief respecting the sacraments and the great verities of the Christian faith?*

What light, that is, can be shed on these points by a study of the life of St. Chrysostom? Or, in other words, what sort of a Church was it to which he belonged? Had he lived today, what would he be, an Anglican or a Romanist?

Such is the scope proposed by Mr. Stephens for his inquiries, the answer to which, as presently given, we shall now proceed to consider.

In the first place we are told in general†—

Chrysostom and the contemporary Fathers of the Eastern Church . . . are nearer to us in their modes of thought than many who in point of time are less distant. . . . So, again, Eastern Fathers of the fourth century are far more nearly allied to us in theology than writers of a few centuries later. If we are to look to "the rock" whence our Anglican liturgy "was hewn," and "to the hole of the pit" whence Anglican reformed theology "was digged," we must turn our eyes above all other directions to the Eastern Church and the Eastern Fathers. It . . . has been observed . . . that the earlier days of the Greek Church seem resplendent with a glow of simple fervent piety, such as in a Church as a whole has never since been seen; and that this condition is strikingly in harmony with our own liturgy, so overflowing with sublime aspirations, so Catholic, so free, not bearing the impress of any one system of theology, but containing what is best in all—holding dogma firmly, but not inculcating it in a hard dogmatic spirit.

Now, before going any further, we are tempted to ask a preliminary question or two on this passage. Is it, for instance, quite the Gospel picture of Christ's Church, that the seat of her true worship should be a mountain here and a mountain there, with large worshipless tracts of desert between? The Levant for three centuries, and the British Isles for three other centuries, have had, it seems, the Church as Christ meant it to be. But what of the rest of the world besides the favoured spots, and of the whole of the world between the favoured centuries? Must the divine words, "Ye are the light of the world," be therefore

* P. 4.

† P. 7.

understood to mean "the light of primitive Greeks and of latter day Englishmen?"

Or at least, leaving the general question as to how this in fact may be, let us ask how the early Greek Father, who is our present concern, would be likely to regard this piece of doctrine, which in part, at least, is assumed to be hewn from the quarry which he affords. What would Chrysostom think of a circumscribed and intermittent Church? Chrysostom, who declares "that there should be but one Church throughout the world, though scattered in many places;"* and again, that this Church is "more stable than the heavens, more inextinguishable than the sun;"† and again, that the strength of the Church of his own day was no human accident, but "born of the power of God,"‡ which same power was pledged to her preservation for ever;§ and again, that Peter and Paul are, and are to remain, more powerful than any earthly monarch,|| and that the world is their heritage;¶ and again, that the Church, which in her infancy could not be repressed, now that she "fills all the earth, every region, mountain, wood, and hill," will not suffer herself to be displaced;** and finally, that "the Church is stronger than the heavens. 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.' What words? 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.'"††

Or passing from this it would be a not uninteresting question to ask what may be meant by "a liturgy which bears the impress of no one school of theology, but contains what is best in all?" Surely nothing is good in theology but truth. Is it meant, therefore, that Anglicanism has picked out the truths and left the falsehoods of all other creeds? If not, we are at a loss to conceive what can be meant. If it be the meaning, if the author claims for his Church the possession of so precious a deposit, how are we to understand what follows about "not inculcating it in a hard dogmatic spirit?" Does it mean that, knowing the truth,

* *In Epist. i. ad Cor. i. 1.*

† *In illud "vidi Dominum," iv., 2.*

‡ *Adv. Judæos, v., 2.*

§ *Ibid., paulo supra.*

|| *Contra Jud. et Gent., 6.*

¶ *ὅτι οὐ παγία ἴσται μόνοι καὶ ἀκίνητος καὶ ἀρραγής [Ἐκκλησία], ἀλλὰ καὶ πολλὰν πρυτανεύσει τῇ οἰκουμένῃ εἰρήνην (Ibid.).*

** *Ibid., 15.*

†† *Sermo ante exilium, 1.*

Anglicanism is tolerant of error? And if so, what of the talent buried in the earth, and of St. Paul's "Woe to me if I preach not the Gospel?" How, too, does this realize St. Chrysostom's description of Christian teaching, which, "more devouring than fire, overran the world?"*

We have dwelt on these points thus much at length, because they seem to indicate what we take to be Mr. Stephens' greatest weakness, a certain looseness of thought, which strives to take refuge in vain and, when analyzed, unmeaning phraseology. We shall have to notice more instances as we go on.

But now for the case as to St. Chrysostom's theology in particular, which after the above more general preamble, Mr. Stephens proceeds to sum up. We may divide the subject into two classes—those controverted points on which the Saint is acknowledged to give some sort of a handle to Romanists, and those on which, as Mr. Stephens assures us, he gives no such handle. And first, for the former, we read as follows—

We may detect in Chrysostom the germ of mediæval corruptions, of invocation of saints, of a sensuous conception of the change effected in the holy elements in the Eucharist; but these are the raw materials of error, not yet wrought into definite shape. The Bishop of Rome is recognized. . . . as a great potentate, whose intercessions are to be solicited in time of trouble and difficulty, and to whose judgment much deference is to be paid, but by no means as a supreme ruler in Christendom. Thus the tone of Chrysostom's language is far more congenial to that of our own Church than of the mediæval or present Church of Rome.†

Now in the first place, as to this not very obvious conclusion. Because in the Saint's writings is to be found only the germ and the raw material of later doctrines, how is it to follow that he would be more at home among those who reject the outcome of his teaching, than with those who prize and treasure it? And not to press this stricture too far, how does the metaphor of a raw material really tell? Mr. Stephens evidently sees in it a solution of many difficulties, for later in his work he brings it in again, when treating in particular of the doctrine of the Eucharist.‡ We will consider this doctrine and the metaphor together.

I. Mr. Stephens has had to allow that many passages might be quoted from the Saint by Romanists on behalf of their doctrine of the Real Presence; he has, moreover, assumed, on the strength of one passage where the Eucharistic service is

* *In Epist. ad Rom.* ii. 1.

† P. 8.

‡ P. 433.

called a "memorial," that it would be easy to quote the same Saint on the other side as well. He then proceeds—

The truth is, that in the case of this, as of other subjects, we find in Chrysostom and his contemporaries the raw material, which has been wrought out by the toil and strife of later times into definite, sharply chiselled dogmas. Nothing, therefore, can really be more unfair than to regard as a direct friend or opponent one who lived and wrote long before controversy had arisen on the subjects of which he treated. He might innocently employ expressions which we should deem it incautious to use, because we know the interpretation of which they are susceptible, or because we see in them incipient symptoms of an idea which in process of time grew into a mischievous error. It is instructive also to notice how harmless doctrines afterwards mischievous were, when not pushed to an extremity; not made integral parts of a system of belief.

Now there seems to underlie all this a notion of raw material hardly reconcileable with the fundamental doctrine on the subject, well expressed in the proverb that "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." Looking at the words of which there is question, Mr. Stephens' meaning seems to be that St. Chrysostom was quite right in using words which, if they have any meaning at all, mean Romanism, but that Romanists are quite wrong in drawing out his meaning. The raw material was silk—the product is that of which a silk purse cannot be made. At any rate, one of two things his words must mean. Either that St. Chrysostom used vague phrases without thinking what they meant; that, moreover, he did not himself clearly know what he believed, and had never asked himself whether the Holy Elements were bread or not; and that it is too bad of Romanists to take him at his word as a man who thought what he was saying: or else, that holding some doctrine other than Transubstantiation, he used words, fit indeed to express that doctrine, but yet not so carefully chosen as to be out of danger of being wrenched into the service of an error of which he had not dreamt. The first alternative seems logically to flow from Mr. Stephens' language, but as it is just possible that he did not think to what he was committing himself, we will suppose him to stand by the second. It is a question of fact. What do facts say? Are St. Chrysostom's words reconcileable with any theory short of Transubstantiation? or does he anywhere explicitly profess another?

And first, as to the words in which Mr. Stephens seems to think that the strength of his position lies, the one passage which, as above said, he quotes on his side, and emphasizes by about the only italics which we can remember in his book.

We might well, it seems to us, be contented to go no farther for a testimony to our doctrine. St. Chrysostom says*—

Because He is offered in many places, are there therefore many Christs? Nay, by no means, but one Christ everywhere, complete both in this world and in the other—one body. As then, though offered in many places, He is but one body, so there is but one Sacrifice. Our High Priest is He Who offers the Sacrifice which cleanses us. We offer that now which was offered then; which is, indeed, inconsumable. This takes place now for a memorial of what took place then. "Do this," said He, "for My memorial." We do not offer a different sacrifice as the high priest formerly did, but always the same; or rather, we celebrate a memorial of a Sacrifice.

Now, in the first place, if anything has here to be explained away, which can be explained away most easily, the doctrine inculcated again and again in the earlier portion of the extract, or the contrary deduction, which might be twisted out of its conclusion? But, in the second place, there is nothing to explain away at all. The Eucharistic Sacrifice is unquestionably a memorial; the words first following the Consecration in the Roman ritual itself, as in Scripture, are, "*Hæc quotiescumque feceritis, in Mei memoriam facietis.*" Nor only this—St. Chrysostom says no more than all Catholic theologians not only allow, but maintain, that, namely, the Sacrifice of the Mass is a "relative Sacrifice." Some theologians (Vasquez, for instance) place its whole "*ratio Sacrificii*" in its relation to and representation of the "absolute" Sacrifice of the Cross. The more numerous body, who contend for something more, and find in the Mass itself a true sacrificial act, yet acknowledge the relation and representation as well; and when the "absolute" is so shrouded in mystery, who can wonder at a preacher of any school dwelling on the "relative." But in any case, what is certain is that St. Chrysostom has no thought of denying the reality of the Sacrifice. The words which have been quoted end a paragraph. The next paragraph begins thus—

But as I have begun to speak of this Sacrifice,† . . . I would say a word to the initiated. . . . Many participate in the Sacrifice but once a year, &c.

And it is on the strength of a passage such as this‡ that we are to explain away such passages as these which Mr.

* In *Epist. ad Heb.* xvii. 3.

† "*τῆς θυσίας ταύτης.*" *θυσία* was also the word used before.

‡ As Mr. Stephens has not quoted, except in a note, the very doubtfully authentic letter to Cæsarius, we shall consider it in a note also. We cannot conceive how the letter as a whole can be taken to have been written by a man holding any other than

Stephens himself gives us:* "When Christ is present, and the angels standing by, and the awe-inspiring table is spread;" and again†—"We are about to see as a lamb slain and sacrificed Him Who was crucified. . . . The angels stood beside His tomb with great reverence, and shall we who are about to stand beside, not an empty sepulchre, but the very table which bears the Lamb, shall we approach with tumult." And again‡—"This is My body,' says the priest. These words change (*μεταρρθῶμιζι*) the elements." Or once more§—"A sacrifice is possible without blood, . . . and Abraham's sacrifice was such, to be a figure of this one of ours."

Or, to stray beyond the somewhat inadequate limits to which Mr. Stephens has confined himself, and at the same time to avoid the inconvenience of producing a book which, according to Bigotius, must be the result of collecting all this Saint's testimonies to the Real Presence, what shall we say of such words as the following:|| "When you see the Lord offered and laid on the altar, the priest standing over the Sacrifice in prayer, and all the people sprinkled with that awful blood, can you think yourself among men and on the earth. . . . Oh, wonder! Oh, God's love for man! He Who sits above with the Father, in that hour gives Himself into the hands of all to touch and handle." And elsewhere¶—"Elias, indeed, when he went up, left his cloak to his disciple; but the Son of God, when He ascended, left us His own Flesh. And the former stripped

the Catholic doctrine; and even confining our attention wholly to the one little sentence whence a difficulty is raised, we can find nothing but the shadow of a difficulty. The words run in the Latin version, in which alone we have them, "Sicut enim antequam sanctificetur panis, panem nominamus: divina autem illum sanctificante gratia mediante sacerdote, liberatus est quidem ab appellatione panis; dignus autem habitus Dominici Corporis appellatione, etiamsi *natura* panis in ipso permansit," etc. Now, to say nothing of the whole scope of the argument, which is unmistakeable, the word *natura*, which alone seems to need explanation, unquestionably stands for the original *φύσις*, which in this question of the Eucharist, has, in the hands of the Fathers, occasionally the meaning, not of nature properly so called, or essence, but of nature as manifested to us: the scholastic "accidents." The celebrated passage of Theodoret may be instanced, where the word is explained by what follows—"καὶ ὁρατὰ ἴσιν (τὰ μυστικὰ σύμβολα) καὶ ἅπα ὅλα καὶ πρότερον ἦν" (*Dial.*, "Inconfusibilis," 126).

* *De Bapt. Chr.*, 7.

† *De Camel. et Cruce*, in fine.

‡ *De prod. Jud.* i., 6.

§ *In Eustathium Antiochenum*, 2.

|| *De Sacerdotio*, iii., 4.

¶ *Ad pop. Ant.*, ii., 9.

himself (of what he left), but Christ both left It to us, and took It up with Him." And finally*—"His Word is undeceiving, our senses are easily deceived. His word never fails our senses often. Since then He said, 'This is My Body,' let us assent and believe, and see with the eyes of the spirit."† And in face of these passages, and of such as these, we are asked to agree that "nothing can be more unfair than to regard as a direct friend" to our dogma the man who uttered them. Is it not fairer and truer to say that the "mediæval" St. Thomas of Aquin expressed himself not more unmistakeably than the "early Greek" St. Chrysostom, when he wrote—

Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

2. We pass now to the second matter on which, as Mr. Stephens allows, St. Chrysostom has spoken in a manner not sufficiently guarded—the Invocation of Saints. The difficulty, however, such as it is, seems to give the author little trouble, or at least, is not allowed to take up much of his paper. We read‡—

It does not occur to us . . . for a moment to suppose that such invocation of saints as was manifestly approved by Chrysostom was the least detrimental to that free intercourse which ought to exist between the soul of man and God Himself. As Dr. Pusey has observed, "Through volumes of St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom there is no mention of any reliance except on Christ alone." There is not the least approach to that system of stepping stones, or halting places, between God and man which the Roman Church established by means of confession, saint worship, and, above all, Mariolatry.

After all, there was some excuse for the old author who devoted a chapter of his work to show "that a man may talk all the better on any subject for knowing something about it." How long, how long must we protest in vain that we hold no such doctrines as we are credited with? How long shall men of education, and seemingly of good faith, pronounce anathema against us because of doctrines which we abjure and condemn? And again, when so many previous voices of protestation have been lost on the winds, what good to utter another? How contend with these hydra heads of misunderstanding? However, as the task is before us, that we may do it in a manner which ought to be effectual, we will use no words of our own, and to show that the doctrines thus vaguely shadowed forth are none of

* *In Matt.* lxxxii. (al. lxxxiii.) 4. † *νοητοῖς ὀφθαλμοῖς*. ‡ *P.* 433.

ours, we will cite a theologian whom none will accuse of minimizing, if a theologian must be quoted for a matter which could be learnt from any poor Irish harvest-man or any Catholic child. Cardinal Bellarmine,* then, lays down the following propositions. 1. "It is not lawful to pray the saints to grant us glory, or grace, or other means to beatitude, as the authors of these divine favours." 2. "The saints are not immediate intercessors (*non sunt immediati intercessores*) betwixt God and us, but whatever they obtain for us from God they obtain through Christ." And he adds—"Therefore, we ask the saints to do that only which we do ourselves, because they can do it better than we, and they and we together better than we alone." And an authority still less open to question, the *Catechism of the Council of Trent*,† lays down that "we must confess one only mediator appointed to us, Christ our Lord, Who in sooth alone reconciled us to the Father by His own blood, and entering into the Holies, having obtained eternal redemption, ceases not to make intercession for us." And the *cultus*, which in view of this is allowed the saints, is happily illustrated thus—"If a king were to forbid his subjects to acknowledge a rival king, would it follow that they were to refuse to respect the magistrates?" And finally, least ambiguous of all, the Council of Trent itself, in its fifth session, decrees thus—"If any one shall say that the sin of Adam . . . is taken away by human means, or by any other remedy than the merit of our only Mediator, the Lord Jesus Christ, Who reconciled us to God in His blood, becoming our justification, sanctification, and redemption, . . . let him be anathema."

So much being said, for which patent necessity is our only excuse, let us turn to the question of St. Chrysostom's belief in the matter. And in the first place, having had so much in general about liturgy at the beginning of Mr. Stephens' inquiry, we are, if not surprised, at least disappointed, to hear so little afterwards in particular about the liturgy which bears St. Chrysostom's name. It is quite true that it is not certainly his composition, but no less is it true that it is probably, at least in substance, older than he, and at any rate, it is quite certain that he must have used a liturgy not materially different.‡ And, as

* *De Sanct. Beatit.*, i., 17.

† *De Primo Præcepto*.

‡ The liturgies bearing the names of St. James and St. Basil enshrine the same doctrine on our present subject as St. Chrysostom's.

for the various readings, which we are sometimes told make it impossible to know what form is the original and real one, they can in no way affect a point as to which they do not differ in substance.

Let us then see how this old Greek liturgy reflects on the present liturgy of Rome. The former, in its Mass, names saints some four times, the latter at least ten. The Latin priest prays, "Accept, O Holy Trinity, this offering, which we offer Thee in memory of the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of Christ our Lord, and to the honour of the Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, and of the blessed John the Baptist . . . and of all the Saints, that it may be effectual to their honour and to our salvation, and that they may deign to intercede for us in heaven whose memory we keep on earth. Through Christ our Lord." And again, "In the fellowship and venerating the memory, firstly, of the glorious ever Virgin Mary Mother of our God and Lord, . . . and too of Thy holy Apostles and Martyrs, Peter and Paul, . . . and of all Thy Saints, by whose merits and prayers grant that we be ever guarded by the aid of Thy protection." And again—"Give also to us sinners, Thy servants, who hope in the multitude of Thy mercies, some part and share with Thy Apostles and Martyrs." And again—"Deliver us, O Lord, from all evils, past, present, and to come, and by the intercession of the blessed and glorious ever Virgin Mary, Mother of God, . . . and of all the Saints, grant," &c. The Greek priest, on his side, offered his oblation "to the honour and glory of our above all blessed and glorious Queen, the Theotokos, ever Virgin Mary, and of all the Saints, through whose prayers protect us, O Lord."* And again and again, throughout the Mass, the deacon exclaims—"Keeping the memory of our glorious Lady the Theotokos, ever Virgin Mary, and of all the Saints, we commend ourselves, and each other, and our whole life, to Christ our Lord." Or finally, if we turn to one of the *versiones variantes*, we find† a far fuller catalogue of the saints of both Old and New Testament than in all the notices in the Roman missal together.

But to pass from the liturgy to the works of St. Chrysostom, what do we find? Let us see: bearing in mind Bellarmine's doctrine, that the prayers of the saints are to supplement, and not to supplant our own prayers and exertions for ourselves.

* Goar, *Rit. Græc.*, p. 61.

† *Ibid.*, p. 88.

To take a few examples out of many, we find the following—
 “Let us take refuge in the prayers of the saints, dearly beloved.”* And again†—“I warn you not against invoking the saints, but against being slothful, and leaving your interests to them alone.” And again‡—“The prayers of the saints are of great avail, provided we be converted and repent.” And again§—“We must neither trust everything to the saints’ prayers and do nothing ourselves, nor labouring ourselves, neglect their aid.” Elsewhere|| he tells us how, to arrest tempestuous weather at Constantinople, there had been litanies [*i.e.*, processions] and supplications, and how “we” flocked to the shrines of the Apostles, and “implored the advocacy of Peter and Andrew, Paul and Timothy.” And finally, when the Twenty Second Anglican Article pronounces that “the Romish doctrine concerning . . . invocation of saints, is a fond thing,” this great Father, who would have been so much at home in that communion, makes his voice heard¶—“Are then the prayers of the saints, in vain? By no means, but very mighty, if you yourselves cooperate.”

3. So much for the invocation of saints in general: now in particular for that which Mr. Stephens is pleased to call Mariolatry? St. Chrysostom knew nothing of it he tells us: must we again tell him that the Church of Rome knows nothing of it likewise? What we have said of the saints in general may serve in its degree for the Blessed Virgin too. No one could be a Catholic who for a moment thought of paying to Mary any tittle of that *latria* which is the incommunicable possession of God. “The Mother of God,” says St. Thomas,** “must not be adored with *latria*, because she is a creature, and incapable of such adoration. There is owing to her, however, a more eminent veneration than to other creatures, because she is the Mother of God, wherefore, *hyperdulia* befits her.” That is to say, her honour differs from that of the other saints in degree only, and not in kind.

As for talking of such an honour as being a veil between the soul and Christ Himself, every Catholic knows and feels that it is but the effect of the Church’s apprehension—her *real* apprehension—of the Incarnation. And as to the fact, it has been

* In Gen. xlv. 2.

† In Matt. v. 5.

‡ Ibid., paulo supra.

§ In Epist. ad Thess. iii. 1.

|| Contra ludos et theatre, 1.

¶ In Psalm xlvi. 5.

** Summa Theol., iii. We quote the words from Bonioanni’s Compendium.

well said,* on a point which Protestants are apt to regard as the most conspicuous development of what they call our error—Not all the images that a Catholic church ever contained . . . do so affect its frequenters as the lamp which betokens the presence or absence there of the Blessed Sacrament.

This then is our thesis. The Catholic Church believes Mary to have been the Mother of God; her womb to have been for a time the tabernacle of the Most High. And just as she cannot bring herself to allow any base metal to enter into the sacred vessels which are to hold the Holy Species, so she cannot bring her mind to imagine that sin had ever any hold on that flesh which He deigned to share. And now, in consequence, believing that she presents to the eyes of her Son in heaven the fairest fruits at once of our nature and of His redemption, we believe that our prayers will be all the more effectual for coming to Him from her lips as well as from ours, and that those whom He vouchsafed to call His brethren, may enlist a yet more powerful name in their behalf by invoking her whom He deigned to call His Mother. Our devotion is, therefore, the clear outcome of our doctrine, and though it may be true that the devotion has "developed," yet, to use our author's phrase in what we take to be its legitimate sense, the "raw material" of it is to be found with all those who are clear about the doctrine. This would follow, we say, in strictness, from a recognition of the divine maternity alone—it follows even more evidently when the Fathers assign to Mary an intelligent responsible causality, not merely a physical instrumentality† in the Incarnation; if, in other words, they at all imply what the Church has specified by the title of "co-redemptress"—namely, that unique privilege of having a share by her own freewill in the redemption of the race, and in it of herself.

We shall presently examine our Saint's doctrine on this matter, but first, it is to be noted that doctrine does not always imply actual devotion, and it must be frankly allowed that as to devotion, St. Chrysostom does not show signs of what we demand today, and that even as to doctrine, though he admits the premiss, he does not always seem to see clearly the conclusion, and that from Mary's office he does not gather her absolute sinlessness; as others did gather it, of whom let St. Augustine be an example in the wellknown words,‡ that all

* Newman, *Letter to Pusey*, p. 99.

† See Dr. Newman's *Letter*, p. 37.

‡ *De Nat. et Grat.*, 42.

have sinned "except the Blessed Virgin, concerning whom, for the honour of the Lord, I would have no question raised at all when we speak of sin."

But having made these concessions, we proceed to two observations which seem to us to nullify the argument which might seem to be based upon them. In the first place, as we said in introducing the whole subject, the weight of a Father's authority depends on the agreement which it implies on the part of the contemporary Church, and therefore of the Apostolic Church. When he delivers a doctrine as the Church's doctrine, and every one hearing, no one gainsays, or when he bears witness that the Church so teaches, and no one denies, then we feel bound by his authority; but when he manifestly does but make a deduction of his own, and therein does but lightly and *per transennam* imply, not dogmatically pronounce, then his words are worthy of respectful hearing indeed, but are not of apodictic force. And this the more, if from his antecedents or his surroundings, we can gather that there was an influence other than the germane influence of the Church which may have given him a bias.

And in the second place, all this holds true of those utterances of Chrysostom which seem to disparage the Blessed Virgin. They are few; they are inconspicuous; they do not lay down a doctrine, though they imply the absence of faultlessness; they make no pretence to be grounded on the teaching of the Church, past or contemporary, but arise on the spur of the moment, out of the explanation of wellknown texts of Scripture; and lastly, there are not wanting reasons to show that the Saint was under the influence on this point of a school that was certainly not the best. These reasons are clearly given by Dr. Newman.* "I conceive," he says, "that [the tradition of our Lady's sinlessness] was obliterated or confused by the Arian troubles" in the region about Antioch, and that, consequently, it is not wonderful if St. Chrysostom "had no firm, habitual hold upon a doctrine which (though Apostolical) was yet, in his day, so much in the background all over Christendom." Chrysostom was "not only in close relations with the once Semiarian *cathedra* of Antioch, . . . but as his writings otherwise show, he came under the teaching of the celebrated Antiochene school which was celebrated at once for its Scripture criticism, and (orthodox as it was itself) for the successive outbreaks of heresy among its

* See Dr. Newman's *Letter*, p. 144.

members;" outbreaks beginning with Paul of Samosata, and "continued in the Semarian pupils of Lucian, and ended in Nestorius. The famous Theodore and Diodorus of the same school, who, though not heretics themselves, have a bad name in the Church, were, Diodorus the master, and Theodore the fellow pupil of St. Chrysostom. Here, then, is a natural explanation why St. Chrysostom . . . should be wanting in a clear conception of the place of the Blessed Virgin in the evangelical dispensation." "It is surely not wonderful if . . . the prerogatives of the Mother were obscured together with the essential glory of the Son, or if they who denied the tradition of His Divinity forgot the tradition of her sinlessness."

This, then, must be our general answer to the two or three places alleged against us, the *obiter dicta* of a Saint who, more than all others,* "speaks ever from himself," not, of course, without being impregnated with the fulness of a Catholic training, but still not by rule, but as if "trusting the lore of his own loyal heart," and who, on occasion of our Lady's desire to speak to her Son in public, and of her interference at the marriage feast, imputes to her a vanity, very trivial indeed in his eyes, but quite inadmissible in ours. We think, then, that he is wrong, that we see how he came to be so, and that, without impugning his authority on other points, we may fairly reject it on this.

To pass, therefore, to doctrine clearly enunciated as doctrine, and clearly traditional. Does St. Chrysostom anywhere assign to the Blessed Virgin, not merely the sort of honour and intercessory power which, as we have seen, he attributes to all the saints, but a singular and unique function in the work of our redemption which would naturally lead on to a singular cultus—singular, that is, in the way described by St. Thomas? We answer that such a doctrine unmistakeably is found in the most remarkable analogy which, in company with so many other Fathers, he discovers between Mary and Eve, an analogy which has been said to constitute† "the great rudimental teaching of antiquity concerning her, . . . the *primâ facie* view of her person and office, the broad outline laid down of her, the aspect under which she comes down to us in the writings of the Fathers;" . . . an analogy which implies that she too had "a place of her own," an "integral share" in the events in which she was concerned, and was "as the history stands, a *sine qua non*, a positive active

* Dr. Newman, p. 14.

† Dr. Newman, p. 33.

cause." This we hold to be the logical and inevitable consequence of such words as these:* "A maiden and a tree and death were the tokens of our calamity. . . . But lo again, a maiden and a tree and death; these tokens of our overthrow are become the tokens of our victory. For in place of Eve there is Mary, in the place of the tree of knowledge there is the tree of the Cross, in place of the death of Adam the death of Christ. You see that by those very things whereby he triumphed, Satan is overcome:" and elsewhere, in words well nigh identical,† "You see how a maiden and a tree and death were tokens to us of overthrow. Now see how the same are in their shares the cause (*παρτίρια*) of our victory. Against Eve is set Mary (*ἀντὶ τῆς Ἑβας ἡ Μαρία*),‡ &c.

Such was Chrysostom's doctrine, and he was not blind to its lesson. He saw, though, as we have said, he did not on all occasions see adequately, the consequences that flow from such a position, and the prerogatives which cannot be alienated from such a maternity. "If Christ," he says,§ "were not born according to the flesh and had not a mother, why (upon the Cross) be solicitous to provide for her alone?" And elsewhere,|| "That womb had to be kept free from trouble into which the Maker of all things entered, and that soul free from disquiet which was deemed worthy to become an agent in such mysteries (*τὴν ψυχὴν τὴν καταξιωθεῖσαν τοιούτων γενέσθαι διάκονον μυστηρίων*). We can only marvel that, stipulating thus for freedom from disquiet, he did not add freedom also from any speck of fault.

Bearing these things, then, in mind, and having in mind, too, what we have already seen of that liturgy¶ which, or the like of

* *De Cæmeterio et de Cruce*, 2.

† *Hom. in Sanct. Pasch.*, 2.

‡ It is, perhaps, ungracious to find fault with Mr. Stephens for what he allows in the Blessed Virgin's honour, but when acknowledging that St. Chrysostom did allow her some sort of honour, and did make her an antitype of Eve, why pick out as his solitary specimen what is not St. Chrysostom's at all. The six homilies *De Mundi Creatione* from which he quotes are, in the opinion of all the editors, not by Chrysostom, but by Severianus of Gabali. Their style Savile declares to be not golden but iron, and Montfaucon would rather call them froth.

§ *In Joan.* lxxxv. al. lxxxiv. 2.

|| *In Matt.* iv. 5.

¶ We cannot refrain from giving one more extract from this liturgy regarding the Blessed Virgin in particular—"Rightful is it in truth to honour thee, O Theotokos, ever to be blessed, free from all stain, Mother of our God, more full of honour than the Cherubim, incomparably more glorious than the Seraphim, who, without loss of thy purity, didst bring forth God the Word, thee truly, Theotokos, do we magnify" (*Goar*, p. 78).

which, Chrysostom doubtless used, and of the manner in which our Lady's name therein occurs—we ask again, What is to be thought of Mr. Stephens' assertion, that of Romish worship of the Virgin there is in St. Chrysostom no trace. Let the terms be clearly defined. If by worship be meant the honour due to God alone, then worship of Mary is unknown to Rome; but if taking things as they actually are, it is sought to imply that St. Chrysostom, were he now on earth, would in this matter be scandalized by Rome and be comfortable in England—let the candid reader judge how far such a position can be maintained.

4. We pass to the question of Purgatory, as to which Mr. Stephens summarily declares * that there is "no symptom in Chrysostom of a tendency to the theory. The condition of man after death is always represented by him as final and irrevocable." In which extract we take it that the second sentence is intended as a proof of the first; certainly if it is not so intended no such proof is even offered. Now supposing that some one were to argue thus—"We hear from Paris that the fate of the late rebels of the Commune for life or death is finally fixed; that they are respectively irrevocably marked for dismissal or for execution." Would it follow that all the condemned were already dead, and not awaiting their inevitable end in prison, or that none of those to be spared were yet a little while detained? Just as little does Mr. Stephens' argument meet the facts of the case here, and here again conspicuously he has not thought it necessary to make himself acquainted with the real nature of the doctrine concerning which he undertakes to speak. For what is the Catholic doctrine? We may reduce it to two heads: (1) That there exists a middle state of souls, whose salvation is irrevocably secured, but which are not yet fit for the actual enjoyment of God's vision; (2) that such souls are helped towards such fitness by the prayers of their brethren on earth. "Two things only," says Father Perrone,† "as to Purgatory are of faith—to wit, that there is such a state, and that suffrages are of avail;" and as to our chief point, Leo the Tenth lays down against Luther,‡ "that the souls in Purgatory are secure of salvation." Their lot is eternal blessedness. Who therefore would deny that the condition of a man after death "is final and irrevocable?"

The doctrine of Rome is reflected in its practice—let us then, first glancing at that practice as it is, compare it with

* P. 434.

† *De Deo Creatore*, iii., 6, 2, sec. 685.

‡ Denzinger, *Enchiridion*, n. 662.

the practice of Chrysostom. Thus then does the priest in the Mass pray for the departed—"Remember also, O Lord, Thy servants . . . who are gone before us with the sign of faith, and sleep in the sleep of peace. To them, O Lord, and to all that rest in Christ, we pray Thee to vouchsafe a place of refreshment, light, and peace. Through the same Christ our Lord." And in the burial service and elsewhere the Church prays—"Absolve, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant, that being dead to the world, he may live to Thee, and whatever sins he has committed in this life through human frailty, do Thou of Thy most merciful goodness forgive. Through Jesus Christ our Lord." And in Masses for the dead she uses this collect—"O God the Creator and Redeemer of all the faithful, grant to the souls of Thy servants the forgiveness of all their sins, that by pious supplications they may obtain that mercy which they ever desired." And now let us turn to St. Chrysostom.

But first we must forestall an objection which might be brought against the argument we are about to use. St. Chrysostom unmistakeably offered and counselled prayers for the dead. We maintain that this implies our whole doctrine of Purgatory. "Not at all," it is answered, and we will give the argument the advantage of being stated in the words of an Anglican divine. Dr. Harold Browne, in his exposition of the Thirty Nine Articles, writes thus—"The liturgy called St. Chrysostom's prays for all departed in the faith, and 'especially for the holy immaculate blessed Theotokos and ever Virgin Mary.' This alone is sufficient to prove that prayer for the dead did not presuppose Purgatory and was in no degree necessarily connected with it."* And should not, it will be argued, the words of the Saint be understood in the light of these words of the liturgy? Now, not to stand on the obvious argument that prayer supposes something to be gained and that heavenly beatitude supposes no possible increase, let us ask what the liturgy does actually say, a point on which Dr. Browne unfortunately does not adequately enlighten us. And first to look at the passage in full. The priest prays†—"Also we offer Thee this reasonable act of worship (τὴν λογικὴν ταύτην λατρίαν) for those who rest in faith, . . . our forefathers the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, preachers, evangelists, martyrs, confessors, virgins, and all that have died in faith. Especially for our most holy, most blessed, immaculate,

* Article xxii., sec. i., p. 494.

† Goar, p. 78.

glorious Queen the Theotokos, ever Virgin Mary. (*Choir.*) Rightful is it in truth to praise thee, O Theotokos," &c. (as already cited, p. 71, note). And we find,* on reference to the original, that the preposition rendered "for," is *ὕπέρ*. Now this might certainly mean "on behalf of," but it might also equally well mean "in the name of," or "on account of;" it might stand for "propter," as well as for "pro." Next, if we remember the Catholic doctrine that the priest who celebrates represents the whole Church and offers sacrifice in her name, so to supply on behalf of her members, by the infinite merit of the Victim offered, for the shortcomings which all that they may do cannot but exhibit, and that the saints are finite like the rest and cannot render God all the glory which is His due, or if, on the other hand, we bear in mind the Catholic practice of offering sacrifice to God on account of His glory in His saints, in honour of His goodness and power in making them what they were, we shall see that there is a simple and rational mode of understanding the passage, and that not the mode which Dr. Browne assumes. And glancing a little lower we find another prayer for the dead of altogether different complexion. "Let us pray for (*ὕπέρ*) the dead. (We pray), O Lord, for the rest and forgiveness of the soul of thy servant N. in a place of light free from pain and from sorrow. And grant him to rest in the light of Thy countenance." Is it possible to imagine this prayer and the other to be similar in scope?

Having met by anticipation the objection, we proceed to establish our argument, namely, that St. Chrysostom recommended and practised prayer for the dead, and that, moreover, the liturgy of his day—whatever precisely this may have been—enforced it too. We say whatever precisely the liturgy may have been, for here we do not need the indirect argument which is drawn from that liturgy which bears his name, but we can appeal directly to his own undoubted words—"What sort of a man, I pray you," he says,† "should the priest be, who, as representative of the whole world, begs God to have mercy on the sins of all, and not of the living alone, but of those, too, who are departed?"‡ And again elsewhere§—"Not in vain are

* Goar, p. 78.

† *De Sac.*, vi., 4.

‡ Compare the form in the present Latin ordination to the priesthood used in the tradition of the instruments—"Accipe potestatem offerre sacrificium Deo missasque celebrare tam pro vivis quam pro defunctis in nomine Domini."

§ *In Acta Apost.* xxi. 5.

oblations for the dead, not in vain are prayers, not in vain are almsdeeds—all these things the Spirit so ordered, willing that we should help one another. For see, he (the dead man) has received benefit from you, and you good from him; you have been to him the occasion of *safety*, and he to you of almsgiving. Doubt not that he will receive benefit therefrom. Not in vain does the deacon cry—"For those who have departed in Christ, and for those who are mindful of them." It is not the deacon who so cries, but the Holy Spirit."

And this is the man who, we are compendiously assured, shows no symptom of a tendency to the theory of Purgatory.

5. Of priestly confession, also, as an ordinance of the Church, there is, we are told,* no trace in St. Chrysostom, and in proof, two passages are cited in which the Saint seems to enforce the confession of sins to God alone and immediately. The first runs thus†—"Why, I pray you, be ashamed and blush to tell your sins? For you do not tell them to a man that he may reproach you, not to your fellow slave that he may divulge them: you open your wound to the Lord, the compassionate, the loving, your physician." The other passage‡ tells us that whereas a man can often be reached "only through porters, flatterers, and parasites, God is invoked without a go-between, without money, without expense." On which Mr. Stephens sagely remarks, that "this reads like a prophetic sarcasm on a Church which ultimately made a traffic of dispensing what cannot really be dispensed by man, because it is the free gift of God." On which we will only remark, that it is but another sample of that convenient system of polemics which consists in supposing an adversary to say or hold something preposterous, of which he never dreamed, and then victoriously demolishing the man of straw which has been thus set up. A man in Mr. Stephens' position should know better than to reecho this old traditional slander, a thousand times refuted, against the Catholic Church.§ And as for a denial of forgiveness as being the free gift of God—this no more follows from the intervention of a man in Penance

* P. 434.

† *De Layaro.*, iv., 4.

‡ *De Penit.*, iv., 4.

§ "Gaudens erubui non me tot annos adversus Catholicam Fidem, sed contra carnalium cogitationum figmenta latrasse. Eo quippe temerarius et impius fuero quod ea quæ debebam querendo discere, accusando dixeram" (St. Augustine, *Conf.*, vi., cap. 3, n. 4).

than of water in Baptism; and we suppose that our Lord will be allowed, after all, to have meant *something* when He said to His Apostles—"Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven."

But to pass on from this, we must remark that Mr. Stephens has not made out for himself nearly so strong a case as might be made, or as he might find ready to hand amongst the "objections" in the pages of any Catholic theologian. For, in truth, in this matter the Saint undoubtedly sometimes expressed himself in a manner "which we should deem incautious, because we know the interpretation of which such words are capable," and many of his phrases at first sight do seem to exclude the notion of confession, as the Church understands it. We will first, therefore, briefly play the part of *advocatus diaboli*, which has been thus inadequately fulfilled, adducing some of the more awkward of these phrases, and will then bring forward a few arguments which seem to show that the said phrases cannot be taken really to mean what they appear to mean.*

Thus, then, does the Saint in various places express himself†—"Again and again I exhort you and pray you to make frequent confession to the Lord. For I do not lead you to be a public spectacle to your fellow slaves, I do not force you to disclose your sins to men: open your conscience before God, and seek redress from Him." Elsewhere‡—"Not alone is this wonderful, that He forgives us our offences, but that He neither Himself reveals nor forces those approaching Him to publish their offences, but bids us give account of them and confess them to Him alone." And once more§—"If Lamech did not shrink from declaring to his wives the homicide he had committed, of what mercy shall we be worthy if we refuse to confess our sins to Him Who knows all things." These passages fairly represent, as seems to us, the Saint's utterances which might be quoted as against sacramental confession.

Now, if these sayings are to be taken as they stand, they are equivalent to a denial of confession as a Church rite at all, and if confession—public or private it matters not so long as

* *De incomp. Dei nat.*, v., 7.

† *Ad illuminandos Catech.*, ii., 4.

‡ *In Gen.* xx.

§ Being restricted to very inadequate space, we would refer those who wish to see this question fully treated to Francolinus' *Disciplina Penitentia*, l. ii., capp. 3, 5.

made to man—was an admitted Church rite, then these passages are not to be taken in their obvious sense, and must be restricted by qualifications which quite destroy them for purposes of argument. And confession—of what sort we need not here inquire—did exist as a Church rite in the time of Chrysostom: therefore his words must somehow be qualified. We proceed to establish the fact which we allege.

And first, from the story of Socrates* and Sozomen,† that the Patriarch Nestorius abolished confession‡ in the East, whatever be the truth of the said story, and of whatever sort was the confession abolished, it is clear that confession of some sort then existed and was obligatory at least for such as wished to approach the sacraments.§ But Chrysostom delivered some of the homilies from which we have quoted before the date of the abolition, and therefore while some sort of external confession was a rule. He cannot, therefore, have meant that no external confession was to be made.

This being understood, we may remark that if the Saint does really mean that external confession is unnecessary—that is, if he is speaking of it at all—he is going farther, and actually discouraging it. Yet who will deny that confession of sins, whether obligatory or not, was recommended? Even the Anglican liturgy, in its eclectic theology of which we have been told, has embalmed a recommendation to its practice for the comfort of those who in time of sickness feel their conscience “troubled with any weighty matter.”||

But more. We have it from St. Chrysostom himself that there was some sort of external confession (sacramental or nonsacramental it matters not at present) to be undergone as a preparation for the Holy Eucharist. Speaking of those who confessed their sins to John the Baptist, he says¶—“Let us imitate them. . . . For this is the time for confession for nonbaptized and baptized alike. For the former, that they may approach the sacred mysteries; for the latter, that their sins since Baptism being washed away, they may with a clean conscience approach the table.”

* *H. E.*, v., 19.

† *H. E.*, vii., 17.

‡ Of course it is no part of our present purpose to inquire into the difficulty arising out of this alleged fact.

§ τῶν μυστηρίων μέρησιν (Socrates, l. c.).

|| *Common Prayer*. “Visitation of Sick.”

¶ *Hom. x.*, in *Matt.* 5.

We may, however, go farther, and assume that, as a mere historical fact, the Sacrament of Penance substantially as we know it existed at the date in question in the Eastern Church. The Nestorians, who lapsed into schism within forty years after the delivery of the earlier of our Saint's homilies, are a providential witness of this fact.*

To sum up, then. We have an indirect argument that Penance existed as a sacrament in the Church of which Chrysostom was a member and at the time in which he lived. We have arguments, direct and indirect, that some sort of confession was required at least of intending communicants. He cannot, therefore, have meant that there should be none.

What, then, did he mean? It is difficult precisely to say—but this would seem to be the most satisfactory answer. Looking at the priest in his ministerial character—or rather, on account of that character not regarding him—the Saint talked of a confession made through him to God as made to God without mention of him. The explanation would doubtless seem forced if we looked merely at the passage in question, but then how else avoid the arguments we have seen—and, moreover, those which follow.

For, in the first place, in the very first passage which Mr. Stephens quotes, the confession recommended is spoken of as accompanied by "shame and blushes." Now, who would so speak of a declaration confined to the secret theatre of one's own mind? or who would need such repeated exhortations to induce him to have recourse to so light a remedy?

And, moreover, St. Chrysostom does unquestionably attribute to the priest the power of that which our author would describe as "dispensing what is the free gift of God:" that is, of forgiving and of retaining sins. This power is not exercised in Baptism alone, for so the Saint distinctly states;† not in the Eucharist, for the faithful are constantly warned to approach it only with pure consciences; and as for the anointing of the sick with oil, which‡ he describes as a means of forgiveness, and in which we recognize the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, neither, we think, will Mr. Stephens care to maintain that it is what Chrysostom

* It will not be irrelevant to note in addition, that the "Mass of St. John Chrysostom," to which we have so frequently referred, begins with the preamble—"The priest must be confessed and fasting," &c.

† *De Sac.*, iii., 6.

‡ *Ibid.*

meant, nor can we suppose that he made it the first plank after Baptism. We must also note that, besides the power of loosing, he speaks of that of binding. Now, the preacher must preach to all—the dispenser of the other sacraments must dispense to all—still more must we pray for all. Except, then, in the case of confession, in which the priest sits as a judge, what can the power of binding mean?

And now briefly to consider some few sentences of the Saint which enforce our doctrine. We will not dwell on the places in which he exhorts simply to “confession,” without stating what manner of confession he intends; for it might be contended (though not, we think, justly) that he means that secret confession within the soul which he has seemed to describe. We give but a specimen or two, and pass on. “Aided by our fasts,” he says,* “dearly beloved, let us all hasten to confess our sins, and, abstaining from all evil, practise all good.” We can hardly understand how the word “confess,” standing thus simply and alone can mean anything but some definite and recognized and accustomed act. Again, he says*—“We have fallen again (since Baptism), and not even so does He punish us, but has given us the remedy of Penance, which is efficacious to wipe and wash out all our sins, if only we understand what the remedy is and how to apply it. For what is the remedy of penance, and how is it prepared? Firstly, by condemnation of ones sins and by confession” [*ἡ ἐξαγόρευσις*], &c. Does not this seem to imply something less easy to understand than mere internal sorrow? A passage which seems still less ambiguous must be our last on this head. He is speaking† of those who trouble the priest’s ears with tales of the sinfulness of others, and he proceeds—“Let us begin at home: let us think how to give an account of our own transgressions, and transfer our inquisitiveness and solicitude to our own life.”

And now for the doctrine of Chrysostom as to the priestly power of binding and loosing, which is, after all, his most unmistakeable utterance on this matter. He is full of the doctrine—it breaks out where we should not expect it. Speaking§ for instance, of the Bishop Flavian, who had gone to make intercession with Theodosius for his turbulent townsmen, he says—“If he has received power to loose the sins committed against God, much more will he be able to undo

* *In Gen.* ix. 6. † *In Epist. ad Heb.* ix. 4. ‡ *Ad pop. Ant.*, iii., 5.

§ *Ibid.*, 2.

and cancel those committed against man.* But he treats the matter expressly in his work on the Priesthood.†

Dwellers on the earth are intrusted with the dispensation of the things of heaven, and have received a power intrusted by God neither to angels nor to archangels. For not to them has been said, "Whatsoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." They who rule on earth have the power of binding—but the body only; but this bond reaches to the very soul, and penetrates the heavens; and whatever the priest does below, God above confirms: the Lord ratifies the sentence (*γνώμην*) of His servants. And what else but the whole power of heaven has He given them? for He says, "Whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven, and whose ye shall retain they are retained." What power can be greater than this? "All judgment the Father hath given to the Son," and I see that it is all handed by the Son to them. . . . The priests of the Jews had power to cleanse the leprosy of the body, or rather, not to cleanse it, but to approve the cleansed. . . . But these (priests) have power not to approve merely when cleansed but absolutely to cleanse, not the leprosy of the body, but the defilements of the soul.

On the whole, then, we hardly think that Mr. Stephens has fully set before us all that might be said on this important point.

6. As to the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, we read that "it is almost superfluous to observe that Chrysostom knew and acknowledged nothing of such supremacy in the sense which those words conveyed to the minds of later generations." To us it appears, on the other hand, that it would be more true to say that, although this supremacy was of necessity in those early days less frequently manifested in act, and so far less "developed," yet was it none the less both in theory and in practice admitted, and that St. Chrysostom and his history are among our witnesses to the fact. We proceed very briefly to indicate some points of their testimony.

And first as to theory. Mr. Stephens himself admits that St. Chrysostom honours St. Innocent the First, the contemporary Pope, "partly because, occupying the Chair of St. Peter"—that is, he considers St. Peter and his place to be somehow perpetuated in his successor. Now, what did he consider the place of Peter to be in the Church? A very cursory glance at his writings will tell. Peter, according to him,‡ is "the foundation of the faith;" to him§ "the whole earth is committed;" he is the "corner

* It might be said that the Bishop was about to pray forgiveness from the Emperor, and so that his other power must be understood of prayer also. To this we reply that, as the Greek form of absolution was probably deprecatory and not judiciary, it is not strange if the act was spoken of as one of prayer.

† iii., 5.

‡ *Contra Iudæos et theatra*, i.

§ *Adv. Jud.*, viii., 3.

stone of the Church,* and the Fisherman of the world,† “the Coryphæus of that band, the mouthpiece of all the Apostles, the head of that family (ῥαρχίας), the ruler (προσάρτης) of the world, the foundation stone of the Church.” And as if to preclude the possibility of misapplying these words to the person of Peter alone, and not to his office, we are told, as has been already seen, that the words of the Lord, which, “more durable than heaven and earth, shall not pass away,” are those which promise to build on him the indestructible Church; and elsewhere‡ the unbeliever is challenged to say whether this promise has not been, and is not, manifestly true.

It is hardly worth while to notice the objections by which Mr. Stephens endeavours to anticipate this argument. He says that Flavian of Antioch§ is spoken of as inheriting St. Peter’s Chair and his virtue. Of which in the first place we note that the words do not seem to be given as exactly St. Chrysostom’s, that no reference accompanies them, and that, after some search, we have not been so fortunate as to verify them; and secondly that, even as they stand, they present no difficulty at all. St. Peter *had* founded the see of Antioch, and any holy bishop may be said to inherit the virtues of a holy predecessor. The other argument is that St. Paul is spoken of in the same terms as St. Peter. To which we reply that it is not a little remarkable that, whereas the Saint seems to have felt a peculiar and personal love for the Apostle of the Gentiles, such as he experienced towards no other saint,|| and although he names him at least thrice as often as the Prince of the Apostles, he yet does *not* ever assign to him an office like to Peter’s, and does *not* speak of him in terms which imply more than personal preeminence.

And now for facts. It would not be strange if, in a period when the exercise of ecclesiastical power was in practice so little centralized, we were to meet in the case of any individual bishop or Patriarch with no clear instance of the exercise of Papal

* In illud “vidi Dom.,” iv., 3.

† In illud “hoc scitote,” iv.

‡ Adv. Jud., v., 2.

§ We cannot attempt in this paper, which has already far outgrown the limits we designed, to enter into the question of the Miletian schism. Suffice it to say that we utterly deny that Flavian was, in the proper sense of the words, “out of communion with Rome.”

|| “All the saints do I love, but especially the blessed Paul, that vessel of election, that heavenly trumpet, that *promubus* of Christ—*νυμφαγωγὸν τοῦ Χριστοῦ*” (Hom. in illud “utinam sustineritis”).

prerogative. But in our case this is not so. In his troubles the holy Patriarch applied for aid and encouragement to the Bishop of Rome, and to make the act the less ambiguous his opponents did the same. And finally Palladius, whose story Mr. Stephens designates* as characterized by the accuracy of a witness, describes the Pope's action in words applicable only to one having power.†

Chrysostom writes‡—"Lest this confusion which has arisen should overrun every nation under heaven, I beseech you to pronounce in writing that these things . . . have been so lawlessly done as to be void of force." And Innocent's letter to the clergy and people of Constantinople speaks of the news of the occurrences there as having filled him§ "with anxious solicitude." And lest we should misinterpret the said expression, Palladius tells us how, when Theophilus of Alexandria, the Saint's adversary, had written to him also,|| "the blessed Pope Innocent wrote to both sides, . . . setting aside (ἀντὶθέτως) the judgment passed by Theophilus, and directing the convocation of a Council." We are told moreover, further on, how Innocent wrote also to Theophilus, bidding him submit to the Council, how he lost patience with this turbulent man and took action, and how, finally, certain wavering Eastern Churches were decided to join Chrysostom when they heard that he was approved by Rome.

In conclusion we will but allude, and no more, to the very remarkable—though doubtfully authentic—story of these events told by Theodore of Trithmunti, according to which Theophilus was held to be condemned "by Peter and the great Innocent."¶

* P. 323.

† It seems unnecessary to do more than mention Mr. Stephen's argument that, besides the Pope, St. Chrysostom wrote also to the Patriarchs of Milan and Aquileia. It is surely not wonderful that he should so write to influential brother bishops, and if Innocent's authority differed from theirs in degree only and not in kind, it would be strange that such undue prominence should be given in the history to his interference.

‡ *Epist. i., ad Inn.*

§ Migne, vol. iii., p. 537.

|| Migne, vol. i., p. 12.

¶ Migne, i., lxxvii. We are anxious to keep entirely to St. Chrysostom, but cannot resist noticing an assertion of Mr. Stephens (p. 286), that "the Council of Chalcedon declared the Patriarch of Constantinople to be invested with equal privileges with the Bishop of Rome." Now it is a dangerous task for one who feels keenly on a point to undertake a paraphrase such as this of an important document. To avoid a like danger, and at the same time to let the reader see whether Mr. Stephens' account be altogether accurate, we prefer to cite the very words of the assembled Fathers themselves (*Vid. Op. S. Leonis. Edit. Ballerini, p. 1087, seq.; Mansi, t. vi.,*

7. One point more and we have done—as to what St. Chrysostom considers to be the rule of faith. Let us hear Mr. Stephens*—"In his habit of referring to Holy Scripture as the ultimate source and basis of all true doctrine, 'so that whatsoever is not read therein nor may be proved thereby is not to be required of any man as an article of faith,'† . . . he bears an affinity to the best minds of our own reformed Church." Was it, then, the Saint's doctrine that nothing beyond what is found in Scripture is to be believed, and that the written word and not the living word is the rule of faith?

In the first place he tells us exactly the opposite.‡ "Therefore, brethren," says the Apostle, 'stand fast; and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word or by our epistle.' Hence it is clear that he did not deliver everything to them by his epistle, but much too without writing, and this latter, too, is worthy of faith. Wherefore, we hold the tradition of the Church also to be worthy of faith. It is a tradition—inquire no further."

Moreover, even were it asserted that all truth is to be found in Scripture, such a statement would be no way incompatible, especially in an ancient Father's mouth, with the Catholic doctrine of tradition. Not only are such words in many cases to be qualified by their contexts, so that a denial of truth outside of Scripture means a denial of truth irreconcilable with Scripture; not only can such utterances often be shown to mean that the dogmas *de facto* imposed on the belief of all can

p. 147, seq.; Hardouin, t. ii., p. 655 seq.; Hefele, *Conciliengeschichte*, ii., p. 526, &c.). "The holy, great, and ecumenical Synod, . . . to the most holy and most blessed Leo, Bishop of Rome, . . . who art appointed for all the interpreter of the voice of blessed Peter; . . . determined that *after* your most holy and Apostolic Chair, that of Constantinople shall take rank. . . . What, therefore, we have decreed, . . . do you deign, most holy and most blessed Father, to accept . . . and by your decrees honour our judgment. . . . And as we have observed union with our head in what is right, so do your highness fulfill for your sons what is proper." Surely the decree should not have been considered altogether apart from this somewhat remarkable commentary. And what of Leo's answer to this petition, backed up as the said petition was by the Emperor? (*Epist.* 105, *ad Pulcheriam*). "The resolutions of the Bishops being at variance with the holy canons of Nicæa—your piety in the faith being with us united—we annul, and by the authority of blessed Peter the Apostle do absolutely quash (*generali prorsus definitione cassamus*).” It hardly, therefore, appears to us that the full history of the affair quite bears out Mr. Stephens' summary statement.

* P. 8.

† Sixth Anglican Article.

‡ In *Epist. ad Thess.* iv. 2.

also, in the speakers opinion, *de facto* be shown to be contained in Scripture, but, which is more important, even an assertion that the whole deposit of revelation was objectively represented in Scripture* would no way militate against the essential principle of tradition, the principle of authority. According to this principle the Scriptures themselves are a part of tradition with the truths which they contain, for such truths, be they many or be they few, are not so contained as to be capable of being thence extracted by each individual soul, but must be drawn forth and presented to all by the authoritative *magisterium*. Accordingly, it matters little in principle whether there be any dogmas handed down absolutely without Scriptural mention, so long as it is maintained that, written or unwritten, all dogmas whatever are to be accepted simply upon the authority of the living voice.

And now we must bring our remarks—already far too long—to a conclusion. We have by no means exhausted the subjects on which Mr. Stephens undertakes to give us the verdict of the Saint, but we hope that we have given enough to be a sample of the whole. We confess to have been grievously disappointed in this book. A Catholic who reads the works of the Fathers, finding himself—despite inaccuracies and obscurities which sad experience has taught later writers to avoid—still on the whole so thoroughly *en rapport* with them, so completely at one in mind and soul, thinks that any one who reads like him must, like him, understand them. Accordingly, when we see a book like that of which we have been speaking, which must be the result of considerable labour amongst a saint's writings, and which might therefore be expected to display some appreciative knowledge of the man, and of those doctrines which were dearest to his soul; and when instead we find such complete misunderstanding on such vital points, we can but despairingly ask how came such misunderstandings to arise? The cause we take to lie mainly in that haziness of view of which something has been said already. A man, in truth, is not in a fit state to make out very successfully what the Fathers hold, who has not first mastered the more primary problem as to what he holds himself.

But it is not apology or explanation that in the first place, or chiefly, the Fathers require at our hands—and a paper such as this would do mischief instead of good were it to leave the

* Of course we make such a concession, that any Father asserted this only hypothetically.

impression on the readers mind that their attitude towards the Church of today is so equivocal as to need constant apology and explanation to prove it not hostile. Far from it. But we have been engaged in looking at the doctrine of a particular Father through the most uncongenial of all lights—that of controversy, confining ourselves to the scattered passages in his voluminous works which are the least carefully and clearly worded, and which have in consequence been capable of misinterpretation. We have seen nothing of his teaching as a whole, of the tone and spirit which pervade it all, and of that feeling towards the writer which a Catholic experiences—"You are mine, and no mistake about it."* In truth, it is anything but strange that men who are divided from us by fourteen centuries, and still more by the great gulf which separates the world of the decrepit Roman Empire from that of present Christendom, should not always speak as we speak—nor their moulds of thought be always as ours. What is wonderful and miraculous is that, whereas their contemporaries of the State or the school would be as out of place in the actual world as the creatures of the lias or the chalk in a modern menagerie—with the Church it should be so wholly otherwise: resting on the same foundations now as then, and rearing aloft still, for the upholding of her stately structure, the columns which were hewn for her in those distant times. Well may we exclaim in admiration with our Saint†—to close our paper with his words—"How immovable are her pillars—not bound together with iron, but cemented by faith!"

* Dr. Newman.

† *Serm. ante exilium.*

Sleep and Death.

SADLY beneath the darkening skies,
Each eve in sleep my head I lay,
And quit the life and light of day,
Nor know if I again shall rise.

Without a joy, without a pain,
I rest, or haply roam the maze
Of bygone years, till morning rays
Call me to light and life again.

And, when my life's long day is o'er,
And shades of death have gathered nigh,
Thus will my painful spirit cry,
That I perchance shall wake no more.

Then will I turn Faith's latest look
(Though faith be faint and vision weak)
To life's recurring change, and seek
God's parable in nature's book.

Nor doubting what I read therein,
His mercy will I pray to keep
From mournful memories my sleep,
And rising shapes of buried sin ;

Till longer morrow chase away
The blindness of that last long night,
And open to my purer sight
God's love my life, Himself my day.

E. B. N.

The Youth of Anne Catharine Emmerich.

ALTHOUGH the visions of Sister Anne Catharine Emmerich are well known and valued, those even who are most familiar with them are but slightly acquainted with her personal history. It will be interesting to seek information regarding her character and sanctity, because, although her claim to our attention may originate in the records preserved of her visions, there can be little doubt that those who have hitherto passed them unnoticed will be inclined to bestow more attention upon them when they have learned more about the unpretending sanctity of the simple German girl who had these favours bestowed upon her.

Anne Catharine, the daughter of Bernard Emmerich and Anne Hillers his wife, was born near Coesfeld, in Westphalia, on the 8th September, 1774. It is significant of her parents' practical attachment to the faith, that she was baptized the same day. Clement Brentano, to whom we are indebted for the preservation of her visions, paid a visit to her home in 1859. He describes it as little more than a hovel, where man and beast shared the same roof. The front door leads straight into the common sittingroom, the floor of which is unboarded and formed only of the beaten down earth; the fireplace is composed of a single stone or sheet of iron, and the smoke is left to find an outlet through any crevice in the roof or wall, or to fall in smut upon the little furniture of the simple dwelling. This furniture consists of a few old chairs with a table to match. The bedrooms are separated from this apartment by wooden partitions, while the cows are only shut out of it by a few stakes and by their manger.

Such was the birthplace of the child who, later on, was to give proof of remarkable intelligence and refinement. Anne Catharine's education was in harmony with her home. Very early did her parents perceive the graces bestowed upon their child, but with the simplicity of Catholic instinct they

made no difference on this account in their demeanour towards her. There was no humble duty belonging to their state of life from which she was exempted, and she is a beautiful instance that the severest labours need be no impediment to a life of prayer. We are told that as an infant, the first movement of her soul was for God, that He took possession of her heart before any other impression could enter, and that her baptismal innocence, which she never lost, was preserved and strengthened by the watchful care of her guardian angel, who for many years was a visible and external guide to her in the path of sanctity. Not that her parents were remiss in their share, for what she tells us of her father gives us a pleasing insight into the domestic life of the pious working man.

My father [she says] took great pains with me. He taught me to pray and to make the sign of the Cross. Taking me on his knee, he would close my little hand and teach me to make the little sign of the Cross. Then opening it he would show me how to make the great sign of the Cross. While I was still quite little, having very early learnt half the *Pater*, or perhaps even less, I used to repeat again and again the little that I knew, until I thought it amounted to the length of the whole (p. 16).

From her earliest infancy, Anne Catharine gave signs of that angelic purity which grew more apparent as she advanced in life. She never gave trouble or showed any symptoms of anger, but inspired all who looked upon her with joy as well as with reverence, so that later on her very appearance gave her a powerful influence over the hearts of others. A few words quoted from Father Schmœger's life will give a touching picture of that simplicity of the village girl, which the favours showered upon her served to enhance rather than diminish. He tells us that the result of her great purity was that—

Anne Catharine retained even till her death the naïve simplicity of a child, full of humility and innocence, free from selfconsciousness, and knowing nothing of the world, because her life was all in God. This simplicity was so pleasing to God, that it will manifest itself to us as the end of those operations of grace with which that chosen soul was favoured. Our Lord treated her always as a child, and ordained in His wisdom that, with all the flood of light which He poured upon her soul, she retained her simplicity; with the heroic courage which led her constantly to aspire after fresh sufferings, she combined a winning timidity. Spite of the terrible austerity of her mission, she had all the naïveté of a child. If a passing ray of consolation soothed those torments which swept over her like stormy waves, while her eyes were still full of tears she would instantly resume the joy and peace peculiar to the age which knows no care, because it is ignorant of sin. These rays of sunshine were often scenes of her childhood, which God in His mercy caused to pass before her mind to console her. Then would Anne Catharine become a child again, and feel herself a gay affectionate peasant girl in her father's

house, regaining the quiet courage necessary for advancing on the way of the Cross, which grew ever steeper and steeper.

This gift of holy purity was a treasure which Anne Catharine had to purchase by suffering and penance—a gift which could only be preserved, in proportion as its value and brilliance were enhanced, by a constant war against herself, by an increasing mortification and selfsacrifice. For this reason she had to begin the practice of patience in suffering from the very first year of her life (p. 18).

An account of this first step in the path of suffering, she gives thus—

In the first year of my life I had a severe fall. My mother was at Coesfeld, at church, when she was seized with a presentiment that something had happened to me, and she hastened home full of anxiety. It was a long time before I was able to walk, for I was not quite cured till I was about three years old. My leg was pulled and lanced; at last it was bandaged so tightly that it became quite dried up (p. 19).

From the earliest moment that selfdenial was possible, Anne Catharine began the most courageous practice of this virtue. Even at the most tender age, her constancy and prudence in her mortifications were remarkable; but in this she was under the immediate direction of her guardian angel. All the little pleasures of childhood were for her but an opportunity for self-conquest. In a quiet corner of the poor cottage, there was a statue of our Lady with the Divine Infant. In front of it was a block of wood, serving instead of an altar; and here, day by day, would the saintly child bring as an offering every little treasure which, in her life of poverty, was bestowed upon her. If she received a toy, a sweetmeat, a picture, a bright ribbon, it was at once laid at this little shrine. Nothing was too precious to be offered up; nor was anything too humble for a sacrifice. It was enough for her that the object had some small attraction in her young life to insure its being brought joyfully to give pleasure to the Infant Jesus. In this she had the merit of a struggle with herself, for she was thoroughly childlike, and had all the inclination for nice things and pretty toys suited to her baby age. Sometimes these little victories over herself brought their own reward, as the articles would disappear, and then the simple child was indeed happy, for she believed the Sacred Infant had taken them for Himself. At three years old she would pray thus—"Ah! my dear Lord and God, let me die, for when people grow up they offend Thee by great sins." The traits of piety manifested in the infancy of saintly characters are so contrary to the order of nature, at the same time there is something so fresh and winning about them, that we may be

pardoned for lingering over them. Before she was four years of age, she made a rule not to satisfy her hunger at any meal. She mortified her appetite in every way, and when at table would either manage to get the worst portion, or to eat so little, that it was a marvel how she lived.

Not bodily suffering alone, however, was to be the characteristic of Anne Catharine. Mental anguish was to bear a large share in her task of expiation for the sins of the age. The first grief of this kind which she experienced was her compassion for the sufferings of others. To hear of misfortune, sickness, or any other misery, would cause her such sorrow that, at the mere recital, she would turn pale and almost faint. So great was her sympathy in the afflictions of others, that she would implore Almighty God to turn them upon herself, that the sufferers might be relieved. Her love for the poor was unfailing. Among her companions she preferred the most indigent, and would freely bestow all she had upon them. Although she belonged to a family who themselves felt the pressure of poverty, she managed to bestow much upon those who were still more needy, depriving herself even of some of her clothes. Upon one occasion, when her charity seemed to have reached its utmost limit, and her mother's authority was interposed, she prevailed, by her gentle entreaties, in obtaining leave to give almost the last of her little stock of clothes to a destitute child. Her mother did not generally thwart her in this good impulse, but encouraged and assisted her. Her love for others did not stop short at their temporal necessities: if she saw sin committed, she would be drawn to do penance for it, and so release the criminal. Even in her childish sports, if she perceived in her playmates any offence against God, or any bad habits, she would pray that they might correct themselves, impose some punishment upon herself, and beg our Lord to accept her penance for the offender. Upon one occasion, when she saw some children offend against modesty in their games, so great was her horror of sin, that she plunged into a bed of nettles, entreating our Lord to receive her sufferings in expiation for their sins. Later in life, when she was examined upon the subject of such prayers, she replied, naively—

I know not who taught it me: it is included in the very idea of compassion. I always had the feeling we are all but one body in Jesus Christ, and the evils of my neighbour caused me to suffer as though a finger of my own hand were affected. From my infancy I have asked to have the illness of others laid upon me. I had an idea that God does not send

suffering without some special cause, that there is always some satisfaction owing ; that if suffering sometimes weighs so heavily upon individuals, it is because no one will help them to discharge their debt. Then I begged of God to let me pay for them. I implored the Infant Jesus to assist me ; and in this way I soon had my full reckoning of sorrows (p. 23).

Again she says—

I remember that my mother once had erysipelas in the face, which was much inflamed, and she was lying down on the bed. I was alone by her side, and deeply distressed at seeing her in this state. I knelt in a corner, and prayed very fervently. Then I bound some linen round my mother's head, and prayed again. Soon I felt a severe toothache, and my whole face began to swell. When the others returned home, they found my mother quite recovered, and I also soon grew better.

Throughout life, Anne Catharine was faithful to the practice of mental prayer. Especially is it remarkable, that at a very early age she began to rise at night for this purpose. When scarcely more than four years old, the brave child would leave her bed, and spend hours in prayer, sometimes going out into the open air. One field opposite the house was her favourite resort, and here the little creature would kneel with outstretched arms for hours, turning her face towards the church at Coesfeld. This practice was not a mere impulse of devotion, but an act of systematic obedience to her guardian angel, who, in all these matters, fulfilled the office of spiritual director. We have already seen that in those early acts of selfconquest, where she offered up all her treasures to the Infant Jesus, she acted from no feeling of indifference, but made a sacrifice of gifts that she would thoroughly have appreciated herself ; and in the same spirit did she undertake these midnight watches. Whatever may have been the consolations granted her, they were not such as to soften the effort by which she overcame the craving for repose so natural to her infant years. At the summons of her guardian angel, it was often with trembling heart and scalding tears that she would struggle against her inclinations. Many were the devices with which she would endeavour to obtain facility in the privation of sleep. Her bed would be covered with lumps of cord, or blocks of wood, while she would gird herself with knotted cords. These efforts were not in vain, and God rewarded her fidelity by a complete victory over the natural demand for sleep, so that she was able to keep up unbroken union with our Lord, even to the close of her life.

Anne Catharine's attraction was for mental rather than for vocal prayer. Each day it was revealed to her what should be

the object of her intercession and supplication. She would see in vision the dangers which she was called upon to avert. The sufferings of the sick, and their want of patience, the despair of captives, the approach of unprepared deaths, were brought before her. While she was constrained to gaze upon the perils of shipwreck, the misery of want and suffering, the risk of souls hovering on the brink of perdition, it was clearly shown to her that if she relaxed her penances and supplications, no one would make up for it, and these poor creatures might perish for the lack of her assistance. So ardent was her love for her neighbour, that she would be bold and eloquent in her pleadings with Almighty God, and hours would seem but as moments in her communion with Him. When, a few years later, she had to give an account of her prayer to Overberg, who was her extraordinary director, she did it in these words—

From my earliest infancy, I prayed less for myself than for others, that they might not commit sin, and that no soul might be lost. There was nothing I did not ask of God, and the more I obtained the more I would ask. I was insatiable in my requests. I was bold with Him to the utmost degree, and used to say to myself, "All things are His, and He looks on with pleasure when we intreat Him with our whole heart" (p. 28).

Overberg tell us that—

From her sixth year, Anne Catharine knew no joy save in God alone. The only thing which pained and grieved her was, that a God so full of goodness should be offended by mankind. After she gave herself up to mortification and selfconquest, so ardent a love was kindled in her soul, that in prayer she would often say, "Even if there were no heaven, nor hell, nor purgatory, still, O my God, I would love Thee with my whole heart, and above all things." Anne Catharine offered a great portion of her prayers for the souls in purgatory, who often besought her help. During winter, she would kneel out in the snow at night, and pray with outstretched arms until she became stiff with cold. Sometimes she would kneel upon an upright block of wood, or she would cast herself on her knees in a bed of nettles, and scourge herself with them, so as to render her prayers more efficacious by penance. She was often consoled by receiving thanks from souls that she had delivered (p. 28).

There is one feature in the life of Anne Catharine that is peculiarly winning, and that which readers in this country will especially appreciate, we mean the power that domestic affection exercised over her, and the way in which she sanctified it. Later in life, this tendency was a cause of complaint against her by Clement Brentano, who, having devoted himself to the task of recording her visions, had the continual vexation of a break in her narration. The smallest act of charity or obedience exacted from those around her, would suffice to call her to the

practice of some homely virtue, at the risk of effacing from her memory those glowing visions, to the record of which Brentano had thought it worth his while to dedicate himself. His irritation may be imagined and commiserated, but not the less are we attracted by the simple selfforgetfulness of the highly favoured maiden. We almost feel drawn nearer to Anne Catharine, when we picture her to ourselves as brightening that short interval of rest which evening brought to her hardworking father. After a toilsome day, it was his chief pleasure to take his intelligent little daughter on his knee, and listen to her recitals. "Anne Catharine," he would say, "here you are in my little room, now tell me something." Then the innocent child would give such vivid delineations of Old Testament history that the events seemed to pass before her, and her father, affected even to tears, would inquire how she could know all this, when she replied, "Father, it is so. I can see it thus." He abstained from questioning her any further. These visions presented themselves to her, not only when she was actually engaged in prayer, but during her ordinary occupations, but her simplicity was so great that she believed every one enjoyed those favours, and she therefore spoke of them openly as a matter of course, and lost patience when other children contradicted her statements.

However, she learnt discretion when, at school, she was reproved for these narrations, which were looked upon as mere flights of imagination. Perhaps her education assisted the bent displayed by Anne Catharine for those virtues which shine most in the quiet sphere of home. Her parents were pious, and brought her up very strictly. No conflict seemed to exist between her spiritual life and the claims of family affection until, when later, she received that call which required her to leave all these holy ties for one still higher. Bernard Emmerich and his wife perceived the supernatural qualities with which their daughter was enriched, but they prudently showed no signs of admiration, requiring from her as much rough and active work as might fall to the share of any peasant girl in that poor laborious district. At the same time they were sincerely pious, enforcing their lessons of Christianity as much by example as by precept. So deeply was she impressed by their holy teaching, that in after life she would constantly refer to it, and it is to this loving memory of her early home that we owe the knowledge, thus accidentally afforded, of her own girlhood. The following,

given in her own words, opens to our view a pleasing glimpse of rustic life, while it puts forcibly before us the hardihood of Anne Catharine's training.

My father was extremely just and pious, grave but not melancholy. Although his poverty compelled him to constant and severe labour, he was not avaricious of gain. He placed all his affairs in God's hands with the simplicity of a child, and led a life of hard work, without anxiety or undue selfinterest. His conversation was full of simple but beautiful proverbs, as well as of pious narratives. . . . As my father was very industrious, he made me work from my infancy. I had to go out before daylight, summer and winter, to fetch the horse from the field. It was a vicious animal, would bite or run away from my father, but allowed me to catch him without difficulty, sometimes would even run towards me. Very often, with the help of a stone or hillock, I would mount him, and ride home. He turned round and tried to bite, but I gave him a knock on the nose, and then he went on quietly. I used him also for carrying the produce of the land. And now I can scarcely understand how so delicate a child could get through so much.

Early in the morning, when my father took me out in the fields with him, as the sun rose he would stand up, take off his hat, and pray, or converse about God, Who causes the sun to rise so gloriously. Frequently he made the remark that it was a bad habit, which we should hold in detestation, to lie in bed late enough for the sun to shine upon us as we sleep; that the result is constantly ruinous to households, families, and countries. Once I replied—"That does not concern me, for the sun does not shine upon my bed;" but he answered—"Even when you do not see the sun when it rises, it looks down upon all things, and shines everywhere." This made me reflect deeply.

When we went out together before daylight, my father would say also—"See! no one has yet trodden on the dew. We are the first, and if we pray fervently we shall draw down blessings on the earth. It is good to walk over the early dew which no one has yet touched; a fresh blessing rests upon it, since no sin has as yet been committed there, no evil words have yet been spoken. If we do not go out until the dew has been trampled on by men, it is, as it were, dirty and spoilt."

Though I was quite little and very delicate, I was employed at hard work, sometimes at home, sometimes with our relations. It always so happened that I was put to very rough labour. I remember that, on one occasion, I had to place twenty loads of corn upon a waggon, which I accomplished without stopping, and quicker than a strong boy could have done it. I worked quite as hard at cutting and tying. I had to go into the fields with my father, to lead the horse, collect the eggs, and do every kind of manual labour. As we came back, or if we paused for a moment, he said—"How beautiful it is! Look, we can see at Coesfeld, just opposite, the church which contains the Blessed Sacrament. We can adore our Lord. He sees us, and will bless all our toil. When the bell rang for mass he took off his hat, said a prayer, and said—"Now we must follow holy mass all through." And during our work he observed—"Now the priest is at the *Gloria*; now he is at the *Sanctus*. We ought to recite such and such a prayer with him, making the sign of the Cross." After that he would sing a verse, or whistle some little air. When I took the eggs he said—"They talk a good deal about miracles, and yet we live only by a miracle, and through the pure mercy of God. Behold the little grain of corn in the earth! While it lies there a sort of long stalk proceeds from it, which reproduces it a hundredfold. Is not that a miracle?"

After dinner on Sundays my father always repeated the sermon to us, explaining it in a most edifying way. Besides this, he read us an explanation of the holy Gospel (p. 47).

In spite of the care with which Anne Catharine's parents avoided any indiscreet notice of her celestial favours, thus shielding her from curious observation, she was the object of their tender solicitude. They punished or blamed her as they did their other children, but they revered in her those graces which our Lord had bestowed so abundantly. Her father seemed unable to do without her, and found consolation in every syllable she uttered. She inherited his own lively temperament, and by her gentle gaiety would lighten the sense of his severe labour. When she narrated the most exalted visions, her naïve modest manner made the hearer lose sight for the moment of their elevated character, so that all listened with pleasure. But she won all hearts, not so much by her extraordinary gifts as by her charity and sweetness. None ever sought her help or sympathy in vain, and it was well known by those around her that there was no pleasure so great that she would hesitate to sacrifice it for the good of others. While we are dwelling upon her immediate ties of family, however, we must not omit to record that Anne-Catharine's mother was not behind her father in excellence or affection, though the nature of her duties prevented her from enjoying so much of her child's companionship as he did. We are told that she was much given to prayer, in spite of her arduous domestic cares, while she accepted joyfully and as a favour all the trials and labours attendant on their indigent condition. Regarding her, Anne Catharine afterwards stated—

It was my mother who gave me my first instruction in the Catechism. Her favourite maxim was, "Lord, let Thy will and not mine be done." Another was, "O Lord, give me patience, and then strike hard." I have never forgotten them. When I played with other children, my mother used to say, "If children play together piously, the angels, or even the Infant Jesus, are with them." I understood this literally, and was not at all surprised. I looked up to heaven with a feeling of curiosity, to see if they were coming. Often, indeed, I fancied they were in the midst of us. In order not to prevent their coming, we always played at good, innocent games. When I had to go to church or elsewhere, with other children, I walked either in front or behind, so as to hear nothing wrong. My mother had advised my doing this. She also suggested my saying sometimes one prayer, sometimes another, as I went along. Whenever I made the sign of the Cross on my forehead, my mouth, and my breast, I said to myself, that these were those keys, by the help of which no evil could enter into my thoughts, my mouth, or my heart. But the Infant Jesus should keep these keys, then all will go well (p. 51).

During the carnival this good mother taught her children to say four times the *Pater*, prostrate with their arms extended, for the intention of frustrating the dangers which innocence

incurs at this time. "My children," she would say, "you know nothing about this, and do not understand it, but I know it well. Pray!" Anne Catharine tells us that her eldest brother was also extremely pious. When they were quite little, they slept in the same room, and used to get up at night to pray, kneeling with their arms stretched in the form of a cross. The devil did not like this devotion, and did his best to frighten the holy children, but Anne Catharine seems to have been prepared for his attacks. She did not allow them to check her resolute desire to correspond to the invitations of grace and the promptings of her guardian angel. The early life of Anne Catharine introduces us into the interior life of a family modelled after the example of Nazareth. We see toil and poverty sanctified by a cheerful submission to God's will, and a marvellous simplicity united with a devotion of no ordinary kind. It would scarcely be surprising if the daughter of such parents should excel in every virtue. But she had been chosen as a peculiar instrument of our Lord's designs, and He did not leave her dependent only upon parental guidance, admirable as it was. He vouchsafed to take her training into His own hands. He was her Master, not only in contemplative prayer, but also in the daily practices of an ascetic life. This He did by taking the form of an Infant, and associating Himself with all her juvenile occupations. He would place Himself before her as a Child, loaded with a cross, gazing upon her without speaking, until moved at the sight of His patience, she also would lift a heavy piece of wood, and while carrying this weight, would pray as long as her strength allowed. On another occasion she beheld our Lord weeping at the sufferings heaped upon Him by bad unruly children. This vision affected her so deeply that she would cast herself into the midst of briars and nettles to atone for these faults. So lively was Anne Catharine's apprehension of spiritual things, that events in our Lord's life seemed interwoven with her very being. For instance, she gives the following account of her meditations on the Nativity—

During the season of Advent, I have every year, from my earliest infancy, accompanied St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin, step by step, in their journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem, and until now I have always done it in the same way. The anxiety which, even as a child, I felt for the Blessed Mother of God, on account of her journey, and the share I felt in all the difficulties she encountered on the road, were as real and lifelike to me as any event in my external life. I was even more affected by it, and took more interest in it than in anything else that happened, for Mary was to me the Mother of my Lord and God, and bare within her my salvation.

Her biographer also narrates that—

Impelled by her tender love towards Mary, she fulfilled with childish zeal all that she could have done had she been a contemporary of the Holy Family, and had familiar intercourse with its members. If, for instance, she beheld Mary travelling with St. Joseph towards Bethlehem, she drew thence the particular intention and incentive with which she practised her mortifications and penances. When she prayed at night she would wait for Mary, and would deprive herself of food, offering it to the holy travellers. She took her brief rest at night upon the bare ground, so that her little bed might be at the disposal of the Mother of God. She would run to meet her by the way, or would watch in prayer under a tree, because she knew that Mary must have rested under a tree. On the night before the birth of Jesus, she had so lively an intuition regarding the Blessed Virgin's arrival in the grotto, where the crib of Bethlehem should be, that in her tender solicitude, she lighted a fire, in order that Mary should not suffer from the cold, or that she might prepare some nourishment. All that Anne Catharine could withdraw from her own poverty to be laid out in works of charity, she would keep as an offering to the Divine Mother.

On this subject, she one day observed—

Our good God must have taken pleasure in this childish goodwill, for, from my infancy until now, every year during Advent, He has made me see all in the same way. I am always seated in a nice little place, and I see everything. Whilst I was a child I was free and familiar with Him, but after becoming a religious I was more timid and reserved. When I implored it with great fervour, the Blessed Virgin has often placed the Infant Jesus in my arms (p. 42).

After she was five years old, she used to be sent into the fields to mind the cows, and here our Lord followed her, as a child seeks companionship, taking part in her work in order to show her that every action might be offered for God's glory, not only her daily duties, but all the amusements and pleasures suited to her age. There was nothing too trifling for our Lord's sympathy or assistance, and while telling us how He helped her to make clothes for the poor, as well as other tasks in which He helped her, Anne Catharine naïvely adds—"It is singular that I always arranged everything, and thought that I did it all, but in reality it was the little Boy Who did everything."

Besides these personal visits, our Lord had given Anne Catharine a constant guide in her good angel, who, as we have already seen, fulfilled towards her, in her early years, the office of spiritual director. It was this angel who suggested to her for whom it was needful she should pray or offer her penances, and it was in obedience to him that she practised those austerities so extraordinary for her age. Regarding these practices, Overberg has testified—

Anne Catharine, since her childhood, has never felt a single sensual inclination, and has never had to accuse herself of a fault against purity, even

in thought. When questioned again as to this complete absence of all temptation to impurity, obedience forced her to avow that, according to what had been revealed to her in a vision, she would have had a tendency to it by nature, but that, by means of her precocious mortifications, as well as her perseverance in conquering all her other inclinations and in checking all her desires, she had rooted out evil propensities before they could rouse any feeling within her (p. 44).

Her training in virtue may almost be summed up in the following passage from her biography—

Nothing was more difficult for Anne Catharine than to subdue her great vivacity, and to break her judgment and selfwill, so as to seem as though she lived only according to the will of others. The exquisite sensitiveness of her whole being, her tenderness of heart, which was constantly wounded by a thousand things which would have passed unnoticed by others, and her ardent zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of our neighbour, obliged her to make unceasing efforts to attain a sweetness founded upon forgetfulness of self, and such humble obedience that the first movement of resistance was conquered from her very birth. However, her courageous soul gained a complete victory, and her persevering fidelity was so highly rewarded by God that she could say, later on—"Obedience was my strength and consolation. Thanks to obedience, I could pray with joy and satisfaction; I could dwell with God, and my heart was at liberty."

Not only did she consider herself the least and the last of creatures, but she really felt herself such; and in accordance with this sentiment, which penetrated the depths of her soul, did she regulate all her conduct, both exterior and interior. The holy angel would not tolerate in her the least imperfection; he punished every fault by reproofs and penances of a most painful kind, and which always left in the soul a deep humiliation. This led Anne Catharine to judge herself with great severity, and to impose corporal punishment upon herself for every fault, while her heart was overflowing with kindness and indulgence towards others. When in her fifth year, she one day looked over the hedge of a garden at an apple that had fallen under a tree, with a childish longing to eat it. Scarcely had the thought occurred to her when she felt a lively contrition for this desire, and imposed on herself as a punishment never to touch an apple again, a resolution which she kept most conscientiously.

On another occasion she had a feeling of aversion towards a country woman, because she had spoken against her parents, and she determined to pass her without salutation. She did it with selfreproach, but she felt such repentance that she returned and begged the woman's pardon for her want of politeness. When she began to approach the Sacrament of Penance, her delicate conscience could find no rest after failings of this kind until she had accused herself to her confessor, with sincere contrition, neither softening nor concealing anything, and received penance and absolution (p. 56).

A strong characteristic of Anne Catharine was her reverence for holy things. Every article that was blessed, every place that was consecrated, was sacred in her eyes, for her intercourse with supernatural things taught her the real value of the Church's power to sanctify, or, as she herself expressed it, "God has given His blessing to priests, so that emanating from them, it should penetrate all things, making them all work for His glory, and thus spread its power far and near." To her senses,

attuned by faith, the ringing of blessed bells was like unto rays of benediction, which chase the powers of evil wherever they may penetrate. The language of the Church had more power with Anne Catharine than even the sweet sound of her bells. The Latin prayers of the mass, and all the ceremonies of the Church, were as intelligible to her as her mother tongue, and in her simplicity, she thought all the devout among the faithful could understand these things as she did. She one day remarked, "I have never perceived any difference of language in the divine service, for I did not notice the words only, but the things themselves." So keen a sense had Anne Catharine of the force and benefit of the sacerdotal blessing, that she would be involuntarily attracted by the priest's merely passing the house; she would run to meet him, and seek his blessing; or if a priest drew near when she was in charge of the cattle, she would commend them to the care of her guardian angel, while she sought his blessing.

Before she was seven years of age, Anne Catharine was taken to confession for the first time. She prepared herself so carefully, with such deep contrition, that her strength failed her, and the other children were obliged to carry her to Coesfeld. She reproached herself, not only with all those childish faults for which she had done severe penance, but also for all her visions, since she had been reproved for indulging in these, as merely "dreams." So great was her horror of sin, that the smallest failing seemed to her a mortal sin, and she dreaded that the priest would refuse her absolution, till he reassured her by saying, "Child, you cannot yet commit a mortal sin." This thought gave her such relief that she burst into tears, and was so overpowered, that she had to be led away from the confessional. In her twelfth year, Anne Catharine made her first communion. On this occasion, still more did she purify her conscience by confession, accompanied by the most lively contrition. In her fear of approaching the altar unworthily, she implored her parents to help her in bringing to mind the sins she had committed, saying—"I wish to have no secret or hidden fold within my heart. If an angel came to me, in whom I could perceive some concealment, I could not help saying he had dealings with the evil spirit, who always seeks to hide himself in the hidden corners and foldings of hearts."

From the day of her baptism, Anne Catharine had felt a powerful attraction towards the Blessed Sacrament. A peculiar

joy diffused itself over body and soul when she was in the sacred Presence, where her guardian angel ever accompanied her, to teach her the reverence with which she should treat this divine mystery. Our Lord also had taught her Himself, in vision, the stupendous dignity of this mystery, and this had inspired her with that profound respect for the priesthood of which we have already spoken. When she was in church, her eyes seemed rivetted to the spot where the Blessed Sacrament was reposing, and at her midnight prayers, when she could no longer enjoy the Real Presence of our Lord, she would kneel with her face turned towards the tabernacle of the church. While still too young to receive holy communion, she had at once satisfied and increased her longing for it by constant spiritual communion. It will easily be imagined with what ardour she prepared herself for the actual reception of our Lord. Yet her sense of her own unworthiness and eager desire to please the Divine Guest Whom she was about to receive, did not tarnish, but enhanced and elevated, the exquisite simplicity and common sense of her character. On this subject, Overberg, her director, tells us that—

During her first communion, Anne Catharine did not ask many things of God : she begged, above all, that He would make her a very good child, perfectly good—that He would make her such as He desired. She gave herself to God, entirely and without reserve (p. 70).

This offering was of the most serious and efficacious kind, and the Holy Eucharist produced marvellous effects in her soul. The strictest rule practised by monk or hermit could not have surpassed in severity or selfconquest the life she now began to lead. All her austerities were redoubled, while her soul was more than ever inflamed with zeal. She could hardly look upon suffering without praying to be allowed to take it upon herself, she offered herself again and again to expiate the sins of others, and for the relief of the souls in purgatory ; she would even offer herself to the attacks of evil spirits in order to deliver those suffering from temptation. Now that Anne Catharine was strengthened with power to resist his attacks, the devil was permitted to molest her. He would present himself in various forms, striving to deter her from good works. Especially did he endeavour to disturb her midnight devotions by horrible noises, apparitions, even blows ; but, above all, his efforts were directed to oppose her charity for the holy souls.

At first she experienced an involuntary terror, but she overcame it, returning again to the very scene of his attacks to renew her prayers and penances. An interior light was always granted, by which she knew what means should be used for this warfare, and by her fidelity to these inspirations, she learnt completely to conquer all fear. Failing in these attacks, the demon assailed her by human means, inciting others to illtreat her; but her good angel defended her. Then the devil had recourse to spiritual weapons, trying to lead Anne Catharine astray by those temptations to which we are all more liable. Her constancy in the practice of mortification was offensive to him, and at first he incited her to treat herself with great indulgence; but no sooner did she perceive it, than she increased her austerities. After this, he tried to obtain a victory by suggesting an imprudent excess of rigour, but she only had recourse to greater discretion, submitting herself in this respect to her director's advice. The angel alone had been her guide, so long as she had been deprived of priestly counsel; but when she began to approach the sacraments, and thus was brought into contact with her confessor, the angel seemed to restrict his care to the protection and assistance of his pupil. That exact and scrupulous obedience which she had hitherto practised towards him, Anne Catharine now accorded to her confessor, being encouraged in this by observing that the angel's direction was now subservient to that given by her confessor. If the priest, being only human, contravened the advice given by her celestial guide, she was made to understand that she was to subject herself to the former. It seemed as though our Lord, Who had chosen her as an instrument of expiation for the evils and abuses which beset the Church on every side, had ordained that she should, in a particular manner, be under the control and subject to the decisions of ecclesiastical authority. The most sublime visions were thus placed under sacerdotal guardianship, and every grace or favour she enjoyed was laid open to the severe test of the Church's decision. When wrapt in vision and dead to all earthly impressions, Anne Catharine would return to consciousness at the mere word "obedience," uttered by priestly lips. Indeed, a great part of the angel's training had been that of habituating her to the most implicit obedience, and now he would act as a medium for conveying the priest's commands to her intelligence, when her ecstatic condition might have debarred her from all human intercourse.

From earliest childhood, Anne Catharine had cherished the ardent desire to live for God alone. All her wishes and plans were directed to the thought of how she could most effectually give herself up to Him. She tenderly loved her parents, brothers, and sisters, but she felt only the more impelled to sacrifice these ties, and we find her laying those little plans for fulfilling this attraction which are so frequently met with in the lives of youthful saints. Soon these aspirations took a more decided form, and all her hopes were centred on the prospect of religious life. She had a great devotion towards all persons consecrated to religion; the mere sight of the habit of a strict order would move her deeply; but in her humility she scarcely dared think she should ever be clothed in it herself. However, at a period when convents were being dispersed and communities scattered, our Lord seemed to will that the world should have a special example of a true vocation. First, she was to show the high value that should be set upon this grace; secondly, she was to be a model of fidelity to it, under circumstances more trying than can easily be imagined in these days of stricter discipline. Once more the extreme simplicity of her character is brought before us, when we turn to her own account of her first call to religion, when only in her fifth or sixth year.

I was still but a very little child, and I was minding the cows, which was always a fatiguing and difficult task, when one day, as often happened, the desire came across me to leave home and the cows, and to go and serve God in solitude, where no one would know me. I had a vision, in which it seemed that I was going to Jerusalem. There appeared before me a religious, whom I learnt later to recognize as St. Jane of Valois. She had a serious aspect, and near her was a little boy of about my height, who was wonderfully beautiful. She did not lead him by the hand, so I knew he was not her son. She asked what was the matter with me, and when I told her what I was thinking about, she consoled me, saying, "Do not be uneasy. Look at this child. Would you like him for a spouse?" I answered that I should, upon which she told me to remain in peace, and to wait until the child should come to me, assuring me that I should be a religious. This seemed to me impossible, but she told me that I should certainly enter a convent, because nothing was impossible to my spouse. Then I trusted to it with full confidence. When I returned to consciousness, I brought the cattle home quietly. I had this vision in broad daylight. These kind of visions never disturbed me. I thought that everybody had intercourse, and received intimations of this kind. I never thought of there being a difference between visions and dealings with human beings (p. 98).

A somewhat similar vision, which she had later on, led Anne Catharine to make a vow of embracing the religious life. She could not foresee by what means, but she relied firmly that He Who had inspired her with the resolve would, sooner or later,

provide her with the opportunity of entering a convent. Henceforth she tried to lead, as far as possible, the life of a religious. She treated as ecclesiastical superiors her parents, and all who had any authority over her, while she was inwardly guided in the practices of convent life, such as mortification, selfrenunciation, and a retired life.

In her twelfth year, Anne Catharine went as servant to some country people, who were related to her, and bore the same name of Emmerich. They were in better circumstances than her parents, who had always required her to keep up intercourse with them, hoping it might dispel the gravity which they mistook for the sign of a melancholy temperament. But association with others only strengthened her habits of recollection. Whatever labour might be imposed upon her she fulfilled promptly and quietly, however rough it might be, but her mind was all the time occupied in contemplation, so that often she did not understand what was said to her. After three years' residence with these relatives, it was decided that Anne Catharine should be taught dressmaking, as her natural delicacy seemed to render this mode of life more desirable than the roughness of peasant life. She first spent a short time at home, and one day, when she was at work in the fields, she heard the convent bell ringing for vespers. This made so great an impression upon her, that she seemed to hear an interior voice calling her at once to the convent, and was unable to continue her work. She began to fail in health, so that her mother's anxiety was roused; and when she questioned her daughter, the good woman was much distressed at her desire for religious life. She represented the difficulty of this plan, on account of her weak health and poverty, urging that she would be looked down upon as a peasant girl by the nuns. Still Anne Catharine's courage did not falter. She answered, "If I have nothing, God is not the worse off on this account. He will cause the success of this matter." However, she felt acutely the opposition which her parents showed to her vocation. Her humility made her ready to think herself deluded, for she feared there might be presumption in her aspiring to so high a state. Later on, she said to Overberg—

My parents used to speak to me of marriage, for which I had a great repugnance. But the thought struck me that this repugnance might arise from fear of the cares of married life. Still, if it were the will of God that I should marry, I said to myself that I ought to accept these cares. I then began to pray that God would take away this repugnance for marriage, if it

were His will that I should yield to my parents' wishes and accept this state of life; but my desire to enter the convent only increased.

I also explained my embarrassment to the parish priest and to my confessor, asking their advice. Both told me that if I had no brothers or sisters to take care of my parents, I ought not to enter a convent against their will; but as they had several children, that I was quite at liberty in this respect. Therefore I persevered in this resolution (p. 123).

It is true that Anne Catharine had received in vision positive intimation of God's will as to her vocation. But His providence regarding her was that, practically, she should be governed by ordinary means, just as the obstacles to her religious life were not miraculously removed, but she had to toil and struggle for the fulfilment of her hopes. During the illness which preceded her apprenticeship to dressmaking, Anne Catharine received a vision which was of much importance in the formation of her spiritual life. She tells us that an old man and two nuns came to her bedside, presenting to her a book which she was to study, in order to learn the duties of a religious. This volume she retained even after she entered the convent, but she was only permitted to read certain portions for her instruction at the time. When she had read so many pages, it would be withdrawn from her. Her biographer tells us—

This book treated of the essence and signification of the religious state, of its position in the Church and its mission in every age, so that every one who might read it could learn of what use to the Church of their own time they were to be the instrument. Its perusal brought visions before Anne Catharine, in which its contents were unfolded to her in a series of pictures. Even when she recited a psalm, the *Magnificat*, the *Benedictus*, the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John, a prayer of the Catholic liturgy, or the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, the words opened out before her, so to speak, like the covering which incloses the seed, and their historical meaning and deepest signification were presented for her contemplation. It was the same with this book. She saw therein that union with the Divine Spouse was the principal object and end of the religious state, while in this general view she perceived distinctly her own share in this matter, as well as the measures and means, the impediments, the encouragements, the labour, the sufferings, the mortifications, and the victories over self which should help her to accomplish it. All this, not only in what related to her own personal sanctification, but likewise in reference to the condition and necessities of the Church herself. For Anne Catharine was not to have the grace of vocation for herself only and for her own perfection. Our Heavenly Father had destined her to be an instrument by which He should preserve this grace, with the gifts and effects attached to it, retaining them in His Church at a time of general falling away, when the vineyard of our Lord was given up to devastation. For this reason, all that Anne Catharine learnt in this book of prophecy, and all that she practised in accordance with its dictates, bore the character of substitution, of expiation, and of satisfaction for the faults and deficiencies of others. All the labours which, by vision, she had to accomplish, were more for others than for herself. They were a seed sowing, a harvest, a preparation, a conquest, a combat and a reparation, the fruit of which were destined by the Celestial Spouse for the benefit of the whole Church (p. 106).

As Anne Catharine's parents had placed her with their own relations in order to withdraw her from a too serious frame of mind, so they now apprenticed her to a dressmaker, hoping to distract her thoughts from religious life. Again it was to no purpose. Our Lord so assisted her, that the most intricate needlework was accomplished without any particular application on her part. The tranquil nature of her employment was far more conducive to contemplation than had been her rustic pursuits in her own home. But with regard to her vocation, she was left to fight, as it were, her own way. From her seventeenth to her twentieth year she was deprived of the sensible consolation and fervour which had hitherto supported her. Finding that those pious practices which had hitherto been her delight, were now painful and wearisome, she was humbly convinced that this must be her own fault. She redoubled her austerities and scrupulously endeavoured to omit none of her pious practices, though it cost her often a great effort to conquer her feeling of repugnance. She considered herself in a state of tepidity, and was overwhelmed with a sense of her guilt, although she never had to accuse herself in confession of the smallest negligence. This sense of unworthiness made her fear to approach holy communion, and she was only constrained to do so by her confessor's orders. At the same time she had much to bear from the importunities of her parents and friends, who thought that leading her to share in a little gaiety might distract her from her plans. Once or twice she yielded, but afterwards endured the keenest selfreproach, as well as supernatural tokens that it was displeasing to God. The dressmaker under whom she was working, took a great fancy to her, and offered to devote herself to a life of piety with her, if she would abandon the idea of entering a convent; but she overcame this snare. Every thought of her heart was fixed on the one desire. All her little earnings were intended to aid her in this cherished scheme; yet her ardent charity got the better in this respect of her prudence, for she could never retain her savings. No sooner did a case of want present itself than her little hoard was at once disposed of. From seventeen to twenty years of age, she remained with this dressmaker. This was a time of comparative spiritual desolation; yet the Sacrament of Confirmation, which she received at eighteen, produced the most solid effects in her soul. Her life seemed impressed more than ever with that character of selfsacrifice and expiation to which all her

early instincts had tended. We give, in her own words, her sense as to the solemnity of this sacrament, as well as a brief mention of its effects on her interior life—

I went with the other children of the parish to Coesfeld, where we were to be confirmed. Before we entered the Bishop's presence, my companions and I stood together outside the porch. I had a most lively feeling of the solemn act which was being discharged in the church, and I beheld that those who come out were changed interiorly in various degrees. I saw also that they were marked with an exterior sign. When I went into the church I saw that the Bishop was quite luminous. He was surrounded by groups of celestial spirits. The holy oil was brilliant, and a light shone upon the foreheads of those confirmed. When the holy oil was applied to me a fiery dart penetrated from my forehead to my heart, and I felt strengthened. . . . Since the day of my confirmation, it is singular that my heart has never for an instant ceased to implore for myself the punishment due to any sin which was manifested to me or which I myself saw (p. 125).

From this time Anne Catharine gave herself still more ardently to works of penance and mortification. She had practised these from infancy, but in her humility had concealed them even from her confessor. When he interrogated her on the subject, she made a full avowal, and thenceforward carefully guided herself in this respect according to his judgment. She confided to this priest her fear that her aspirations for convent life might be frustrated by her inability to provide a dowry. He comforted her with the assurance that she was called to religion, promising to intercede in her favour with the Augustinians of Borken. Soon the happy news is brought of his success, and all her brightest hopes seem about to be realized. Anne Catharine presents herself before the superior, who is favourably disposed towards her. But instead of joy, disappointment and sadness take possession of the poor girl. A vision is presented to her mind of the spiritual condition of the community. Her heart is so touched at the picture presented her of the holy founder forgotten and his rule neglected, that her voice is choked with tears, and she is obliged to excuse herself to the superior as best she can. Anne Catharine had laboured hard to save a little money for a dowry, but so many opportunities of charity had presented themselves that she could lay nothing by. Thus every chance of religious life seemed to slip away. One consolation, however, was accorded her. The desolation which had grieved her for the last three years, haunting her with a sense of tepidity, was at last changed into a close and constant sense of union with our Lord.

Nothing daunted by one disappointment, Anne Catharine

next asked her confessor's good word with the Trappistines at Darfeld, but this he refused on account of her delicate health. Then she tried the Clarisses of Munster, but her poverty was once more an obstacle. On this occasion she was advised to learn the organ, so that her talents might render her acceptable to a community. She determined to do so, but for a time her health was an impediment. A friend who accompanied her to Munster, related afterwards that she had remonstrated with Anne Catharine regarding her desire to become a nun, reminding her that very soon all convents would be suppressed. But her reply was, that should she have a chance of entering a convent with the certainty of being hanged the following week, she would still go in. She now devoted herself to earning a little sum towards the payment of instruction in playing the organ. All day she plied her needle incessantly, at night she would take the distaff in hand, so as to spin a little linen to take with her to the convent. At last she scraped together twenty *écus*, by means of which she obtained an entrance into the family of Soentgen, an organist at Coesfeld, with the intention of learning the organ. Never in all her trials, however, had Anne Catharine been subject to such hardships as now awaited her. The family was plunged in such utter penury, that she was deprived of the necessities of life. Instead of playing the organ, she applied herself to aid in saving these people from destitution. Her money was soon spent, her linen was parted with, while she, a servant without wages, was almost starved. Every chance of accomplishing her wishes seemed entirely to vanish. Yet now when success seemed furthest off it was indeed nearest. The very means which seemed to deprive her of all hope of embracing the religious life, were the cause of her ultimate success.

Soentgen, the organist, was deeply moved by her heroic unselfishness, and in his gratitude devised a plan for the fulfilment of her desire. He had a daughter, Clara Soentgen, who also wished to be a nun; she was a skilful organist, and certain on that account to be readily accepted by a community. He resolved that wherever she applied, he would stipulate that Anne Catharine should also be received. Upon these terms many refusals awaited the two applicants, but at last they were admitted by the Augustinians of Dulmen. Minor difficulties still crowded round the path of her who was ordained, by struggling with these difficulties, to expiate the negligence and

contempt evinced for religious vocation at that period. Still, the moment of final triumph was at hand. On the 13th of November, 1802, Anne Catharine took the habit, and the following year she was professed. Here, at the consummation of her earthly wishes, we leave her. Sorrow and suffering of every kind was still to be her portion, but this she had never sought to escape. One thing she had asked of our Lord, one thing had she sought after—that was the consecration of herself to Him by the vows of religion, and thenceforward no human agency could separate her from Him.*

* The substance of this article is taken from the *Life of Anne Catharine Emmerich*, by the Rev. Father K. E. Schmöger, Redemptorist. For convenience, we have used the French translation by the Very Rev. E. de Cazalès.

Among the Prophets.

CH. XI.—A WIFE'S STORY—CONVERSION.

My sufferings told on my health. I had a sudden seizure which the doctors called apoplexy—determination of blood to the head there certainly was. In a milder attack, as I was walking, and talking on the ever harassing subject, the snow at my feet suddenly turned like blood—a second awful warning! I was clinging to the idea of a deathbed, and here God was showing me that for me there was to be no such thing. I should be full of life this minute, and gone the next. I could bear this life no longer. Then Mr. Evans was advised to take me abroad. "Let her see Popery on its own ground, that will cure her." I did see it, with the iron grasp ever on me, and felt all its sweet powerful drawings. My husband spent his days in our churches, deeply affected. By nature he had much more of the Catholic in him than I had. I have grown to fine services; he was always enraptured by them, and guarding himself strongly against their power. He often took me into the glorious churches after the masses were over, except on two occasions when I was present at the Holy Sacrifice, though bewildered by it, and unable to follow or understand, save here and there. But I saw and felt enough. I knew how false was all I had heard about Catholic countries, and of priests not believing themselves what they taught. Something I must do—but what?

I think I have said I married with the deep and earnest resolve to be a good wife; too good a one I was in one respect—in setting my husband before my own soul. But that misery I could no longer endure. In all respects I had striven to do my duty to him, and having made him my all, my grand object was to please him in every way I could. He knew how I held to my belief; it was not in my power to change that, and while I strove to make his life as pleasant and as happy as I could, he was always fully aware at what amount of sacrifice and peace of mind to myself I was doing so. I did not bear it in my face or manner, but he well knew that despair and wretchedness were in my heart, amid all the pleasant things by which I was surrounded; that my spirits were the result of continual effort. It is frightful to look back on, and only a great love could have borne me through.

After leaving the Continent, I got my case taken into consideration. Dr. H—, two bishops, and others were consulted. Dr. G— laid it before the great Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. de Quelen. I had seen him not long before going in procession to Notre Dame, chanting the litanies. It was decided, after all I had undergone without being shaken in my faith, and with the certainty of separation if I acted openly, that I might be received privately. This was done on the 11th of September, 183-, ten years after my marriage, twelve after my correspondence began with Mr. H—, eighteen years after that journey that made me a Catholic. All the happiness of our married life had been a fiction, an outside pretension over an inner horror, but from this blessed hour began our seven happy years. My real joy of heart was altogether different from my former reckless gaiety—it showed in everything. To none of my friends did I make the least disguise, all knew my secret, and how could it be hidden from him it most concerned? I should say his

nature was not an open nature, nor did he desire confidence, especially when it annoyed him. He had often said to me, about comparatively small things, when I wished to serve persons he did not like, or on something where we differed in feeling—"Why cannot you do it without saying anything to me about it?"

It had become a duty to me, since his generosity permitted it, to do things, and not insist on his knowing what he did not wish, and yet gave me full liberty to do. I was at last applying this in what was to me more than life. From this great act, what a change at once resulted! If he would not altogether avoid controversies, he never pushed them painfully far; he suffered no one else to trouble me. If I were out of his sight, he no longer demanded an account of what I had been doing, and he left off, in all kindness, taking breakfast with me. I could not go publicly to church, and care was needed not to force anything on his observation. But a few times in the year I could go to confession, and good Mr. M—, a true father, would arrange to say in private as late a mass as possible. If I could not now go back to this starvation, think what fulness it was after the desolation in which I had so long lived. Oh! the happiness of those years. My husband seemed to value me a hundredfold; his character softened, for his nervous system got repose. Fortune flowed into his lap, and he surrounded me with every elegance and comfort of life, rejoicing in the thought that if I survived him, all these luxuries would still be mine, as there was enough beyond what was entailed to continue them. The will he made as soon as we were married, left everything to me in perpetuity that he had to leave, and he made no alteration after his great accession of fortune. He seemed to rejoice in my happiness, and my influence over him was complete on all save the one point on which he had ceased to persecute me.

I could see, even when most excited, as was his nature to be, how carefully he avoided everything that could approach any question that would lead to what he did not desire to hear; but several times in those years he said to me, "I see you have lost your despair." To which I would reply, most significantly and emphatically, "Yes." He well knew there was but one way in which I could lose it; but he chose not to know it, while he rejoiced it was gone. Our amicable theological talk showed him I had not lost the faith, and from the beginning I believe his love for me was founded on my being able to enter so fully into his absorbing study, and from my having more of the knowledge in which he delighted than he found among the women with whom he was acquainted; he had no eye for any other, and I must say he never thought any one to compare to me in talent or in looks, however small my share of either—a delusion I was well pleased to keep alive to the best of my power. Oh, those happy years! I do not like to leave them for their awful end!

Now what numbers in all directions were pouring into the Church! It was the subject that agitated all men's minds. In 1845 came the great N—. That was a dreadful blow to my husband, yet his strong regard for him remained unchanged. He spoke of him with deep regret, but with love and esteem, and would never hear him condemned. I wrote privately to Mr. N—, offering my warm congratulations, telling him of my husband's unchanged love for him, and begging his prayers, for where there was such love, I felt they would have power. I got a beautiful reply from him. He spoke of my husband and his recollections of him in a way deeply gratifying to me, praise for *him* being praise indeed. He promised me his prayers. I saw their power in what followed.

Beyond the great change in our domestic life, I could discover no change in Mr. Evans, no yielding, but a blessed closing of the eyes. Above a year before the time at which I am arrived, I had a message from Dr. G—, desiring to see me. I knew a remarkable lady, who dictated to me my duty, and really knew nothing about the matter, had been speaking to him about me. She told me she had. I did not confide in her, for I did not esteem

her enough. It was Miss —. I spoke to Mr. M—. He said, "Never mind the message, I will speak to the Doctor." He did, and I heard no more of it. It was about a year and a half after, Mr. M—, alas, being gone, I got another summons. Mr. M— said, "Nay, if he sends for you, you must go." I went. Dr. — spoke forcibly and not unkindly. He said I had been represented to him as a scandal. I saw what was at work, and how my great influence over my husband was expected to extend even to this. Then he said that people complained, because those people who had nothing to do with it spoke. He demanded of me a public avowal of my religion. Public my religion already was, therefore I should rather say it was my public attendance at mass that he demanded.

I said, "My circumstances are in no way changed."

"No, but the circumstances around you are. People are coming in in all directions, flinging aside all other considerations, and I can no longer allow you to remain thus."

Every inner feeling acknowledged the truth of his words. I felt the earthly ruin I so long had dreaded had come. I could trace the source from which this had arisen, his very words made it clear. I knew it was a miserable mistake that far, but in itself so just that I could only wring my hands and submit. I only said, "Will you give me a few days? This is a week of anniversaries, my birthday, our wedding day. We have arranged dinner parties for each day. May they pass before all is over between me and him?"

He seemed touched with my sad submission, and said, "Take a week; come to me this day week." I remember staggering on the top of the stairs. He gave me his arm down.

I felt all was over. My husband was usually out during my drive. I longed to get home, and there shut myself up with my woe. He met me at the door. Then I longed to fly anywhere so as to be alone. He seemed bright with joy, and said—

"Mr. R— is here; he wants to speak to you." Usually his wish was enough for me. Now I said, "The horses are waiting. I have to go out again." When had I ever said such a thing to him before? He seemed anxious for me to go in, and then said, "Perhaps he will stay and dine." So he went into his library and returned. "He would stay if he could get a note to his brother to let him know." It was at a distant part of the town.

"I will take it," said I, and so it was settled. I got back into the corner of my carriage, so I took the note, then drove round the Queen's drive. I struggled to subdue myself, that I might live out my time, and not shorten it one precious moment. I got home just in time to dress, sat at dinner with all my old cheerfulness over a heart of anguish.

Mr. R— was a Cambridge man, a clergyman of my husband's very high views, and a man of great ability, and of a hard uncompromising nature, yet with some gentleness. I left the gentlemen, sat down in the drawing-room alone, and felt now the veil may be withdrawn, now I and my misery can be face to face. Scarcely had I thus felt than a sharp knock was at the door. Mr. R— came in. He said very quietly, "Mrs. Evans, I want to speak to you."

"Oh, it is about my religion!"

"Well, it is; but I am not going to distress you. On the contrary, I hope I am going to give you some relief." He hesitated, "Indeed, I hope I am going to make you quite—happy."

I saw he was preparing me for tidings which he almost feared to tell me till he had duly guarded me. I knew nothing could hurt me then. By degrees he carefully told me, O wonderful fact, while I was writhing in agony, my husband had gone to Mr. R— at an equal distance, to tell his friend our whole story, and nobly did he tell it, all his own broken promises, all his long hard efforts, all my steadfastness and suffering, and *now*, he said, he

was going to withdraw all his opposition, to let me have my religion, and he wished Mr. R—— to come and tell me so!

It was one of my husband's peculiarities that he should prefer doing all this through another person, partly arising from a nervous difficulty, partly from a want of openness, perhaps, not liking thus to seem to yield to his wife. He said it must be all settled away from home, so as not to leave the sensation there, that we would go as soon as possible, and then he said, having once deceived me, I should not be inclined to put faith in him again, "So, tell her it shall all be settled before Advent; it will be done long before then, but name this that she may feel there is a definite time." Also, he said, "Do not let her speak of this to me, I would rather have it all settled through you."

Judge of my joy, my deep emotion! God had come to my rescue. I thanked Mr. R—— with deep feeling, told him his feet were beautiful on the mountains, and he left me with his face full of joy, to report my glad gratitude to my husband, while I poured it out to God.

CH. XII.—A WIFE'S STORY—BENT, NOT BROKEN.

NEXT day I went to tell my glorious tidings to Dr. G——. I found him hard, unsympathizing. He was surprised, perhaps he did not believe in the wonderful coincidence, so to call it. Any way, he insisted that I should reveal what I had done, let my husband know the thing he did not want to know, that I should force on him what he would feel bound to resent. I struggled long for more than dear life, told him he was crushing the smoking flax. "I have thought of that too," he replied, "but," and he seemed to take an inspiration. I spoke of building a bridge of gold for a flying enemy, but he would have it his way was the right way. He said, "I was sorry for you on Monday, I am not a bit sorry for you today."

So I saw. I was opposing him. I could not yield. By way of encouragement he said, "Show you will not be outdone in generosity by God." He went on as if he had some special light, I quietly resisting what I saw would ruin all. At last he said, "If you do what I desire, I take on myself the consequences at the Day of Judgment. If you do not, I leave them to you." I felt then all was over; my books said I was to obey my lawful authority against every other guidance. I said, "You are a hard father." "I am not generally thought so." "We must speak as we find." I did not let him see he had prevailed. I left myself our last chance; I would tell all to Mr. R——, and if he agreed with me, and I could go back fortified by his opinion, we might yet be saved.

My soul was oppressed with dread, but the dinner parties went over; my husband all brightness, like one whose soul was relieved of a burthen. He felt happy in the justice he had at length done. All his better nature came unalloyed by the misuse of power. What a week in life that would have been had my spirit been as free as his! Yet I had a dear hope along with the terrible dread. On Saturday, the 24th, I told all to Mr. R——. Alas, he, another hard man, jealous of what he considered man's rights, took precisely Dr. G——'s views. Again I strove to give the conviction of the needless ruin that must ensue. He told me I was not willing to bear anything for the sake of my religion; I, who had lived those ten years of despair and remorse, I who had lost my mother's affection, and had seen others who should have loved me, striving to make that fact advance their interests. He would have it so, declaring that I should only have a little passing anger to face, and then all would come right.

In vain I replied, "Never." I told him my husband would not be angry at what I had done, for of that he must be aware; his anger would be at its

being told to him, and so it would sever us. At this Mr. R— flashed into anger; he said he knew Mr. Evans well, he had passed hours every day with him for a twelvemonth, and he could not have him thus traduced. I was silenced. To his first allegation of selfish cowardice, I could say no more, for I felt I must not scandalize the holy cause for which I had so long suffered by even seeming to shrink from suffering. And how could I urge my knowledge of my husband, when he pleased to call it traducing his friend! Singular selfconfidence to think he could know him better than his wife! All was over. I could struggle no longer thus, placed in so cruel a position, none would believe poor me, and so they must destroy me, but far worse, him I loved with me. I had now put my destiny out of my own power. I could not recall the knowledge I had given.

Mr. R— said he would come on Monday, and tell Mr. Evans all. How I seemed to hold each minute as it passed of the intervening time. On Monday, at eleven, came the destroyer. He first came to me. Once more I warned him in strong terms of what would be the result. Once more he laughed it to scorn, and said the fit of anger would be soon over, and then all would be right. Oh, I said strong things, but they were all useless. He went downstairs; in a brief space I heard Mr. Evans flying up. I stood calmly waiting what in my despair I hoped might end all, well knowing what his passion was. Mr. R— flew after him, and seized him at the bottom of the long drawingroom. I saw the struggle between the two tall strong men, and I stood waiting. At length Mr. R— got my husband out of the room. Some time after the former came up with a roll of money in his hand. Mr. Evans desired I would quit the house. He would meet me in six weeks in England.

"That he never will." Mr. R— contradicted me no longer, he hoped he would, and he exhorted me to go. I might go whither I pleased. Of course I might; to go I knew was everything. He did not desire to hurry me, he was going to leave directly; the carriage was already ordered. He gave me till Friday to make all my preparations, and then I must go. "Whither?" "Anywhere she pleases." After a little time I thought of D—, so as not to be very far away. Mr. R— went down and brought me back word that would do very well. Then I saw them get into the carriage without one look back, and so I was alone in the world. It had come at last, all I so much dreaded—I was a separated wife.

That day and the next, I was stunned: that was all I felt; then misery awoke. On Wednesday, I went to Dr. G—. I said, "Let me die on my own hearthstone." He exhorted me to go, to show obedience in all, save the one thing. I reminded him I was losing my legal hold by quitting the house. He replied, "You said you would never go into court against your husband." "Nor will I; but as he does not know that, it seems to give me some hold." He insisted I should go, and he was right there, though I felt "surely the bitterness of death is past." I had little time for thought. I had to make all arrangements to leave all so as my husband should see the accounts he never before looked at were all right, to sum up books, to burn all letters. I did all; how, I know not. I did not in leaving even take my maid, she was leaving within a few weeks, and it was her shallow observation of my great influence over my husband that first set going the cruel interference. On the 1st of May, SS. Philip and James, I took my little dog and went out into the world an outcast.

Then came a daily letter from Mr. R—, then heartily grieved for the part he had taken, and on that letter I lived. My husband returned home on the Friday night. Before he would alight at his own door, he ascertained that I was gone. Mr. R— could give me no comfort about my husband, but he wrote fully and kindly. I went daily to the post, and after the first day, silently put my head into the window; the man gave me the letters

without a word. I saw the little groups in the street fall back to make way for me. I walked as in a dream, and they saw and respected a great woe.

After no very long time, Mr. R— became a Catholic. *Deo gratias!* He was much touched by my never reproaching him for what he had done. After ten days, Mr. Evans said to him, "It is not what she has done that I am angry with, it is her having let me know it." Convinced at last, Mr. R— broke with him, and thus ceased my one comfort—hearing of my poor dear husband. I was never angry with him; how could I be? If a physician will give a patient a medicine that you know will have a contrary effect to that intended, and your warning avails nought, it is not the patient you blame; no, not even if he were in a frenzy to kill you. My grief for him was so absorbing, I had little for myself. I saw nothing but his ruin. For myself, I said, as long as I have my daily bread without having to earn it, I shall think myself well off.

By and bye friends found me out. Six homes were pressed on me by them, and purses innumerable. I had found a receipt for making all my friends rich; they had all money they did not know what to do with; it would be a favour to ease them of it. I could have but one reply, grateful as I felt. I must depend entirely on my husband, even to debt—that horror to me—if need were. I must do nothing to weaken such a hold as even my dependence gave.

When the six weeks ended, I wrote humbly and affectionately, as I did all along, to ask if he were coming, or if I were to return. I got a letter; it was a blank sheet, but it contained a surgeon's certificate, that he was not to be agitated on peril of his life. He had had congestion of the brain, and the knowledge of this was added to my misery. Yet amid all, I felt thankful that I suffered in such a cause; that in itself was a support. At the Ascension I seemed to receive a new life, and to feel the full sustaining power of my faith; I had little leisure for selfpity, because I was so absorbed in anxiety and grief for my husband. He had been cruelly mismanaged, and just at the time his generosity of soul had prevailed, and all occasion ceased.

For him I suffered unceasingly, unconsciously making friends, because I would neither blame, nor have him blamed. My friends gave me what meagre tidings they could; those who passed near D— came out of their way to see me.

So went on the dreary time. My father had been four years dead. My mother, when my sad story could no longer be kept from her, sent me her blessing. She had been wonderfully prevented from disinheriting me, and still she refused to open her doors to me; but that she should bless me at last was enough for me, and she said truly enough that Mr. Evans had no right to turn on me for my religion, since she could bear testimony how perfectly he was aware of it before our marriage. So many consolations were given to me. My anguish was for him alone, and that was ceaseless. I wrote to say my money was exhausted. I was living very cheaply, but it came to an end. Again, in a blank letter, came a small remittance from one who had ever been so generously lavish to me. I saw he meant to make me feel poverty. At length, my dear Mrs. D—, whom I always called my Scotch mother, so truly maternal had she been to me from soon after my marriage (I had known her before in Norfolk, and she was now living in Wales), wrote to command me to go to her and find my home. She said, "If your husband casts you off, where should you find a refuge but with your Scotch mother?" Noble woman! How deeply do I feel the blessing of such a friend! Still, I pleaded the necessity of having no earthly dependence, save my husband. Then her daughter, who had been more to me than I ever found in a sister, demanded the right of coming to me, and not leaving

me to suffer alone. She was so peremptory in her affection, that I felt I could not prevent her coming; yet I feared to compromise any of my friends with Mr. Evans. I could not bear one so dear should offend him for my sake.

Driven to a decision, I wrote to him, poured out my feelings of wretchedness apart from him, and begged his permission for my dear Mary to come to me. The kindness amid unkindness of his conduct, and the peculiar way in which it was shown, will exhibit the originality of his character better than any description, which, indeed, is simply impossible. In due course came the blank sheet, inclosing a note to Miss D——, begging her, on the receipt of it, "to proceed to her friend at D——." This made all right. She came, and was as great a solace as friend could be, and warming my heart with gratitude for her tenderness.

This was towards the end of August. The summer was one of great heat and beauty, and in my helplessness I had been directed to the best place to which I could have gone. I had no perceptible sense of outward things; but there must have been good in these combinations. Miss D—— had been with me nearly a fortnight, when one day came the great foolscap sheet, addressed to her. It was before the days of envelopes and penny postage. Mr. Evans wrote to her that, being now in better health, and able to attend to matters of business, he begged she would ascertain of her friend, when, where, and by whom she had been received into the Church of Rome. Mary asked me what she should do. I said, "Nothing. There has been too much interference between us already. Write kindly; but refuse to act in any way in so delicate an affair; and add, it is of the less consequence, as I myself will write and answer his questions." This, of course, I did, adding the request to return home. No notice. I wrote again, urging that question, vainly, of course; and then, his letter to Miss D—— having removed the force of the surgeon's certificate, I made my bold resolve.

On the 18th of September, Mary D—— started for Wales, and I for home. It was about eight o'clock when I arrived. I drove first to a hotel, where I took a room, and left my luggage. I paid the cab, so as to have no delay at my own door, and when the man answered the bell, I glided into the house, with my pretty tiny Mopsey under my arm. He trembled and turned white when he saw me. I said low, "Where's your master?" "In the study." I hastily got there, the room was empty. I looked into the diningroom. Just then I heard his voice over the staircase, crying, "*Who's there?*" I flew upstairs—"Tis I, dear one, come to see how you are." He seized me, he dragged me into the little room off the drawingroom, where daylight had faded— And here let me draw the veil.

CH. XIII.—A WIFE'S STORY—BROKEN, NOT BENT.

AFTER two hours he went down for refreshment, and I followed. He had supper, and he permitted me to have some tea. Then it was settled that I might remain in the house. He was ordering the front room to be prepared for him, but I begged to go there, that he should not be disturbed. He agreed. Refreshed by supper, again his anger burst forth—but it is enough to say that I remained. Ay mi! what a wreck I found him. The next day his arms seemed paralyzed; he could then only lift one hand by the aid of the other. He was pale to blueness, and his clothes hung about him. I had suffered, but what had *he* done! Where had been *his* support? He was quiet, but always in anger with me. To reason with him was simply impossible; to be patient and gentle was all that could be done. On Sunday I went openly to church, but if I attempted it on any other day not of obligation, it made him mad, though he would not allow me to take in his breakfast before he rose. Of course I abstained, and confined myself to the days of obligation; *they* could never more be yielded, nor did he seem to

expect it. And here let me pay my tribute to E——. From all ranks and classes, from people of all religions, from those I did not know and from those I did, my reception was enthusiastic. All were in my favour, and partly indignant with, partly sorry for him, *because* of the cruel way in which he had been treated. I was beyond measure surprised to find myself thus hailed. I had expected the world would go against me, but my long years of suffering had been well known, and the injustice of my banishment was keenly felt. Even their own Protestant sense of religious liberty told in my favour, and—they liked the courage of my return to my post. The very beggars lay in wait to wave me a salutation from the distance, then running off, to show it was for love, not for money. I had no enemies, but there was one clergyman and his wife who had not been friendly to me. When I had been a few weeks at D—— I heard of this clergyman dining with Mr. Evans. Directly after Mr. R—— wrote to tell me this gentleman had called on him to ask if he were corresponding with me, and to beg him to tell me he feared I might be uneasy if I heard of his dining with my husband, as there had been a coolness between them and me. He said—"Tell her I am altogether for her; and the only reason why I do not speak up for her to Mr. Evans is because I see it would do no good, or I am quite ready to do so."

The winter passed terribly—no peace; but let Mr. Evans do or say what he would, he could distress me, but he could never make me angry, I was too deeply grieved for the sin that had been wrought. Still it was a dreadful life! When May came he could bear it no longer; he rushed off to England, and I remained alone in the house. That was a great anguish to me. I felt that if one of us was to be driven forth, I had better be the one. It was a wretched year. He never wrote, and, except by chance kindness, I never heard of him or knew where he was. I did not know if he would ever return! He sent money to keep the establishment fully up. My friends were all kindness, but I lived of course in perfect seclusion.

At the end of the year Mr. Evans suddenly returned. Some business compelled his presence, and he came—came much as he left, excited with ceaseless anger, and so he spent nearly a year at home. Then he flew off again, and so another sad year passed, but now and then he would write me a few lines on business, or to send me the money with which he liberally supplied me. He insisted on my having horses and using the carriage regularly, which I had never thought of doing the first year of my loneliness.

There was a change in his acts, though not in his manner. As a year of absence was expiring I heard he was returning homewards, and at two o'clock one wintry morning, when all were asleep, he suddenly came. When I heard the noise at the door I at once understood that he was come, and was downstairs almost as soon as he was in the house. He was milder in all ways. Soon came a severe fit of rheumatic gout, and he was glad of my unwearying attendance. This illness did him good in all ways; it cleared off all that had so long been hanging about him. We had much more peace, though no domestic happiness; it was always evident that I was under punishment, but not *forte et dure*, as it had been. He would not be seen in the street or in the carriage with me, but if we met he would bow, or if in a shop he would speak courteously. He never sat at a meal with me, but he came up every evening to the drawingroom, and often would be social, which was in him to be agreeable to a rare degree. He was glad when any friend dined with me, and would make himself pleasant to her, or if any one dined with him he would bring him upstairs after, and we had a social evening. All were glad to do what they could to promote this, and I strove in every way to please and amuse him. Theology was almost the only subject he cared for—a most dangerous one, yet so wide a field that we could often talk for a long while safely. I entered as far as I could into all which interested him in his own Church, and he never lost sight of my position; yet often did I put the sad question to myself—"Ought I to have returned thus to disturb his house?"

It was seven years before God answered that question. Then He gave me a convincing proof that I had done right; that, in spite of all, I was of real use and service, and that my influence for good still in some valuable degree subsisted. Though rarely kind in manner, Mr. Evans did many kind and generous things, surrounded me with luxuries, and I had perfect freedom except as regarded the daily mass. On Sunday he would make a point of going out before I did, and as he gave me ample time I easily adapted myself to all these rules. In the afternoons there was no restraint on my liberty, and every day for many years I paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and found support to my trial. How kind all the priests were to me! how they encouraged my patience and submission! If the Bishop I met by chance it was painful enough, and I did not seek to disguise that so I felt it. His neglect of me seemed less excusable than his sad error of judgment.

Five years after my return, Mr. Evans proposed that I should pay a visit to his family, all then assembled at his nephew's place in Shropshire. I feared to leave home. He knew it. He said—"I am not laying any trap for you, I will leave also, and go to P——." I went as he desired, though not without much painful apprehension. I went, however; I could not do otherwise. I remained away between a fortnight and three weeks, returning with dread. But he met me on the doorstep kindly; all my details interested him. My journey answered, it threw novelty into our life. The following year, my niece being very ill, formed a reason for my going again to England. Again he seemed pleased at my return, and greedy to hear all my pleasant details.

And so every year he formed some pleasant project for me, and my absence was extended to precisely three weeks. The first ten days I flew off enjoying the change, going hither and thither among my friends. He supplied me amply with money, and always insisted I should have my maid with me. My dear friends were all so kindly glad to see me. My long stay was five days, my short one three; but I put so much enjoyment into the time, that my three weeks looked like three months. How they refreshed me! I always took care they should include the Assumption; so that there was but one day in the year left which he did not also keep, and this was Corpus Christi, but he always went out in time to leave me free. The latter ten days I felt eager to get home, and anxious about him. So I returned as gladly as I went; no temptation could induce me to prolong my time, and always, with one exception, I had a delightful welcome back, and found the good of the change all ways.

One year he planned that I should take Mary D—— to France, when we had ten charming days. Each little journey had its own bright mark. One blessed fact in my life has been the affection and truth of many most dear and kind friends; they were all eager to have me, and made my holiday delightful. One year I went to the Moselle with my dear Lady E——, and had eight days there of perfect happiness with her and her sister. Of course there was peculiar delight in being on Catholic land. What with these journeys, and the daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament at home, I found much happiness in life, though ever sensible of the sad change at home, but there was the great recompense, and there was the happiness of doing all I could to please him.

After having, in the spring of 1853, found the good of my return, and that in a very modified form I had regained influence for good, it made a great difference to me. He could never make me angry, and very seldom even hurt me, for I had no leisure for sensitive selflove, so I really became quite happy. Everything I did had reference to him, and my life had a full object. I studied to make all things go easily in the household. I read, walked, drove, all with the eager desire to get evening conversation. The difficulty was to start that, and sometimes I had to try a long array of subjects before one would *go*; but once off, he took the lead, and I had need of all my wits to keep up to the mark. When this was the case, I desired no

other society, his conversation was delightful, and the evening dearer to me than all the world could have made it. Often I had help in kind friends of his or mine; they saw my object, and gave me every assistance. How kind they all were! forgiving my religious offences for the sake of what I had gone through, and for what I was doing. How grateful I feel to some of these persons for their judicious kindness and true friendly feeling for us both.

All loved and pitied him, and understood rightly what looked hard in his conduct to me. He had a great charm, and many fine qualities, added to talents of a high order, and they enjoyed their evenings with us, and helped me greatly, and I may gratefully add, were glad to do so. As to my prayers, he was the beginning, the middle, and the end of them. I saw how he ever walked round and round Rome; he was as it were tethered to her, and he had the strangest mixture of hatred and love to her. He was a great rubrician, and he revelled in Gavanti and such books of ours, of which, in our happy days, he had suffered me to give him many, as well as supplying many for himself. Ay, mi! he knew everything, and loved much, and I prayed on, hoping against hope, never thinking of surviving him, and never asking to see this grand consummation of all my dearest hopes. In course of time, our life seemed more the result of a certain eccentricity of a powerful character, not the least amenable to public opinion, and which, united as it was to finer properties and generous acts, made him a general favourite. He dined on a tray among his books, at his own time, but he would send his friends up to dine in better form with me, and join us after. I always had to be ready for his appearance in the drawingroom by eight o'clock; all the rest of my time after twelve I could dispose of as I pleased, except in going to daily mass, and I endeavoured in it to find materials to help our evenings. It was uphill work until he would light up and take his part, but it was work, and it added zest to my life. While to outer eyes my life might seem dull and pretty severely tried, to me it was full of interest, and I cherished even then our dear hope of his conversion, he was so near, yet, alas, so far!

At last arose disturbances in his own Church, the Scottish Episcopal. He had originally come to Scotland to be free from the *congé d'élire* and all State power, and had a romantic feeling for his Church, believing it free from all the English evils, of which he was acutely sensible. The bishops took to persecuting and prosecuting their brother Bishop F—— for *Popery*. His inconsistencies were of a different kind from theirs, and that was not to be borne. Mr. Evans did not agree with Bishop F——. What two men among them ever *do* agree? But he could not bear to see him so unfairly treated. It brought back all his excitement and illness. He who would never in conversation, except in great anger, acknowledge my religion, would apply to me before his friends, to say if the doctrine Bishop F—— promulgated on the Eucharist was Roman doctrine, and he liked to hear me eagerly repudiate the idea, and say it was Lutheranism. Then in November came on the trial, and Mr. Evans fled to England to be out of the way. He was very ill there, and alarmed all his friends. The proceedings in Scotland were deferred, so he returned to find all still hanging on.

When it came on again in March, it put him in a dreadful state. The bishops stultified themselves, of course, and Bishop F—— printed the words, "a wise latitude," in connection with the doctrine of the Eucharist, which, if not dogma, is nought. My poor husband could not be satisfied with these things. The Church in which he had placed all his love and all his hopes crumbled to pieces; he felt its worthlessness, and it broke his head. Coming after all he had suffered for years, he could not bear up under it. He never attended one of his churches more, and his health broke up. On the 10th of June he took to his room, his bed. His limbs become powerless, and, no doubt, disease began in his brain. His memory, his knowledge, subsisted to the last, but he was weary, his mind seemed to lie fallow, he did not care to exert it.

Then the scales seemed to fall from his eyes. His love for me quite returned, he was satisfied with all I had done, and so far I had a rich reward. He could as little bear me out of his sight as I could bear to leave him. All the while he refused to see any of his own clergy, and when at last he did admit his kind friend, Dr. A—, it was merely to speak on indifferent subjects, though, on one of the days, he did suffer him to read a few prayers by him. Of their communion he would not hear. I once before saw a clergyman of that communion die, in Edinburgh, and he also refused the communion. Both these clergymen had always made a point of it with those who were dying. The widow of the former always thought it was owing to what her husband had heard from me in our controversies that he rejected every proposal of the kind. God knows. He sought no better way.

My husband had at the foot of his bed a crucifix, blessed at Trèves, at the time of the exposition of the holy Tunic. He would kiss it most devoutly when I held it to him, and he suffered me to say *our* prayers by him daily, once objecting to those addressed to our Blessed Lady, which I ever after omitted saying *aloud*. The Litany of the Holy Name, of which he had always been fond, and I believe had often used, seemed always comforting to him. Once he said sadly, "I want to belong to a true Communion." To try him I said, "You belong to the Scotch Episcopal Church." "Ah, but that business of Bishop F——." Once I got Dr. M—— to him, but it came to nothing. He began controversies and got excited, and afterwards did not remember having seen him.

Every Sunday morning at eight I left him for one hour to fly to mass and pray for him. He slept till my return, and though he knew I had been, he never wanted me during the time. And so he faded away before my eyes, the mind always getting feebler though never for more than a few minutes at a time wandering, and ever accurate in every information I asked of him, though he could not be troubled with actual conversation. I had no idea the end was so near. On Sunday, the 16th of September, 1860, the Feast of our Lady of Dolours, I went to church at eight o'clock as usual. I had just got to the top of the stairs on my return, when he awoke and called for me. There was great exhaustion; he slumbered much through the day, always waking more weak; at four o'clock came on a change, and at twenty minutes past all was gently over—two gentle sighs and the spirit passed away. His last words were love of me. Alas, alas, why were we ever severed. I prayed by him to the last, and then began my own terrible anguish. I had so hoped my prayers would be heard, I had never imagined surviving him, and he was gone, gone for ever. It was as if for the first time my own faith failed under this, its greatest trial. My soul seemed dead within me, love extinct, nothing left but dull dark misery. I strove my best, but the destruction of the hope that had carried me over such trying years bravely, seemed to destroy all within me. I strove hard by the constant aid of the sacraments, but no help, no comfort would come. I had to leave the home of thirty years, so dear to me, to be surrounded by strangers, as I could no longer afford the expensive and good servants of our Standwick Place residence, to sell his books which seemed a part of *him*, and on which I seemed to see his hands. All was utter misery. Immediately God sent me friends when I was dead to Him. The priests were kind, judicious, indulgent; they worked for me as I did not see at the time, but now know with what wisdom and thoughtfulness. Oh, let me hasten to the close. Everybody was *so* good, but no human power could comfort one so vitally stricken. By very slow degrees I revived, but five years passed ere my heart awoke to life and love, and I could once more feel and acknowledge God's mercies.

Still, ungrateful as I was, God was helping me. He sent me a young lady to convert; that roused me, and in spite of my deadness, I could not but rise to that work. And so in one way or another I was carried on, till the reaction came. A summer in Paris, with all her religious life, her glorious churches, and the excellent French friends with whom I was staying, brought

back the tide of life and love. Since then I am no longer the same being; the one sorrow is ever in my heart, but with it a deep sense of God's mercy and longsuffering, a full comprehension of all that He has done for me. And now in my infirm state I feel the many blessings still lavishly bestowed on me. I see such glory in the Church, such goodness in those who minister at her altars. I was so truly refreshed with my dear nuns at L——, that once more, even with its heavy grief, my heart rises up in gladness, and I say in all things, "Blessed be the Lord Who has done such great things for me." May He give me fidelity to the end and pardon all my weakness.

I happened to be at Porchester Terrace on the evening when the reading of Mrs. Evans' narrative was concluded, and I remember the short discussion which ensued when Mr. Wychwood folded up the paper.

"Well," said Amy Amyot, "I am glad, at all events, that we all came about the same time. Those terrible divisions in families seem the very hardest kind of cross to bear."

"Yet, as a matter of fact," said her father, "a great number of converts, men and women whom you would not think to have much strength of character or power of standing alone, have had to bear first this cross in our own time. It seems almost an ordinary price people have to pay for the faith."

"Perhaps," said Aunt Bertha, "it is one of the ways by which the faith is propagated. It seems as if the religious question, so to speak, were being forced on the attention of every family in the land."

"The story seems incomplete," said I, "without the conversion of Mr. Evans."

"Yes," said Mr. Wychwood; "it is not much like a story in a book, certainly. We should have had a scene at the end, and it would have been made out that the mistake—if it was a mistake—that was committed in forcing the wife to avow what she had done, was just the means of securing the *dénouement*. Yes, human arrangement of matters which are really managed by Divine Providence, are very poor and narrow in their completeness. There is a perpetual recurrence to the principle that everything must be made straight in this life. Our real life may be sometimes like a novel, but it is very generally an unfinished novel, which would hardly be very popular with Mr. Mudie's subscribers."

"I wonder whether it was a mistake?" said Amy.

"It was done for the best, at all events," said her father. "The declaration of Mrs. Evans' Catholicism may have been necessary to remove some scandal, and yet I fancy that Catholics

in general are not very suspicious as to such matters. There must have been hundreds of instances in early times when people kept their religion concealed from their own families. So I suppose it must often have been in later centuries in countries where persecution was raging, as in China or Japan, or even among ourselves. That is not exactly the question; but I mean that if it was known that such things were not uncommon, people would not have been so much inclined to find fault."

"The real point of the mistake, if there was one," said I, "must have been in forcing Mrs. Evans to tell her husband that she had been deceiving him. The authority which obliged her to declare her religion publicly, for the sake of others, could hardly reach to that point. It was a matter between her and her husband, and she would have had a right, as it seems to me, to resist the order. I cannot see that she could have been punished if she had done so."

"The most perfect sketch, so to speak, in the story," said Aunt Bertha, "is the character of Mr. Evans. He was one of those shy, reserved, powerful men, who are worshipped by the few who know them intimately. His wife made him her idol in all but religious matters, and I fear he became his own. She was mercifully spared, as she says, in one thing—that they had no family. He would certainly have brought them up in his own religion. But I doubt whether things would have been better with her, such was his character, if she had done the best thing, and become a Catholic before she married him. That was the original mistake."

The Story of St. Hugh.

PART THE SECOND.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION had amongst his subjects none more distinguished, amongst his servants none more useful, than Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury, nephew of the eminent Chief Justiciary Glanville. In the discharge of the varied functions of his many high offices, as Primate, Legate, Chief Justiciary, Chancellor, and King's Vicegerent, he proved himself an able and energetic minister, a bold and successful statesman. And he served his King with scarcely less distinction in the battlefield than in the council chamber and court of justice. He fought in the third Crusade side by side with Baldwin, then Archbishop of Canterbury, and other prelates; he commanded the English army before Acre until the King's arrival; he negotiated with Saladin, in 1192, the truce for three years, three months, three weeks, and three days; and he obtained, as a personal favour from the Sultan, permission for two Latin priests to say mass at the Holy Sepulchre, at Bethlehem, and at Nazareth. There is reason to suppose that he afterwards found his way to the King in his prison of Trifels; he supported his cause in England against his treacherous brother John Lackland, taking command of the loyalist forces in person, and it was chiefly under his direction that the money was raised for the King's ransom. The burning of Longbeard out of his sanctuary in the church of St. Mary le Bow is an illustration of the bold, and, we must add, somewhat unscrupulous methods which Hubert too frequently adopted for the attainment of his political purposes. It cannot be denied that he was a faithful servant of his King, for whom England was nothing more than a source of revenue, and who had in Hubert so skilful a Chancellor of the Exchequer that he contrived, it is said, to supply his master with one million one hundred thousand marks out of the pockets of his English subjects in the course of two years. The Archbishop himself lived with a magnificence

which is said to have excited the jealousy of King John. Between the ambitious and worldly Primate and his suffragan of Lincoln, who was equally zealous and resolute in a higher cause, there could exist little sympathy. And when Hubert sought to strengthen and support his political schemes by the exercise of his spiritual jurisdiction, Hugh did not scruple to resist him to the utmost. The Primate's ambition, his worldly preoccupations, and the all-engrossing cares of State, leaving no place for scruples, deafened him to the frequent admonitions of Hugh, which were received with impatience, and probably with something of disdain. The history of the latter years of our Saint's life is little else than a narrative of his struggles against Hubert and the King in defence of the rights of the Church, and in resisting the arbitrary exactions to which Richard sought to subject his people without regard to law or custom.

In the December of 1197, a "General Colloquy" of the principal men of the kingdom was held at Oxford. Hubert explained the necessities of the King, who was then at war with the King of France, and proposed that the barons, amongst whom ranked the bishops, should raise, equip, and maintain three hundred men for one year's service abroad. The Bishop of London assented, but Hugh was silent until called upon to speak. He said that he had thought it necessary, when he was intrusted with the guardianship of the Church of our Lady at Lincoln, as he was a foreigner, to study with special care the customs, privileges, and burdens of his see. "I know," he said, "that the church of Lincoln is bound to render military service to the King, but only in England, not without the confines of the kingdom. And I will return to my native land, and to my old cell, rather than to abandon the ancient privileges of my church, and submit it to unheard of impositions." Whilst Hugh was speaking, the Primate could scarcely conceal his vexation, and when the Bishop of Salisbury, to whom he next appealed, replied that he could promise neither more nor less than the Bishop of Lincoln, he immediately broke up the council with many bitter reproaches against Hugh, and afterwards reported to the King that his proposals had been thwarted by the obstinacy of the Bishop of Lincoln. Richard, disappointed and indignant, ordered that the property of the Bishops of Lincoln and Salisbury should be sequestered. The possessions of the Bishop of Salisbury were seized forthwith, but none could be found who dared to execute the sentence

against Hugh. The King repeated his decree over and over again during a period of about eight months, but it still remained unexecuted. At last, near the end of August, 1198, moved not so much by his own danger as by the entreaties of those who were incurring the King's displeasure by neglecting the orders which they dared not obey, Hugh crossed the sea to seek an interview with Richard in Normandy. It would seem that at this time our Saint's biographer, Adam, had entered into his service, and had commenced that intimate personal attendance upon him, which was uninterrupted, save for a single night, to the last moment of the Saint's life. For what remains, therefore, of our story, we have the best possible evidence—the narrative of an intelligent eyewitness.

At Rouen, Hugh was met by William, Earl Marshal, and the Earl of Albermarle, who urged him to send a conciliatory message by them to the King. Hugh thanked them for their goodwill, but refused to employ their services in a manner which, he said, might be prejudicial to themselves, and he would send no other request to the King than that he would be pleased to appoint some place where they might have an opportunity of meeting. Richard complied with his request, and sent him word that he might have an audience at the castle of Roche d'Andeli, on the approaching festival of St. Augustine. On arriving at Roche d'Andeli, Hugh found that the King was hearing mass in the chapel. His companions dreaded the approaching interview, and marked with joy the first words of the chant which reached their ears as they mounted the chapel steps—*Ave inclite præsul Christi flos pulcherrime*, and they found further encouragement in the versicle which greeted them on their entrance into the chapel—*O beate, O sancte Augustine, juva catervam hanc*. Richard was standing in front of his throne, with the Bishops of Durham and Ely on either side. Hugh saluted him, but the King received his salutation with an angry look, and turned away his face without saying a word. "My Lord King," said Hugh, "give me a kiss." The King turned his face still further from him, and kept his eyes cast down, until Hugh, holding him by the vest and shaking it, said again, "You owe me a kiss, for I have come to you from afar." To which Richard replied at last, "You have not deserved a kiss from me." But Hugh insisted, drawing the King towards him by his cape, until at last Richard's good temper and Hugh's resolution prevailed, and the King, with a smile, gave him the token of peace which he demanded. The

archbishops and bishops who were standing between the throne and the altar made a place for Hugh amongst themselves, but he took up his position by the side of the altar, and was quickly absorbed in his devotions. Richard meanwhile watched him carefully, and with no little curiosity, until the *Agnus Dei*, when, according to custom, the *pax* was given to the King by one of the archbishops. Richard stepped forward to receive it, and then, with humble reverence, gave it to the Bishop of Lincoln, who accepted with surprise and thankfulness this unexpected mark of respect and reconciliation.

After mass, Hugh remonstrated with the King on the harsh and unjust treatment he had received, protesting that, so far as he could with a good conscience, he had ever been anxious to render him every service that was in his power. Richard, though a man of violent impulses, was not deaf to reason, nor was he destitute of good feeling. He sought to excuse himself by attributing his anger entirely to the suggestions and misrepresentations of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The reconciliation was for the moment complete; Hugh was honoured with presents from the King, and the neighbouring and then newly built Chateau Gaillard was assigned to him for his reception and entertainment. But before leaving the chapel, Hugh had another duty to perform; he drew the King to one side, and reminding him that he was his parishioner, questioned him as to the state of his soul. He admonished him that he could not hope to have the divine blessing upon his arms, nor to succeed against his enemies, unless he avoided all offence against God, and all injustice against his neighbour. And he mentioned the common report which accused the King of infidelity to his marriage vows and of simony and corruption in the exercise of his spiritual patronage. Richard listened to Hugh's reproofs and advice with humility, excusing himself, imploring the assistance of his prayers, and where he had sinned promising amendment. With a glad and thankful heart Hugh gave the King his blessing and withdrew. "If other bishops were like Hugh," said Richard to his attendants when the Bishop of Lincoln had gone, "there is no king nor prince who would dare to raise his head against them."

The King, however, did not yet fully appreciate Hugh's high principle and courage; and he was unfortunately advised to utilize their reconciliation by engaging his services to carry letters to the English barons, requesting their aid for the

necessities of the war. It was thought that Hugh, after the favours shown to him by the King, could scarcely refuse to be the bearer of the royal demands, and that his influence would secure their favourable reception. The proposal was speedily intimated to him, and he rejected it at once and absolutely. "Such a task," he said, "is incompatible with the duties and dignity of my office. It is not for me to be the bearer of the King's letters. It is not for me, I say, to cooperate in exactions of this kind. Do you not know that this powerful King begs a favour with a naked sword in his hand? What is at first given freely is afterwards demanded as a right, and taken by force. I trust I may never be concerned in such schemes, so to win, at my neighbour's cost, the favour of an earthly king and incur the anger of Almighty God." On hearing of the Bishop's opposition to his design, Richard sent him a somewhat peremptory message, commanding him to return speedily to his church, with the blessing of God, and not to put himself to the trouble of waiting upon him in the morning, as had been arranged, but ever to remember him in his prayers. And so, says Adam, did he and his, in the name of the Lord, freed from the snares of the Court, and giving thanks to God, return rejoicing to their homes.

We are allowed little opportunity of observing Hugh's ordinary life, of watching him at work in the government of his diocese, of admiring his labours amongst his clergy and people, his austerities, his generous charity, his efforts to encourage learning, his visits and benefactions to his hospitals, his munificence in building and enriching churches. The King's extravagance and necessities, and the unscrupulous craft of Hubert, did not leave the church of Lincoln long in peace. An ingenious plan was devised for employing in the King's service the rich revenues of the canons of Lincoln. It was arranged that twelve of the more distinguished amongst them should be despatched as ambassadors to the Pope, the Emperor, the King of Spain, and other sovereigns, and that they should be obliged to defray, from their own private means, the expenses of their missions. The Primate sent a letter to Hugh, informing him of the King's commands, and with it twelve other letters, sealed with the Primate's seal, and addressed to twelve of the canons, which Hugh was required to deliver. He received the Archbishop's messenger at his manor of Bugden, just before the dinner hour; and when he had read the letter addressed to

himself, without making any remark, he sat down to dinner as usual. His clergy, who had learned the purport of the Archbishop's communication, whispered to one another during dinner their alarms lest Hugh should do something too rash, and by his boldness and inflexibility bring them all into trouble. Dinner was no sooner over, than Hugh summoned the messenger and addressed him as follows—"This is a novel and unheard of requisition that my lord Archbishop is pleased to make upon us, no less what he requires by authority of the King than what he demands with no better sanction than his own will. Let him know, however, that I cannot become his letter carrier, and that my clergy never have been, and never shall be, subjected to such obligations as he would impose upon them." He then, in a passage which has already been referred to, expressed the strong objections which he entertained to the employment of his clergy in any kind of worldly business, and concluded by telling the messenger to take back the twelve letters, to repeat to the Archbishop all that he had said, and to tell him that if his canons were compelled to go to the King, he, their bishop, would go with them, and receive the King's orders from his own mouth. The messenger, who was a courtly clerk—*curialis clericus*—chosen for the task on account of his zeal, and puffed up with the pride of the palace, was beginning to protest and to threaten, when Hugh cut short his speech, and bade him take himself away as speedily as possible; which he did in much confusion. The Bishop, however, took the precaution of sending prudent men to remonstrate with Hubert, and to point out to him how seriously the rights of the Church, which he, as Primate, was bound to uphold, were compromised by such demands as those which he was making upon the clergy of Lincoln. The Archbishop appeared to be moved by their expostulations, and promised to use every effort to bring about an amicable and favourable settlement. His promises, however, were of doubtful value, and shortly afterwards an order of sequestration was issued against the Bishop of Lincoln. "Did I not tell you," said Hugh to his clergy, when he had heard of the decree, "that the voice of these men is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

The King, however, experienced once again the powerlessness of his decrees against his popular, venerated, and undaunted antagonist. No one dared to lay a hand on the property of the church which was under the guardianship of Hugh. There was

an adventurer in the King's army named Marchadeus, a brutal and desperate man, the leader of certain mercenaries named *Routiers*. When Richard was told that no one could be found in England to brave the malediction of Hugh, he said—"These Englishmen are cowards. Let us send Marchadeus, who will know how to amuse himself with this Burgundian." But his advisers dissuaded him from employing so useful a soldier upon a task which they all regarded as one of so much peril; and accordingly the King commanded a knight called Stephen de Turnham, as he loved his own life and limbs, to enforce the sequestration without further delay. At last, and in a timorous fashion, steps were taken for effecting the seizure, and Hugh resolved once more to rely on the power of his own presence, and, himself in person, to lay his grievances before the King. Accordingly he commended himself to the prayers of his children, and, after giving them his solemn blessing, set out for Normandy. From Bugden he wrote letters to the archdeacons and deans of those places in which his property was situated, directing them to excommunicate in solemn form, with bells rung and candles lighted, any one who should dare execute the sacrilegious orders of the King. His attendants were uneasy and anxious, dreading the consequences of their Bishop's intrepidity; but Hugh showed no signs of fear, his calm was unruffled; and when he retired to rest at his usual hour, his undisturbed and easy slumber gave a certain indication of the tranquillity of his soul. That night, however, the ejaculatory *Amens*, which escaped from his lips habitually during sleep, were more frequent and fervent than usual, as his biographer Adam himself observed. He proceeded on his journey without delay. In the villages through which he passed the people gathered about him, bringing their children to be confirmed, their sick to beg his prayers and receive his blessing. The dean of a village not far from Bugden brought a woman to him who claimed the power of divination, and was said to be possessed by a pythonic demon. But the venom of her tongue seems to have been even more formidable than her supernatural pretensions. Many had attempted to reason with her and to reprove her, but had failed even to stay for a moment the torrent of her vituperation. Hugh spoke to her, asking her what she could divine for him; and holding the end of his stole in his closed right hand, he said—"Tell me, if you know, what have I here in my hand?" She dropped down at once quite silent and helpless at his feet. He bade them raise her, and

then asked her how she had learned to divine. He could not understand the Huntingdonshire dialect, and the Dean acted as interpreter, to whom the woman replied—"I know not how to divine, but I implore the pity of this holy bishop." And she fell to the ground again at his feet. Hugh held his hand over her and prayed for her, then bade her confess her sins and do penance, and directed that she should be taken to the Prior of Huntingdon, who was the penitentiary for the district. Thenceforth she abandoned her wicked pretensions, and became as silent and modest as she had before been garrulous and shameless. Such, indeed, was the improvement in her conduct that her neighbours regarded the change itself as nothing less than a miracle.

When travelling, Hugh was very recollected ; his mind was absorbed in meditation and prayer, and his eyes saw little beyond his horse's ears. A servant always rode before him to lead the way, and his own horse was trained to follow. It would sometimes happen that a traveller riding in the same direction would come between the Bishop and his guide, and when the stranger turned aside, Hugh's horse would follow. As soon as his "forerider" caught sight of his master riding away unconsciously in the wrong direction, he would call out rather angrily, "This is too bad ! See there, the fellow has stolen that Bishop away from me"—*Improbe satis facit iste. En ! mihi furatus est episcopum istum.* Near to St. Albans, Hugh met a thief whom the officers of justice were conducting to the gallows. The wretched man cried out to the Bishop to save him, and threw himself under his horse's feet. Hugh claimed on behalf of the suppliant a right of sanctuary, which was, he said, attached to the person of a bishop. His attendants pointed out the imprudence of interfering, and urged him to leave the wretch to his doom. The judges, however, at St. Albans, who had condemned the thief, admitted that such a right as Hugh claimed was recognized by the ancient laws of England ; his arguments prevailed, and the man's life was spared. Before leaving London he thought it expedient to pay a visit to the Barons of the Exchequer, whose goodwill he was anxious to secure for the protection of his diocese during his absence. They rose to receive him, assured him that his wishes should not be neglected, and pressed him to take a seat. When he complied, they congratulated themselves quite triumphantly on having seen the Bishop of Lincoln seated with themselves in His Majesty's Exchequer.

After bestowing a parting embrace upon each of them, Hugh said, "And now, too, shall I have my triumph over you, if, after this kiss of peace, you allow any unfriendly proceeding against my church." With these words, after giving them his blessing, he left them wondering at his singular prudence and tact.

On reaching Normandy, Hugh found that the King was absent on an expedition against the Count of Engolisme. He thought it fitter to await his return than to seek him in the midst of the cares and confusion of war. Indeed, the canons who had accompanied him, and the clergy of Angers, and also the canons of Hereford, who had recently come to Normandy for the election of a bishop, urged him very earnestly to promise the King a sum of money, and return at once to England. He had received similar advice from Archbishop Hubert, who had said—"Do you not know that our Lord the King craves for money as a dropsical man for water?" To which Hugh replied—"He may have the dropsy, but I shall not be the water to quench his thirst." He foresaw the persecution and universal desolation which was impending over the English Church; he insisted that it was no time for compromise, and declared that it had never been more clearly and imperatively the duty of the bishops and guardians of the Church to resist to the uttermost the lawless aggressions of the secular power. Rumours had reached Angers of the violent threats which the King was uttering against all who opposed his will; such reports made no impression upon Hugh, but the earnest entreaties of the prudent and venerable men who surrounded him were not without a disturbing influence upon his mind. He used afterwards to say that his soul was never so cruelly tormented with anxiety and indecision. That same night, however, he was roused by a voice which he heard crying out in his sleep—"God is wonderful in His saints: the God of Israel is He Who will give power and strength to His people. Blessed be God." And next morning, filled with remorse for his distrust and weakness, he found in the Sacrament of Penance, not only forgiveness, but strength and consolation.

Shortly after the good Bishop had thus overcome all misgivings, and armed himself for the expected conflict, news came which gave a new aspect to his affairs. The Abbess of Fontevrault brought him secret intelligence that the King had a few days before been dangerously wounded by a missile from a *balista*, and that he was now lying in a very precarious state between

life and death. The Abbess had probably received the news from the King's mother, who happened to be at Fontevrault at this time. A few days later, on Saturday, the 10th of April, 1199, as Hugh was on his way to Angers, where he had been asked to officiate on the following day, which was Palm Sunday, he was informed that the King had died on the preceding Tuesday, and was to be buried the next day with his father at Fontevrault. Hugh was much affected, and resolved to proceed with all haste to Fontevrault, that he might be in time to assist at the King's funeral. His companions endeavoured to dissuade him; the country, they said, was already much disturbed, messengers from England who were bringing money to Hugh had recently been robbed; they urged that the King's death would make matters worse, and advised him strongly to remain at Angers, safe within the city walls, until a successor was established on the throne and order restored to the country. But Hugh felt that his opposition to the King's illadvised and lawless exactions increased his obligation to render to him, at this last moment, all the honour that was his due. He did not blame Richard so much as his evil counsellors for the oppressive measures which he had adopted towards himself. "Personally," he said, "the King has ever treated me with the greatest respect. I have never asked anything of him with my own lips and been sent away unheard. I shall therefore make him such return as I can, and it shall be through no fault of mine if I do not devoutly assist at his funeral. If I am robbed of my horses and my baggage, I can proceed the more easily on foot with a lighter load. If they bind my feet, then, and then only, shall I be excused." The same day, attended only by one of his minor clergy, one monk, and a few retainers, he set out for Fontevrault. He went out of his way, through a thickly wooded country, to the castle of Beaufort, to visit and console the widowed Queen Berengaria. He slept at Saumur, where he was entertained by Gilbert de Laci, who was studying at the schools of Saumur. Next morning he reached Fontevrault, and met the funeral procession at the doors of the church. The three following days he spent at Fontevrault offering up masses and prayers for Richard, and for the souls of all the faithful departed.

At the time of Richard's death his brother John was staying with the young Prince Arthur, in Brittany. On hearing the news he went at once to Chinon, and was declared King by the English nobles there, on Wednesday, the 14th of April.

It is significant of Hugh's influence and importance, that John requested his immediate attendance at Chinon. Hugh obeyed, and John received him with a great demonstration of joy, imploring him to stay with him until they could return to England together. Hugh would not promise to absent himself so long from his church, but he remained for a few days in attendance upon the King elect. The narrative of our Saint's biographer affords many interesting glimpses into the character and manners of this most worthless of our Anglo Norman Kings. It is clear that Hugh despaired of John from the beginning. They visited Fontevrault together, when they found the door of the choir locked, and John with his own hand knocked loudly for admission. Two of the nuns answered from within, that except in the presence of their Abbess no one was allowed to enter, that she was absent, and that the Prince must await her return. John, who was on his best behaviour at this time, not only submitted quietly to his exclusion, but even asked Hugh to tell the nuns that he would confer great benefits upon them, and to implore their prayers in his behalf. Hugh replied with a prudence which was not unnecessary, but seems to us curiously candid, "You know that I detest all lying. I shall, therefore, be careful not to mention your promises, unless I am satisfied that you will fulfil them." John, however, swore that he would do all, and more than all that he had promised; upon which Hugh complied with his request. At the porch of the church of Fontevrault there were sculptures of the Last Judgment, and as they were passing out, Hugh drew the Prince to the left of the Judge, and placed him beside the figures of crowned kings who were amongst the condemned, and he exhorted him to keep the torments of such wicked monarchs ever present in his thoughts. But John led the Bishop to the other side, and showing him there the representations of kings crowned with glory, whom angels were leading up to heaven, he said, "You should rather have pointed out to me these, whose example I am resolved to follow, and whose society I hope to enjoy in eternity."

Indeed, for a few days after Richard's burial, John was overflowing with promises and good resolutions, condescending and amiable to all, even the humblest and poorest. But his true character soon reasserted itself, and his exalted position made its folly and irreverence only the more scandalous. At mass on Easter Sunday, when his chamberlain put into his hand twenty gold pieces, to be offered according to the custom, to Hugh, who

was officiating at the altar, instead of putting them into the Bishop's hand, he stood before him playing with the gold and staring at it, until at last Hugh asked him what he was staring at, to which he answered, "I am looking at these gold pieces, thinking that if they had been in my hand a very few days since, I should not have given them to you, but have put them into my own purse. However, take them." But the Bishop, whose generous nature shrank from all meanness, and who would never touch any portion of the offerings in any church but his own, drew back his hand, and, blushing for shame, bade the Prince throw down what he held in his hand and retire. John accordingly cast his pieces into the silver dish which held the general offerings. But his folly was not to be checked, even by so sharp a rebuke. Hugh preached at some length on the characteristics of good and bad rulers, and their future rewards and punishment. His words were received with attention, and even with devout acclamation, by all except John, who liked neither the subject nor the length of the sermon, and, least of all, the long fasting which the service was imposing upon him. Three times he sent to the Bishop, begging him to shorten his discourse, but Hugh proceeded, without noticing his interruptions, to excite all to a devout participation of the holy communion. John neither profited by the sermon, nor did he on this day, or on the following Ascension Day, when he was crowned, or indeed, as was said by those who were intimate with him, ever after attaining years of discretion, receive the holy communion. It is interesting to distinguish in John that impetuosity and inconstancy of character, which was common to him and to his two predecessors, who also figure in the quaint anecdotes of the *Magna Vita*. It seems, however, to have been least dominant in the father, to have been controlled and modified by a certain generosity of nature in Cœur de Lion, and only to have attained its last development in the weakness, frivolity, and frenzy of John.

On the following day, which was Easter Monday, Hugh bade farewell to the Prince and set out for England. He was received everywhere on his homeward journey with singular demonstrations of reverence. It is indeed not altogether easy to account for the popularity of St. Hugh during his lifetime. He certainly did not seek, nor do his virtues seem such as would most easily have incited, the admiring sympathy of his fellow men. Doubtless his holiness, his generosity, his open and genial

manner, his uncompromising resistance to all oppression and injustice, could not but win the respect and love of all who knew him ; but the enthusiastic and popular devotion which he appears to have incited, especially in his latter years, suggests that there was something in his life, a certain charm of holiness, an active beneficence, a power, which the narrative of his biographer scarcely enables us fully to realize.

In the spring of the year 1200, at the request of King John, Hugh crossed the sea once again to assist in a conference with the King of France. He had long wished to revisit the Grande Chartreuse, there to enjoy a brief intercourse with the brethren from whom he had been separated for so many years, and to release his soul for awhile from the turmoils of the world. He determined, if possible, before returning to England, to carry out his long cherished design. On the last day of May, after obtaining leave of absence from the King and Primate, he set out for Burgundy. At St. Denis he was met by crowds of students of all nations, who had come out from Paris to do him honour, and contended with one another for the privilege of entertaining the venerated and illustrious pilgrim. At Paris he was visited by Louis, the heir to the French throne, accompanied by Arthur, the nephew and rival of John, who was then about fourteen years old. Louis listened with much respect to the Saint's advice, but when he spoke to Arthur of reconciliation and submission to his uncle, the young Prince received his admonitions rudely and with scorn. It does not appear that Hugh, who certainly had no prejudices in favour of John, doubted for a moment his title to the crown.

After visiting the relics of St. Anthony at Vienne, and witnessing there many miraculous cures of the disease called St. Anthony's fire, he arrived at Grenoble on the 24th of June, the feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. On the same day, after celebrating High Mass in the cathedral, which is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and preaching to the people, he baptized his nephew, the son of his brother William of Avalon, who is described as a very gallant knight. The child's uncle, Peter, wished him to be named after himself, but Hugh insisted, as the day and place seemed to demand, that he should be called John, after the Precursor of our Lord, who was, with the Blessed Virgin, the special patron of our Saint and of the Carthusian order. Early on the following morning he commenced the laborious ascent to the Grande Chartreuse, which

had to be made the greater part of the way on foot, but such was Hugh's eagerness on approaching the well remembered scenes, the cradle and school of his religious life, that, notwithstanding the midsummer heat, his growing infirmities, and a constitution scarcely adapted to such exercise, he quite exhausted his companions by his activity. For three weeks he remained at the Grande Chartreuse, living in all respects as a simple monk. Numbers of the neighbouring clergy and laity came to visit him, and the poor especially welcomed him as a father whom they had lost, and was now at last restored to them. For each and all Hugh had a kind word of greeting, and, where it was needed, a liberal alms. After passing a few days in the house of the lay brethren, and enriching the monastery with many relics and other precious gifts, he bade a second and last farewell to the Grande Chartreuse. The three following days he spent with his brothers, William and Peter, at their castle of Avalon, and thence paid a visit to his old priory of Villarbenoit, and his cell of St. Maximin. Here again, as at Avalon, the whole neighbourhood flocked to see him and do him honour, recalling his former life amongst them, his works of mercy, his teaching, and the early promise which his life had given of its rich fruits of sanctity. Bidding goodbye to his relations and all the friends of his childhood and youth, without further delay he turned his steps homewards.

On his way home the fatigues of his long journey, aggravated by the heat of the weather, had begun to tell very seriously upon his health. When he came to St. Omers, some ten miles from the port of Wissant, on the 5th of September, he had been suffering for some days from a heaviness and pain throughout all his limbs, and he determined to take a few days' rest before crossing the sea. He was afraid, too, that if he proceeded at once he might be detained by adverse winds and prevented from saying mass on the approaching feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady. It is told of St. Hugh that he never, from the day of his ordination, missed an opportunity of saying mass. At St. Omers he had himself bled, but his malady was not alleviated, and he became unable to take any food; still, notwithstanding his sufferings and weakness, on the eve of the Nativity of our Lady he went to the neighbouring Cistercian Abbey of Clermaretz. After saying mass there on the following morning with great devotion, he returned at once to St. Omers. He now felt some slight relief, which he attributed to the

intercession of our Blessed Lady, and on the 9th of September embarked at Wissan for England. After a quick passage, he landed at Dover, where he said mass, and proceeded next day to Canterbury. Here he prayed long and devoutly before the shrine of St. Thomas, commending himself and all belonging to him to the protection of God and His saints. The King's justiciaries, and many nobles who happened at this time to be in Canterbury, waited upon him to express their joy at his return, and their sympathy in his sufferings. His health did not improve, and it was with difficulty that he reached his own house, "at the old Temple near London," about the 18th of September.

We must omit many of the interesting particulars which our Saint's biographer gives, with a pious but almost prolix detail, of his patience, his devotion, his forebodings of the coming troubles, his edifying words during the two long and painful months of his last sickness. Almost from the beginning, he seems to have abandoned all hopes of recovery; he had no wish to see the evil time which was at hand. The day after his arrival in London, he commenced a general confession of his whole life, which occupied two days, and was made first to his chaplain, Adam, alone, and afterwards in the presence also of three other priests, the Dean and the Precentor of Lincoln, and the Archdeacon of Northampton. In the course of this confession, he exclaimed repeatedly—"My sins are sins indeed, absolutely, wholly, and essentially bad; but with my good works, if there are any, it is not so, they are alloyed and compounded in every way with evil, and are not truly and simply good." On the 20th of September, he rose from his bed, and clothed in his hairshirt, which he wore to the last, his tunic and cowl, with bare feet and on his knees, he received the Holy Eucharist. On the following day, the feast of St. Matthew, and the anniversary of his consecration, at his own request he received Extreme Unction. When he was soon afterwards urged to make his will, he said that he disliked the custom which was beginning to prevail in the Church of making wills. Of all, he said, that had seemed to belong to him, he had never regarded anything as his own, but rather as the property of the church which he governed. "However," he concluded, "to save such temporalities as I may leave behind me from the greed of the treasury, I maketh everything to our Lord Jesus Christ, to be distributed amongst the poor." John paid him a visit,

and was received with a coldness and silence which show how well Hugh understood the hopeless depravity of his character. The dying Bishop commended his will, his executors, and the church of Lincoln to the King's protection, and bade him farewell.

Meanwhile, his mind and will lost nothing of their usual clearness and firmness; the bodily strength was ebbing fast, but the spirit remained the same to the end. Archbishop Hubert, in his last interview with Hugh, suggested to him that he should ask his pardon for the bitter provocations which he had so frequently given to his spiritual father and primate. Hugh readily admitted that he had on many occasions provoked the Primate's anger; but added that he had firmly and solemnly resolved, if his life was prolonged, to do so more frequently for the future. "For I recollect," he said, "that oftentimes to humour you I have timidly forborne to speak, when it was wrong for me to be silent, because I knew that you would not hear me patiently. For this, I have humbly to beg pardon of God and of you." Hugh had commenced the rebuilding of Lincoln Cathedral from the foundations, and shortly before his death, when it would seem that the choir at least was finished, he gave directions to the builder, Geoffrey de Noiers, to hasten the completion and decoration of the altar of St. John the Baptist, that it might be ready in time for the council which the King had recently summoned to meet at Lincoln, at which Hugh said that he himself would be present. It was in front of this altar of St. John that he desired that he should be buried, in a suitable spot near to the wall, so as not to create any inconvenience by encumbering the floor of the church. During the two months of his illness, he went to confession almost daily, and to the last he insisted on saying, or at least joining in, the Divine Office at the regular hours, day and night; the reading of the Gospels also, a daily exercise which he had never omitted even when travelling, was continued to the day of his death, when he stopped the reader at the passage in St. John's Gospel which was read before his corpse the next day in the gospel of the mass. On the 16th of November, in the evening, knowing that his last hour was come, he desired that messengers should be sent to the Prior of Westminster and the Dean of St. Paul's to bring monks and clerks to perform the office of commendation. He laid his right hand on the head of his chaplain, Adam, and, commending him

and all his children to God, gave them his last blessing. Ashes were then sprinkled on the ground, according to his directions, in the form of a cross, which he blessed, and his attendants then began to chant compline. At the fifteenth verse of the Ninetieth Psalm, "He shall cry to me, and I will hear him: I am with him in tribulation, I will deliver him and I will glorify him," he desired them to lay him upon the cross of ashes, and with the first words of the Canticle, *Nunc dimittis, servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace*, his soul passed tranquilly to its eternal reward.

His body was embalmed and carried to Lincoln for burial. Numbers of the clergy and citizens of London, carrying crosses and torches, followed the procession for a considerable distance outside the city. Everywhere along the route men and women crowded about the hearse, seeking to touch it, thinking themselves fortunate even to see it, and filling the air with praises of the holy Bishop and lamentations for his death. Passing through Hertford, Biggleswade, Bugden, Stamford, and Ancaster, on the ninth day the procession drew near to Lincoln, where it was met, about a mile from the city, by the King at the head of a great concourse of archbishops, bishops, abbots, and nobles, who were gathered together at Lincoln, by the King's command, for the general council, of which St. Hugh had spoken to Geoffrey de Noiers. The King himself assisted in carrying the bier, and the bishops and nobles contested themselves with much eagerness the privilege of sharing the honourable burden. Though the streets were nearly knee deep in mud, multitudes pressed round the hearse, and those who could not make their way through the crowd to touch it, stretched out their heads towards it from a distance, and threw money upon it. There were many Jews in Lincoln, and even they came to do honour to one whom they declared to be a true servant of the great God. "The master, John of Leicester, a lettered and industrious man," celebrated the virtues of the Saint in the following distich—

Pontificum baculus, monachorum norma, scholarum
Consultor, regum malleus, Hugo fuit.

On the 24th of November, A.D. 1200, he was buried with all the honour that was his due, in the spot which he had chosen by the altar of his patron, St. John the Baptist, on the north side of his own cathedral.

J. W.

Reviews and Notices.

1. *Life of Mère Marie de la Providence.* Foundress of the Order of the Helpers of the Holy Souls.

"WE have only to will in order to obtain; to will with faith, confidence, humility, and perseverance—to hope against hope. This was the secret of the all powerful St. Teresa, of Hohenlohe, and of that good Mère Marie de la Providence, Providence's spoilt child, who asks God for everything she wants, bargains with Him, is capricious, exacting, and dictatorial, and never meets with a refusal." Such is the description that the martyred Père Olivaint gives of the holy foundress whose life has been lately published by her spiritual daughters. It contains an interesting account of the origin and progress of that Order of Auxiliatrices or Helpers of the Holy Souls, which in the course of a few years has so rapidly increased, and enrolled in its ranks so many devoted servants of the dead and of the poor. It also makes us acquainted with the character and deeds of the remarkable woman who, having been haunted from her earliest childhood by a desire to help the suffering portion of the Church, was inspired first to form an association and subsequently to found an order for that sole object.* We extract the following details from the last chapter of her biography. The name of Père Olivaint, which often occurs in these pages, gives additional interest to the narrative. The halo which his martyrdom and the miracles obtained at his tomb have thrown round his memory, reflect a retrospective light on that deathbed where, a few months before his own glorious but tragical end, he stood ministering to the soul that had done so much for other souls. It was to him before the siege of Paris that the foundress of the Auxiliatrices referred the question whether her community should leave the city before it was invested or cleave to it at all risks. His answer was simple—"I think we shall want Carmelites to pray, Sisters of Charity, and Helpers of the Souls in Purgatory, to minister to the sick and wounded." This was enough. Mère Marie and her daughters remained ready to live or die as God should appoint. The last act of active charity the holy foundress performed was to organize an ambulance in one of the wings of the house, 16, Rue de la Barouillière. In the midst of pains which soon laid her on a bed of sickness, from which she was never to rise, she found strength to make all the necessary arrangements for the reception of the sufferers who

* This work is soon to appear in English, edited by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, who published some years ago in a small volume, entitled, *Three Letters on the Helpers of the Holy Souls*, a sketch of the early history of this order. Since that time Mère Marie de la Providence has died, closing a life full of merits and fruitful in good works by a saintly death. Her virtues can now be spoken of without reserve in connection with the great work which God enabled her to accomplish.

were soon to be gathered under her roof. But after this final effort all her solicitude was concentrated on thousands of poor souls who during that terrible time were daily passing from time into eternity. The fearful sound of the artillery booming on every side reached her on her couch of sorrow, and seemed to bring with it the cry of departed souls calling for help from the depths of Purgatory. When the bursting of the shells became more frequent, she was wont to clasp her hands and exclaim—"O my God, how many souls are appearing before Thee at this moment? My Jesus, have mercy!" She often said, "I can think of nothing but those who are entering on eternity. That at any rate is a reality. And what a reality!" "Oh, speak to me of Purgatory," she used to cry out, when her sufferings were at their height. "When my pains are excessive, tell me I am in Purgatory. It will strengthen me to bear them."

It had become very difficult for her to write. Still she contrived on the 1st of November, the anniversary of the day on which she received the first intimation of her vocation, to inscribe in her diary first an act of complete abandonment into God's hands, and then the following lines—"The Commune is proclaimed. I will not give way to anxiety. I rely on the Heart of our Lord for the safety of my religious family. I am suffering a kind of martyrdom, and celebrate in that way the anniversary of the day on which God gave me the first thought for the dear holy souls. Seventeen years ago He put into my heart the wish to found our community. How many graces received since then! And if I had but the spirit of faith, what a grace my present state would be. Today my hands are burning, I feel as if I was on fire. O my Jesus! Thy will, nothing but Thy will! I do not ask to be cured, only that Thy will may be done. O Jesus, my Master, let every one of my pains speak to Thee of my love, and plead for the deliverance of one soul in Purgatory."

On that same day she insisted on getting up to hear the mass said for the convalescent soldiers, and to assist at their meals. It was a great exertion, and she said, "I have no strength left, no relish for anything, but I do it, my God, for Thee."

On the 5th of November she wrote again—"This is the anniversary of the first mass said in our little chapel, in 1856. I am suffering acutely. I call to my help Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. I advise our fourteen lay sisters to make to our Lady an offering of branches of lilies, that is of a great purity of intention, on the 8th of this month, the anniversary of our consecration to that good Mother in heaven."

On the 7th November, for the last time, she took up her pen and wrote the following abstract of a conversation she had just had with the Reverend Père Olivaint. She had said to him, "Through our Lord's mercy, the word *fiat* is always on my lips." He had answered, "Aim more and more at a life of close union with Jesus, that good Master, Who is not merely by your side; He is in you. Why do we communicate, if it is not to possess Him? He suffers with you. You are in tortures. His sufferings exceed yours. His will be done. That includes everything. Rely on our Lord. You would be more inexcusable than any one, if you were wanting in faith after all that our Lord has done for you." "I then recounted to the Reverend Father the principal graces I had received, and told him of the prayer I make every day—'Through

the Cross give me love.* For twenty eight years I have said this prayer without much consideration of what it involved." He said, "Eighteen months ago, my child, our Lord laid His Cross on you, and during the last six months its sharpness has gone on increasing.† Oh, let His Cross speak to you of His love; Love unto death—suffering unto death.‡ Courage and trust. Long live the folly of the Cross! You feel that you are His property; something belonging to Him. That is the truth. Abide in that thought."

Such was the exchange of sentiments between these two souls so soon to be called to heaven by different kinds of martyrdom. God had chosen to be His faithful servant's guide in her hour of anguish that heroic soldier of the Cross who some months afterwards made this noble answer to those who were pressing him to leave his post and fly from the fury of his enemies—"No, I will wait for them here, and protest by my presence against the violation of principles and rights." No wonder that he had taught her to smile at death. "Look here, my child," he had said to her one day; "I cannot hear of not dying heartily." She did credit to his training; in the worst moments§ of her illness, when her existence seemed ebbing away with her life blood, she used to exclaim—"I am glad, O my God, to give You my life. Our Lord was worse off on the Cross. The will of God! Oh, the strength there is in these words!"

In the midst of the general distress caused by the siege, Mère Marie kept ministering from her sick bed to the wants of her poor neighbours. A number of bowls of soup were prepared under her eyes and carried to the wretched families visited by her community. She spent the month of December in increasing weakness and pain. On New Year's Day, when her spiritual children were gathered round her bed, she said—"Let us hold fast by the Cross, our only hope! Life is so short, eternity so long. Let us live as if we had already entered upon it."

The doctors having declared that she might die suddenly at any moment, Père Olivaint proposed, on the 9th of January, to give her the last sacraments. She agreed to it with grateful joy, and received the holy rite with a deep and touching piety. The horrors of the siege were at their height. The bombardment having begun, shells were bursting on every side, but none fell on the house where this peaceful scene was going on, in such strange contrast with the wild passions raging outside its walls. After the foundress had humbly begged the forgiveness of her daughters for her sins and imperfections, and the scandal which she said she had often given them, Père Olivaint told her to address to her weeping children her last recommendations. She had made a great effort to speak in order to perform that last act of humility, and was able to add only a few words, which were as follows: "Let them have an ever increasing zeal for the souls in Purgatory, and a strong family spirit. Let Paris, Nantes, Brussels, and China have one heart and one soul." "And all the foundations to come, likewise," the Reverend Father

* "Faites que la Croix me donne l'amour."

† The Mère Marie de la Providence had suffered all her life much bodily pain, especially in her head, from neuralgia; but her last illness, which began in 1869, proved to be a cancer, which caused her the most excruciating sufferings.

‡ "Aimer à en mourir—souffrir à en mourir."

§ "Voyez vous, mon enfant, je n'admets pas qu'on meure en rechignant."

said, with a kind smile. "I specially recommend charity," she added; "yes, charity—charity and——" Seeing that she gasped for breath, and guessing what she meant to say, he added—"And that interior spirit without which there can be no religious, or, indeed, no Christian life."

From that day till her death, which happened on the 6th of February, the Mère Marie de la Providence went daily to communion, the only consolation that could support her in her protracted sufferings.

On the 19th of January, the anniversary of the foundation of her community, she broke out into fervent expressions of gratitude. "God has showered graces upon our society. I ought, then, to suffer, and to suffer a great deal. Oh, if you knew how deeply I feel that it is His work and not mine. He chose the most miserable of instruments to accomplish His designs." On the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, she begged those around her to repeat the *Te Deum* for her intention, which was to thank God for all the signal favours which that day brought to her remembrance.

As her end approached, pious ejaculations were ever rising from her heart to her lips. She used often to exclaim—"Help me, Jesus, eternal joy of the saints!" The words of our Lord in His agony was what she called her chloroform. "I cannot pray," she said, "or listen to prayers, but I can always say, *Fiat*." And on the beads that the Curé d'Ars had sent her, she repeated over and over again, "*Fiat*, Jesus." "O poor us, poor us!" she often murmured, "how can we care for anything but the Cross of Christ! It is when we are ill that we learn its value." Over and over again she offered up her life, and expressed her readiness to depart. Still she did not seem to think she would die soon. Those who knew the secrets of her soul have considered this as an answer to prayer. Mère Marie de la Providence had often said that there were five things which she had dreaded beyond everything, except offending God. These were to leave her family, to found a community, to have nothing to rely upon for its support, to be in debt, and to have a cancer. And it so happened, she used to add, that by God's mercy, these five trials are precisely what I have had to bear. She had never asked to be preserved from them; but there was one petition she had often made to our Blessed Lord—her spiritual children had heard her say so—which was, that He would grant her the grace to die well prepared, and immediately after receiving absolution, but without being conscious that the moment of death had arrived.

This prayer seems to have been granted to the letter, for this holy soul, who more than a year before had heard a voice whispering to her, "Prepare thyself," and who, month after month and day by day, could watch the progress of her fatal disease, did not realize at the last that her end was approaching. On the other hand, God's mercy was preparing for her the graces which she had, as it were, stipulated for in that prayer.

On the 6th of February, the eve of her death, she had the happiness of hearing again news of her absent children. The siege of Paris had interrupted all communication with the houses of Nantes, Brussels, and China. Letters came from each of them that day, filling her heart with gratitude, and giving her the assurance that wherever they went the Helpers of the Holy Souls were carrying on their supernatural mission. A gleam of joy brightened her face, and she said—"Oh, it is

well that by suffering I can make some little return for so many and great graces."

The next day she was much worse, though now and then she fell into a doze; but her breathing was so hard and painful, that it seemed as if her agony had begun. When she awoke, though her speech was somewhat embarrassed, what she said proved perfect consciousness and clearness of mind. Several times she told the Sisters that Père Olivaint would be with her at three o'clock. They concluded he had told her so the day before, for he did not usually come till five. At one o'clock, she said again—"The Father will be here at three." "Did he tell you so, Mother?" one of them asked. "No," she replied, and dozed off again. When three o'clock struck, she raised her head, and said—"Go down and see. The Father is coming." The door bell had not rung, but the nun met Père Olivaint, who had entered the house just as the dying foundress was speaking. The nun asked him—"Had you told our Reverend Mother you would come at three?" "No," he said; "I had not intended to call till five, on my way back from the Batignolles, but I felt impelled to come here first."

During half an hour, Mère Marie de la Province conversed with her director. She confessed and received absolution. Père Olivaint left her, and from that moment she spoke no more, and fell into a sweet and quiet sleep. The nuns who were with her sat at a little distance, watching their beloved Mother, and rejoicing that she slept. Meantime, one of the physicians, who had been devotedly attending Mère Marie throughout her long illness, came in. The moment he looked at her, he said—"Your Reverend Mother is dying. In a few minutes all will be over." The community was hastily summoned, and gathered, weeping, around the bed which had been the scene of so much patient suffering. Whilst the last prayers were being said, the friend and servant of the holy souls, the faithful valiant woman whom God had chosen to be their helper on earth, sank gently into the arms of His Divine Providence. Had not Père Olivaint forestalled the hour of his visit, he would have found her dead.

2. *A Search after Sunshine; or, Algeria in 1871.* By Lady Herbert.
London: R. Bentley and Son, 1872.

At a season when the weather is generally far from bright, there is something inviting in the idea of a search after sunshine. In a literary point of view, those will not be disappointed who are thus allured to give a few hours of attention to Lady Herbert's very pleasant account of her visit to Algeria. Landing at Nemours, once the Arab port of Djemma-Razaouat, there is not much to record, since this seaport would naturally present the appearance of a French settlement, little trace remaining of antique magnificence. After seeing such objects of interest as the neighbourhood possessed, the travellers started for Tlemcen. Thence they drove to see the village of El Eubbad, or Sidi-Bou-Medin, which contains a beautiful mosque, as well as a tomb of one of the favourite saints of the neighbourhood. The dervish who acted as guide then took the party to see the College, which led to an inquiry as to the state of education amongst women. Evidently the inhabitants stand in

need of a deputation from the advocates of women's rights, for the answer was to the point—"Boys only receive instruction in this village. Girls do not need it; they have no souls—they die like the dog!" However, there is a fair chance of improvement in this respect, for one of the principal facts which will strike the reader of this tour, is the number and apparent efficiency of religious establishments, particularly of schools and orphanages. Leaving Oran, *en route* to Algiers, the scenery is described as bare and uncultivated until reaching Orleansville, when it becomes more pleasing. A feature of great interest is that, being built on the ruins of an old Roman city, there are many vestiges of antiquity. A fine basilica was discovered in 1843, dedicated to St. Reparatus, bearing the date of his death, 436 of the Mauritanian era. The mosaic pavement and various inscriptions were found entire. The foundation stone is recorded as having been laid on the 20th November, 325. We have not space to follow Lady Herbert to all those spots of interest which she so well describes, but we cannot pass over an account of a ride to the famous cedar forest of Teniet.

The smell of burning cedar was fragrant and strong through the whole town as we mounted our horses the following morning to start for the forest. Our cavalcade was a numerous one, as, in addition to the officers and ourselves, the maids accompanied us in a "cacolet," or seats fastened on each side of a big mule, and a sumpter mule with provisions, besides two or three Arab guides (who followed us as much for their own amusement as for our benefit), swelled the little cavalcade. The first portion of the road wound over barren hills, with only a few Arab tents here and there, and we had to make a great *détour* over some very rough tracks to avoid a dreary swindle swamp, caused by the sudden melting of the snow. But soon we came to a beautiful ilex and cork wood, through which the path wound higher and higher amidst an underwood of fragrant and flowering shrubs, with beautiful peeps of the distant mountains opening out here and there. No human habitation was to be seen, but vast flocks of goats and mountain sheep, and small dun and black and brown cattle, fed among the hills, guarded by Arab boys wilder looking than themselves. The road became more and more precipitous, till we were forced to dismount and lead our horses up the steep and stony path through a fir wood, which every moment got thicker and thicker. At last, after three hours of this scrambling and struggling, we suddenly emerged into an open meadow covered with snow, a little beyond which was the object of our expedition—the magnificent cedars of Teniet-el-Had. Though not so large as some of those in the Lebanon range (the average stems being from fifteen to eighteen feet in circumference), they are far more numerous, and the effect of the snow on their feathery branches sparkling in the noonday sun was beautiful in the extreme. In the very heart of the wood, on a little plateau cleared of trees, is the picturesque Swiss chalet of the keeper of the forest, who has a large room on one side for picnic parties. But, unfortunately, he was not at home, so we had to content ourselves with making a huge cedarwood fire outside the chalet, and spreading our luncheon on some planks, which we found lying in plenty round the spot. The view from hence of the Atlas Mountains beyond the forest was quite beautiful. We were soon joined by our military acquaintances of the night before, who had come on foot, having attempted the regular road, and finding the snow too deep and yet too soft to bear their weight on horseback, had left their horses at a cantonnier's house about two miles off and walked the remainder of the way. They strongly advised us, however, to brave the snow, and to see the view from the upper path or terrace over our heads, which was infinitely more extensive. M—— refused, but I could not resist the temptation, and started with my escort, wading

through the half melting, half freezing snow, and continually sinking up to my knees in the drifts, till we arrived at the top of the glen, from whence our little encampment by the chalet looked like a distant speck. Wet and weary as I was, I must own that the panorama well repaid the effort. The whole double mountain ranges were visible, the high peak of the Waransenis standing out far above the rest, their snowy tops glistening in the noonday sun. To the south was the magnificent plain and valley of the Chelif, which we had traversed the day before, with the fortress of Miliana shining so brightly on the horizon (although eighty miles off), that it seemed as if a short ride would bring one to its gates. Around and below us was the beautiful foreground of cedars, with their dark green foliage and red stems, while here and there the snow had melted and disclosed patches of the brightest, tenderest spring verdure, amidst which snowdrops, a dwarf blue iris, white jonquils, a purple gentian, and pink hepaticæ blossomed brightly, as if defying the wintry blasts.

Our military friends were right, for, on the whole, I had never seen so striking or so magnificent a view. It reminded me the whole way of the Lebanon, and was similar both in character and vegetation. Later in the season, when the flowers and shrubs would be more fully out, it must be a perfect Paradise. Still, what it must gain in one way it would lose in the other, for cedars never look so beautiful as in contrast with the snow (p. 46).

The party advanced towards Algiers, passing through Miliana and Blidah, making notes by the way of all that seemed most worthy of record. Indeed, the description of the country, people, and buildings are so well combined, that the reader may learn to feel quite at home in this interesting country. Algiers is described at some length, and the account conjures up in the mind a curious mixture of Moorish architecture and antiquity with modern French civilization. Lady Herbert's visit there was timed at an unfavourable moment, before the place had recovered from a shock of a revolutionary nature, but she had at least an opportunity of observing the general character of the people. The remains of Moorish architecture, too, must have afforded an unfailing source of admiration, and the book contains some admirable sketches, which will delight the heart of the antiquary. The Cathedral at Algiers was formerly a mosque, and has a fine façade of three arched doorways, crowned by two towers. The interior consists of a series of sculptured arches in the Moorish style, resting on twelve marble columns. The Archbishop's palace, close by, is also a fine specimen of an old Moorish house. It is described as having an open court, surrounded with graceful arches, while supporting a gallery which is enriched with marble columns and exquisitely carved horseshoe arches. These lead into all the principal rooms, the ceilings and walls of which are a marvel of plastic art. The doors being generally of cedar wood, carved in arabesque devices, while the lower portions of the rooms and passages are inlaid with highly glazed encaustic tiles of beautiful colours and design. This description, we are told, applies to most of the Moorish houses, except, of course, that the amount of decoration varies. Some scenes of religious or superstitious ceremonies give an impression of a painful kind as to the barbarous nature of the Arab customs, but characteristic though they are, we cannot now pause to consider them.

We have already referred to the favourable state of Catholic education and charities in this colony. Lady Herbert devotes a chapter to this important matter, and the account of these thriving institutions is consoling. There are orphanages and schools under the care of

various religious. Perhaps one of the most interesting is a school undertaken by the Archbishop for the education of Arab boys. He bought one thousand three hundred acres of land a short distance from Algiers, and established an orphanage of seven hundred orphans, which number soon increased to one thousand. These he placed under the care of a new religious order instituted by himself, and composed of two branches—Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters of Geronimo, a martyr of Algiers. These religious wear the Arab dress, and devote themselves to the education of children, instructing them in every kind of industrial occupation. The soil around this institution is sandy and arid, but the community and their pupils have brought it to a high state of cultivation. Besides agriculture and gardening, these boys have been taught many trades, and had nearly finished the building of a College for themselves and the Fathers. Besides orders of charity, Algiers possesses a large community of Trappists who have proved their industry by clearing a rough waste, and bringing it to a state of wonderful order and fruitfulness. When we recall the oft repeated accusations of indolence against religious orders, we are the more struck by the author's observation that "the only serious attempt at cultivation in the neighbourhood of Algiers has been undertaken by monks and priests!"

As the question of colonization is one of general interest, and one, moreover, that affects the future welfare of many, we may be permitted to repeat Lady Herbert's remarks on the subject, for those best acquainted with her writing will be aware that she dwells not only on what she has seen, nor the information or gratification she may have derived, but she enters into those questions on which depend the progress and well being of those who may occupy her attention. She tells us that—

The whole subject of French colonization in Algeria seems to have been misunderstood; but while it is not difficult to find fault with the present state of three fourths of this beautiful country, it is not so easy to find a remedy. Some people attribute it entirely to the military government of the country. But we must recollect first, that Algeria had to be conquered step by step from the Arabs; next, that a *civil* authority is rarely respected by those warlike tribes, whose sole idea of power consists in a greater or lesser number of guns. "They laugh at a Frenchman in a frock coat," said one very intelligent man to me, with whom I had a long talk on this subject; "but a uniform at once ensures their respect." On the other hand, it has been a great mistake to send from France as colonists men without capital, and often broken down in character, health and fortunes. Algeria has been looked upon by the Imperial Government less as a colony than as a place for *déportés* and political offenders, whose misdemeanours were not sufficiently grave to entitle them to banishment to Cayenne, but who still were dangerous to the peace of France. Hence the strong revolutionary and communistic element now existing in that country; and hence, also, the multitudes of "Cafés" and "Billiards" which meet one at every turn, often half in ruins; but the keeping of which seems to be the only employment for which such a class of persons is fitted. But even respectable colonists or emigrants have great difficulties to contend with, though they are stated differently by different people. One man attributed his failure to the cumbrous duties and prohibitions of the French Custom House, and the heavy differential port dues levied on all foreign shipping. "French colonists," he remarked, "pay enormously for everything they consume or use, if not produced in Algeria; while they have to sell at a much less profit when they export, on account of the absurdly heavy port dues and freight and commission expenses. Hundreds of vessels,"

he added, "now pass by the Algerian ports who would gladly enter and trade and take in cargo, were it not for the port dues." On the other hand, a very intelligent and clever English gentleman, a Mr. M——, who has taken a large farm in the neighbourhood of Kolea, thinks that the fault lies with the French colonists themselves, and declares that the protective duties are next to nothing for steam machinery or tools, of which he has imported large quantities from England. He says that when a Frenchman buys or gets a grant of land, he never lives there himself, but sublets to another man, who again underlets it to a third; so that the original proprietor has no interest in the place whatever, and three profits must be extracted from the land instead of one. His own difficulty lies in want of labourers. He began by importing Englishmen, with their families, and settling them most comfortably on his new farm. But this farm is in the plain of Mitidja, which, at certain seasons of the year, is very unhealthy. The first man caught the fever, and died; the rest took a panic and lost heart, and finally, the whole set insisted on returning home. Then he tried Arabs; but though they were willing to herd cattle, they would not work. He has now got Frenchmen at £1 a week, and Spaniards for hedging and ditching. But he has great difficulty in getting foreigners to understand the machinery he brought from England, and which would be so invaluable in a country where hands are so scarce.

While I was in Algiers, I was asked if I would undertake to send a certain number of our overplus population as emigrants to this country. But I found that though the committee were anxious enough for English labourers, they had no sort of organization to receive them on their arrival. And to turn an English workman out of a ship on a strange shore, of which he knows neither the people nor the language, without any one to guide or direct him, would be simply absurd. La Maréchale MacMahon did this with some Irishmen a few years ago, and the poor fellows were sent to an unhealthy district, caught the fever, and those who did not die were speedily invalidated home again. It seems a thousand pities, certainly, that such a glorious country should be allowed to lie waste for want of hands, when you have only, as they say, to "scratch" the ground to produce the most beautiful crops imaginable, while hundreds of our fellow countrymen are starving at home for want of work. But unless there be some arrangement made to receive, protect, and look after the interests of the English emigrants on their arrival, the experiment must inevitably end in failure and cruel disappointment.

I have not alluded to one cause of the failure of the French colonists, but which yet is a more serious one than all the rest, and that is the incendiary fires. Often, when the crops are just ready for the sickle, the Arabs will come secretly and set fire to the whole field, destroying all the hopes of the farmer in one night. We saw whole blackened tracts of wood, near Marengo, utterly ruined in this way, which is certainly disheartening enough to deter the most enterprising colonist (p. 115).

Lady Herbert goes on to say that a great number of Alsations have recently been imported, whose industry may gradually amend matters, while the late insurrection might place the whole management of affairs on a firmer footing.

From Algiers the travellers made two excursions. First, to the Roman antiquities of Cherchel and the "Tomb of the Christian." This title is a misnomer, arising from a corruption of "Kbour-er-Roumia," or "Kbour-Roumin," meaning "The Tomb of Kings and of the Mighty upon Earth." It has been proved that this mausoleum was built by Juba the Second, King of Mauritania, about the year 26 B.C., as a burialplace for himself and his family. Endless legends are attached to it, but the view seems to have been its chief attraction. The party proceeded to Cherchel, so crowded with remains of antiquity, but more

interesting still to Christian explorers were the ruins of the amphitheatre, where the martyr St. Marcian was devoured by wild beasts, and where St. Severino and his wife were burnt to death. Near this is also the scene of the martyrdom of St. Arcadius, which the travellers visited on the way to the port, where a great variety of Roman remains have been dug up. Returning to Algiers, after a few days rest they started for the second object of interest, the mountains of Kabylia, visiting as they passed it the *Maison Carrée*, or state prison, which receives men condemned for any term above one year. Then they passed into the more open county of Kabylia, where the people are of a totally different class from the Arabs. The Kabyles are sober, laborious, and of a settled mode of life, with a peculiar aptitude for handicraft trades. They have generally only one wife, and are attached to their children, though we are told that the women still occupy a degraded position. Nominally they are Mahomedans, but have really little religion of any kind. After a brief sojourn in this district, the travellers returned to Algiers ere continuing their journey, but, as it will be impossible for us to pursue their varied adventures, we can only say that the accounts of Constantine are as full of interest as those we have noticed, while the same intelligent observation of the habits and character of the different inhabitants prevents the book from conveying the impression afforded by so many works of travel, that they are mere records of personal experience. Lady Herbert gives a comprehensive chapter on the French government of Algeria, ere she concludes the volume by describing her visit to Tunis and Carthage.

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3. *Historical Sketches*. By J. H. Newman, of the Oratory, some time Fellow of Oriel College. London: Pickering, 1872.

The present volume of Dr. Newman's republished works contains four parts—first, the wellknown *Lectures on the Turks*, then two separate articles from the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*, on *Cicero* and *Apollonius of Tyana*; and lastly, several controversial chapters, which formed a part of the *Church of the Fathers*, and which are now separated from that work, the historical chapters of which are published by themselves under the old title. The chapters contained in the present volume are written from the Anglican point of view, and on the false assumption that Anglicanism forms a portion of the Catholic Church; but their argument as such is not invalidated by the falsehood of the assumption.

Dr. Newman's *Lectures on the Turks*, though written without any pretensions to profound learning or research, though popular in form, and referring only to ordinary sources of information, have always struck us as among his most valuable works. They embody alike the true Catholic instinct as to the hatefulness of Mahometanism, its blighting influence upon the East, and upon all countries where it has set its foot, and the sagacious presages of a philosophical historian as to the issue to which the Turkish occupation of Asia Minor and of a part of Europe must ultimately lead. Dr. Newman does full justice to the Popes, and gives the true key to the history of Europe. These *Lectures* ought to be far better known than they are, and we must add, that they contain

some very fine specimens of that pure manly English writing for which Dr. Newman is unrivalled among living authors.

The other parts in the volume are extremely interesting, especially, perhaps, the chapters taken from the *Church of the Fathers*, and here inserted under the title of *Primitive Christianity*. They show, among other things, what is, indeed, now questioned only by a few Anglicans not very well furnished with logical minds, how directly the position occupied by Dr. Newman at the time that he was leading the Tractarian party, led, in due reasonable order, to the Catholic Church. This, for instance, is a sentence taken from a chapter on Vincentius of Lerins.

The Fathers are primarily to be considered as *witnesses*, not as *authorities*. They are witnesses of an existing state of things, and their treatises are, as it were, *histories*—teaching us, in the first instance, matters of fact, not of opinion. Whatever they themselves might be, whether deeply or poorly taught in Christian faith and love, they speak not their own thoughts, but the received views of their respective ages. The especial value of their works lies in their opening upon us a state of the Church which else we should have no notion of. We read in these writings a great number of high and glorious principles and acts; and our first thought thereupon is, “All this must have had an existence somewhere or other in those times. These very men, indeed, may be merely speaking by rote, and not understand what they say. But it matters not to the profit of their writings, what they were themselves. It matters not to the profit of their writings, nor, again, to the authority resulting from them; for the *times* in which they wrote of course are of authority, though the Fathers themselves may have none. Tertullian or Eusebius may be nothing more than bare witnesses, yet so much as this they have claim to be considered.

The passage might, perhaps, have been differently worded by a Catholic divine writing at the time at which it was written; for the authority of which Dr. Newman speaks rests, of course, not precisely in times in which certain Fathers lived, but in the Church of their times, which is the same in all times. It only needs this explanation of the thought which underlies the passage, together with a due apprehension of the characteristics and prerogatives of the Church, to make the passage as peremptory against the negative side of Anglicanism as against Protestantism itself.

4. *The Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier.* By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J.
Vol. II. Burns and Oates, 1872.

The second volume of this work has been delayed, as we are informed in the Postscript, by various causes, not the least important being the length to which it has run. It contains the three last books of the entire work, together with the letters and documents belonging to each. These three books relate respectively to St. Francis Xavier's stay in India in 1548 and 1549, before his voyage to Japan, then to his Japanese labours, which lasted nearly two years and a half, and lastly, to the remaining year of his life, during which he was occupied in arranging the affairs of the Society in India, and in preparing for his attempt to enter China. The number of letters and instructions of various kinds which remain to us of this date is very large—some of them are almost treatises in themselves. One of these is the famous instruction to a missionary, given by him to Father Gaspar Baertz, whom he sent to Ormuz, at the mouth of

the Persian Gulf, and another, much shorter, but scarcely less famous, is the instruction given to the same Father as to the manner in which a preacher should exercise himself in interior humility. In these cases, as in the case of many other similar papers from the hand of St. Francis, we may be quite sure that we have the results of his own experience and the record of his own practice.

The Japanese episode, so to speak, is one of the most striking of all the grand scenes in the life of St. Francis Xavier. The recent reopening of Japan to European commerce has drawn great attention towards that wonderful country, the fate of which seems now so uncertain. It is evident that we as yet know much less of Japan than we think. Modern books of travel have hardly touched the interior of the country, the institutions and habits of thought of which must be peculiarly interesting to the student of St. Francis Xavier's life and letters, on account of the very high estimate formed by the Saint of the character of the people. Incidentally, we come across a good many indications of the great use made by St. Francis of his theological training at Paris. We can also gather a good deal as to the characteristic tone of the theology then taught at that famous University, with reference to more than one subsequent controversy. Once or twice, as former writers on St. Francis have remarked, he condemns by anticipation opinions maintained afterwards by the Jansenist schools, such as the denial of sufficient grace to any one, or again, the impossibility of ignorance as to some of the developments of the natural law. The Japanese were in the habit of crimes which violate the natural law in some of these developments, yet St. Francis, in so many words, excuses them on the ground that they do not knowingly sin against reason. In the same way the narrative of the disputes caused in Japan between St. Francis and the bonzes is full of interest. It is easy to see how entirely a narrow Jansenistic divine would have broken down before the difficulties urged by the Japanese disputants.

The reader will perhaps be struck by the variety of topics handled by St. Francis in his letters—few as they are which remain to us. He is as ready with a letter of introduction or with a plan for organizing commercial intercourse between India and Japan, as with a spiritual instruction or a letter of arrangement as to the work of the religious under his control. Here is a letter written from Malacca to the Fathers at Goa just before he left for Japan—

Since I wrote to you at such great length, something has happened which has made me think it well to say a few words to you once more. You must understand that I have fallen in here with an old friend of mine. I have very few so dear to me. His name is Cristoval Carvalho. He is unmarried, singularly virtuous, rich, of good family, altogether highly accomplished, and of good parts. In the desire which I profess of helping on every one to salvation, I began to urge on my friend, for the sake of the affection between us, and to implore him for the love of God, to make up his mind to give up the rattling, desultory, wandering sort of life which he has been leading, so full of danger to his property and even to his life, and, what is of much more importance, exposing him to the greatest peril of losing his eternal salvation. How long was he to go on passing from place to place, a stranger everywhere, never more than a chance guest wherever he happens to be? would he never have a home of his own to be quiet in? would he never find an unoccupied moment to recollect his thoughts and put his conscience in

order? and so on. Well, on all this he showed himself by no means inclined to despise my benevolent exhortations. Indeed, he confessed that he was beginning to feel somewhat bored by his perpetual wanderings. He had been afloat long enough, and was now looking with a yearning heart for the port and fixed anchorage of a settled life. In fact, he was minded to plant his home somewhere or other; to collect under a roof-tree of his own the ample means which he had gained by traffic of so many kinds, in which he had been prosperous enough, and there apply his wealth, which he had no occasion to go on increasing, in whatever way might be required by calls of charity and religion, and of gratitude to God Who had given it to him, as by the repose which was suitable to his years, which have now got on to the point at which decline begins, and the care of his bodily health.

While we were talking of all this, there came most happily into my mind the remembrance of that good lady, whose maternal love for our Society, evidenced as it is by diligent and daily services, has made us dub her with the title of our "Mother." So I proposed to Carvalho to marry the daughter of this good dame. I spoke, as I could with all truth, of the good disposition, the virtue, the high character of the girl. My man was by no means deaf to what I said; indeed, he was much moved by the very sincere praises which I gave to that good maiden and her qualities. In short, he promised that he would marry her. Now, I have no doubt at all, that he will be as good as his word; he has always been a man of such truthfulness, and besides, the unflinching and staunch friendship which he has always kept up with me is another security. Especially too, as he quite sees that the step will be a very excellent, useful, and honourable one for himself—one that will enable him to lead a peaceful, happy, and tranquil life. So I have not hesitated to communicate the whole matter to our Mother, in a letter which I have written to her, as if it was quite sure to come off, if she consents to it; and I cannot doubt that she will do so, and think it a great happiness to gain so splendid an alliance with such a man as Cristoval, good as well as rich.

The affair is, as you say, in good train; but nevertheless there are many obstacles that intervene to prevent the execution of such plans, and in this case I see clearly that the affair will not be easily managed, unless you take it up and urge it with all your might. So I pray and entreat you both to remember the great devotion to us which that good Mother of ours has shown; her acts of daily liberality to us; her immense charity and goodwill; and then to consider that God now offers you a very precious occasion of repaying all her benefits to us by a return and recompense prompted by our gratitude to her, which is indeed only one favour against many, but which still will be so important in itself as to weigh in the scale as if it were a whole host of acts of kindness. So pray exert yourself to the utmost, both working yourselves, and so asking and using the credit and efforts of the first Treasurer, * to the same end, in order that that afflicted family may not lose the benefit of this most happy opportunity. Do, I pray you, all that you can, that, now that Divine Providence, in its care for the lonely state of that most honourable widow, and for the bereaved condition of her orphaned daughter, as good and innocent a girl as any in the world, offers this means of relief to each, that they may each have the full benefit of it.

I don't think you will have much trouble in bringing Cristoval Carvalho to the necessary point. I know well his constancy and faithfulness, and I can't fear for a moment that he will recall his word, or refuse to accomplish what he has promised me. As for the Treasurer, in order to get him to do what he can, it will be enough to allege, as you may with perfect truth, that the matter is one which he may most properly use his authority to bring about, for it belongs, above all things else, to the praise and service of our Lord God. And in the next place it is one in which he ought to feel the highest concern, because on it depends the good estate and the safety, the whole interests of the peace and hopes of a family, which has been left under

* Probably Francis' friend Cosmo Afiez.

his charge, of a lady of the highest character, who is his own relative, and of a young maiden who is really one in a thousand in point of worth, who looks to him as her guardian for help and patronage. I am in hopes that when you say this to that good and prudent man, the Treasurer, God will, in His goodness, aid you, so that you may easily persuade him to what we desire.

And now you know very well that our Mother has in her possession a royal rescript, duly signed and sealed, granting her power to transfer the office under the crown which her husband, Diego Froez (to whose soul may God give glory!), held while he was alive, with all its emoluments, to any one to whom she may choose to give her daughter in marriage, and thus, in fact, to make the post a part of her dowry. This being so, it will be necessary to get the Governor to allow the office to be assigned to some one else, who will pay a sum of money for it, which may be applied to the completion of the girl's dowry. The reason why this is necessary, is that Cristoval Carvalho is too high in rank and too rich not to think it beneath him to have anything to do with that employment, especially as, as I have said, he is tired of troubles and of business, and what he so looks for in his married life is ease and repose from his past labours. I feared from the first that this might be the difficulty in the matter—that perhaps people would be found at Goa to contend that such a rescript should be observed to the letter, exactly as it stands in the text, and thus what his Highness had written should be stuck to against his own intention, and against the manifest equity of the case, and to strive, by this false allegation, to prevent the King's benevolence from taking effect, and to shut this orphan maiden and her widowed mother out of their fortune. If anything of this kind should oppose itself, I beg of you to act on the other side, exert yourselves with all efforts, and use all energy in your power, by yourselves, by means of the Treasurer, and by means of any one else whose credit and intercession may seem likely to be of any avail, in order to bring the Governor and the King's officials, in whose power the matter lies, to put this benignant interpretation on the will of his Highness in granting this privilege. Every one can surely see that the King simply intended that the daughter of Diego Froez should have the advantage of the reward owing to her father. He could not have intended that if it should chance that she should come to be married to a man who was not fit to administer her father's office, this poor young lady should be mulcted of a large part of what her father had left behind him. I do hope confidently that God, Who is the Defender of the widow and the Father of the fatherless, will help you to win this most equitable suit. And I am so earnest in desiring you to take it up and urge it so strongly, that I really think that you cannot, without incurring the guilt and shameful stain of ingratitude, which would fall in disgrace upon the whole of the Society, omit any possible industry or diligence in this matter of so much importance to our good Mother, until you succeed in getting rid of all obstacles and bringing to a happy conclusion this marriage, which I am sure God approves; that so provision may be made for the good condition, comfort, and dignity of a lady who has conferred such singular obligations upon us, and of that virtuous modest maiden, her daughter.

You will find Carvalho himself very easy to manage, and docile in all that may be required of him. As I said, he has promised me, and he is a man of stainless faith; but more than this, he has let me see well that he thinks very highly of such a connection as that I am speaking of, and he has the greatest hopes of finding that this marriage will give him the rest he wants, the tranquil happiness for what remains of this life, which he so much longs for. And now I think I have said enough to explain this desire of mine, and unless I am mistaken, to make you approve it. I shall consider it a most joyful piece of news, and a great favour to myself, if I hear from you that I have gained my point. May God unite us in His glory! for whether we shall ever see one another again in this life is at present very uncertain. Farewell.

Your brother in Christ, FRANCIS.

5. *Pictures of Old Rome.* By Frances Elliot. New edition. London, 1872.

The classical monuments of Rome can never lose their interest, and we turn with pleasure to the promise of a description, for there is a strange fascination in the account of those distant places with which we are even best acquainted. The early part of Mrs. Elliot's book does not, in one sense, fulfil our anticipations. Her mind seems to revert to the historical connection of Rome so exclusively, that a very brief account is given of what she *saw*. What she has read and heard form the staple of her memories. The Pagan characters thus evoked from the past are not such as will recall a pleasing impression, in spite of an attractive style of writing. Or rather, perhaps, because Mrs. Elliot's narratives are so graphic, the horrors of the old Empire strike us thus vividly when brought to mind, one quickly succeeding another in a panoramic fashion. Further on, when she touches upon the Christian sufferers, there is sadness also, but how different is the feeling called forth by sketches of a Caligula or a Nero to the reverential pity with which we muse upon the heroic endurance of the martyrs! That the writer is keenly alive to this influence is proved by such graceful passages as the following—

Perhaps no church in all Rome is more awfully devotional than this once Pagan temple, its walls being especially dedicated to a display of the physical sufferings of the early martyrs represented in a series of large frescoes, executed by the skilful hands of Tempesta and Pomerancio.

Other shrines contain separate pages, bits and scraps as it were of this agonizing tale, full of such infinite significance; but here, in this singular edifice, engraven on Pagan walls, under this lofty dome where sacrifice and incense burned in honour of Pagan gods, is displayed the whole chronicle of martyrdom. Elsewhere, episodes, passages, fierce tilts and duels, of the great fight appear; here the entire panorama of the battlefield of ages is unveiled before our eyes, a wondrous and a humbling sight to the pride and insolence of man.

Here is St. Cecilia, the muse of Christian poetry, "severe in youthful beauty," the pure wife, the dignified Roman matron, for whom the bright roses were plucked in the heavenly garden, expiring in a scalding bath, the remains of which bath are still distinctly visible within her church in the Trastevere. St. Agnes, the innocent childlike girl, inspired with divine courage to refuse sacrifice to the Pagan gods; here she is pictured sinking under the sword of the executioner, a being to her neither dreadful nor alarming, but rather the welcome messenger who summons her to glory.

By her side stands St. Lucia, her name sweetly symbolical of heavenly light, the fair Sicilian saint, whose bones rest within the great silver shrine in her noble church at Syracuse; she bears her eyes in a dish, their loss being the martyrdom by which she glorified God. Near her appears St. Agatha, the courageous maid of Catania, who rather than wed the wicked Pagan governor, Quintianus, was bound and beaten by his accursed slaves, who also by his command tore and rent her tender bosom. "Oh, thou tyrant!" exclaimed she! "shamest thou not to treat me so, thou who hast been nourished and fed from the breast of a mother?" St. John is represented as he suffered, according to immemorial tradition, at Rome during the persecution under Domitian, being cast into a boiling cauldron of oil beside the Latin gate, where a small shrine marks the spot. And the proto-martyr, Stephen, who, under the crushing stones that rained upon his head, lifted up his eyes in an ecstatic vision, beholding while yet on earth the effulgence of the opening heavens. Ignatius, too, is here, the brave Bishop

of Antioch, the disciple of the famous Polycarp, who, coming from the East, was torn by lions in the games of the Flavian amphitheatre, those hungry beasts that left but a bundle of his whitened bones. And Dorothea, with her soft musical name, the Cappadocian virgin, whose sweet face painters love to pourtray; her long hair hangs in wavy tresses, a crown of flowers rests on her fair young brow, and, as she suffers decapitation, an angel stands beside to comfort and console her. Martina, too, the Roman martyr, who suffered by the licter's axe, and whose bones rest in a costly shrine within her church in the Forum; and St. Andrew, on his forked cross; and St. Peter, bearing the sacred keys, who, in his extreme humility, suffered crucifixion on the Janiculum, his venerable head turned downwards; and brave St. Catharine, the Christian Pallas, wise enough to talk of stars and firmaments; and St. George, the legendary saint of our own land, on his high prancing steed, spurning the horrible Chimæra; and the maid Margaret, "who upon the dragon trode," are here. A picturesque saint is the maid Margaret, as we image her painted by Guercino, "blithe in her heart, and merry in her mood;" and many more pictured on these mysterious, these tremendous walls! (p. 251).

We have quoted somewhat at length, and yet might easily be tempted to add a few other passages, since the concluding portion of the book is adorned by many word paintings of subjects that are dear to the Catholic heart—pictures from an artist who has entered into the spirit of her subject, and known how to delineate it.

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6. *Life of Mgr. Berneux, Bishop of Capse, Vicar Apostolic of Corea.* By M. l'Abbé Pichon. Translated from the French. With a Preface by Lady Herbert. London: Burns and Oates, 1872.

When so many of our fellow Catholics are suffering persecution for the faith, our thoughts instinctively turn to the records of those who have overcome such trials, and finished their warfare. Although ourselves enjoying peace, together with very numerous spiritual advantages, the force of Catholic sympathy leads us to dwell with peculiar interest and devotion upon the heroism of those who have already won the crown of martyrdom. Among such is Mgr. Berneux, but his palm was gathered in a country where peculiar atrocities are heaped upon the last hours of the sufferers. None of the tortures of early times can exceed, few can equal, the horrors perpetrated on their victims by the Chinese, and inhabitants of some of the adjacent countries. Corea, the scene of Mgr. Berneux's latter mission is no exception to this terrible characteristic.

Simeon François Berneux was born May 14th, 1841, at Château-sur-Loire, in the diocese of Mans. His parents were poor, but pious and industrious. In boyhood he distinguished himself by good conduct, and soon showed a desire for the priesthood. He was sent to the College of Mans, and thence, at seventeen years old, to Précigné. Being two young for Holy Orders, he was placed for a time as tutor in the family of M. Carron, and then in that of M. de la Bouillerie. In both cases he won the esteem of those with whom he was brought in contact, and formed a lasting friendship with his pupil, Henri de la Bouillerie. At twenty years of age, M. Berneux returned to the Seminary of Mans to complete his theological studies. He was ordained

priest the 20th of May, 1837, but as his health had suffered from overwork, he was allowed one year's rest. In 1838, he was appointed professor of theology at the great Seminary. But during this year, he became conscious of his vocation to missionary labour, and in July, 1839, he joined the Foreign Missionary College. The sketch of his life contains some touching traits of the struggle between warm affection for his mother and other home ties, and his sense of a call to abandon them. In February, 1840, he sailed in the direction of China, but his precise destination was uncertain, as it depended on the state of persecution whether Cochin China, Tartary, China, or the Corea, should be the field of his first labours. There was a brief pause at Macao, then to his joy he was selected to accompany Mgr. Retord to Tonquin. Persecution and captivity, however, awaited him there. It was in Mandchouria that the early part of his missionary career was actually passed. His memoir abounds with incidents regarding his various undertakings, which are well worth perusal. He suffered from two severe attacks of illness, in addition to other trials, but he did not allow any difficulties to daunt his courage. When appointed Pro-Vicar Apostolic, his humility prompted him to avoid assuming the titles, but in December, 1854, he was consecrated bishop. It appears he was intended to act as coadjutor, but he very shortly received an appointment as Bishop of Capse and Vicar Apostolic of Corea. Mgr. Berneux had toiled in Mandchouria for eleven years, but now he had reached the scene of his last labours. Some years were still before him, and most devotedly did he employ them. At last, however, the end drew near. Political causes led to a furious persecution. The faithful pastor refused to seek a safer asylum, lest the close search for him should increase the danger for others. Still his retreat was finally discovered, through the treachery of a servant in whom he had placed the utmost confidence. He was seized, garrotted, and dragged away, with six other Christians. After being conducted to the prison of the lowest criminals, he was brought before the judges to be interrogated, and fearfully tortured. This was renewed, and at last, after further most horrible tortures, he was put to death, the sentence being that he should lose his head, after submitting to various other torments. Thus he won the victory of faith, on the 8th of March, 1866. MM. de Bretenières, Beaulieu, and Dorié, shared his fate, followed by some faithful neophytes. It was not till the persecution had somewhat abated, and then with great difficulty, that some pious Christians contrived to obtain for the glorious martyrs a humble but Christian burial.

7. *The Life of Charles Dickens.* By John Forster. Vol. II. 1842—1852.
Chapman and Hall, 1872.

The second volume of Mr. Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens* has probably been one of the most popular books of the present season. People have given up the idea that Dickens could be made out a great hero, that the revelation of his inner life would show him to have been much in advance of his age in intellectual sagacity, or, again, a man towering above his fellows by remarkable unselfishness and singular virtue. He was a very clever, good hearted, and, in the main, sensible

and practical man, but his career is that of a man living by writing, studying the public, making the best of himself and his opportunities in every possible way. He must have been extremely good company, on account of the inexhaustible fund of animal spirits and buoyant humour which he possessed, and as he endeared himself to all his friends, so, no doubt, his biography will make him a pleasant guests to its readers. Moreover, most men, on attaining such unexampled success at so early an age, would have had their heads turned, and done a great many foolish things. It is to the real credit of Charles Dickens that he did nothing of the sort—at least as far as the present instalment of his biography carries us. There are, no doubt, rocks ahead in the path which Mr. Forster has to trace, but, whatever they are, they are not the rocks on which the shallow, conceited heroes of the hour in the literary world most often run. And taking Dickens for what he was, and no more, this book about him, full even to overfulness of detail, is very pleasant reading.

The present volume takes up Dickens after his return from America, and leaves him in 1852, when he is just leaving his wellknown residence in Devonshire Terrace. It embraces the time during which many of his best works, perhaps, actually the best of his best works were written, for it includes *Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey*, and *Copperfield*, the *American Notes*, the *Notes on Italy*, and his first Christmas books. Dickens was in his prime during this decade; he went on improving himself. During this time, also, he made his position tolerably secure. He had no more troublesome anxieties as to ways and means of living, though his remaining abroad so long as he did during this period seems to have been occasioned by a disappointment in the pecuniary success of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Writing as Catholics, we are bound to say, that though this book can do them no harm, it cannot but lower Dickens in their eyes. It was no disgrace, unfortunately, to an Englishman of the generation to which Dickens belonged, to be full of the most ludicrous and contemptible prejudice against Catholics. We mean, it was no personal disgrace, because such prejudices were in the air, and were forced into the minds of the young, and, indeed, of people in general, whether they would or not. So far, we can only say, Charles Dickens was not free from these absurdities. To those who venerate him as a prophet, it must, of course, be derogatory to him to find that he had not the strength to emancipate himself, and, so far, it prevents us from thinking as well of him as we could wish. Mr. Forster, we fear, has yet to learn that many things which he has inserted in his book are simply so many blots, which can only make those who know what he, or rather Dickens, is talking about, wonder at the unconscious, tranquil ignorance in which they have been written. It would not require a very great knowledge of natural history to entitle us to marvel at the ignorance of a writer who spoke of having seen elephants with wings, or four legged parrots, or crocodiles with wool on their backs, and yet statements of that kind would not be more utterly shameful in one literary man editing the letters of another, than if he were to pass some of those which Mr. Forster has thought fit to insert, about country people near Genoa, "with the Indulgences which gave them the right to make merry stuck in their hats, like turnpike tickets," or about the Jesuits in the custom house at the same place, for whose inspection a set of Twelfth Night characters,

sent out from England, was detained. A true friend of Dickens ought to be as much ashamed of these things as he would be of his not being able to speak his own language, or not knowing how to behave as a gentleman—if such had been the case. When people find out that bigotry involves want of real education, and makes men vulgar and snobbish in the truest sense of the word, they will perhaps be rather more unwilling to flaunt it before the eyes of the public than Mr. Forster, at least, seem at present to be.

8. *Life of Sir Henry Lawrence.* By the late Major General Sir Herbert Benjamin Edwardes, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., and Herman Merivale, C.B. Second edition. London, 1872.

The siege of Lucknow was an event of so harrowing a nature, that all who suffered in it may claim, as it were, a niche in history. Had Sir Henry Lawrence, therefore, earned no other title to our notice than that of his having been one of the principal victims of that terrible episode, we should turn with sympathy to the record of his life. But from first to last his career was mixed up with some of the most stirring events in Anglo-Indian history.

His father had spent the principal part of his life in India, but it had been in the Queen's service, and feeling aggrieved at what he deemed the insufficient recognition of his services, he resolved that all his sons should, if possible, be enrolled in the East India Company's service. In this he succeeded. Henry, the subject of the present memoir, was the third who left his father's roof for that object. He was born at Matura, in Ceylon, on the 28th of June, 1806, and at two years of age returned to England with his parents. Very early he gave proof of that sturdy conscientiousness which was a strong, but unobtrusive trait in his character. His "nurse Margaret," we are told, ventured now and then "to turn the children's tea into a feast with the magic spell of jam. Henry alone used to refuse it, because 'mamma said we were to have bread and milk.'" In 1813, he was sent, with his elder brothers, Alexander and George, to Foyle College, at Derry, where the head master was their uncle, the Rev. James Knox Here. He distinguished himself by his amiable qualities rather than by any peculiar talent, but he still manifested that strong sense of duty to which we have alluded.

He left Derry in 1819, and the following year joined his brothers at Addiscombe, where we find he left the same pleasing recollections of his character. He sailed for India in 1822. His strong home affections, and desire to contribute to his parents' very small means, were, perhaps, a safeguard in the first temptations of his youthful independence. He was also thrown among a set who professed strong religious views; he does not seem to have taken up with their distinctive opinions, but their intercourse had a beneficial effect in keeping alive his inclination for religious impressions. A warmhearted, practical charity was a very marked feature, of which through life Henry gave constant evidence.

Of his public labours it would be difficult to give a *resumé* in a brief space. They were spread over a period of thirty five years, during which he displayed great personal courage, as became a soldier, but his was the calm valour which is of so much importance by encouraging and sustaining others. Regarding his conduct at Lucknow (which was

destined to be the closing scene of his life), there will always be some who censure his prudence, and dissent from his policy, but his biographer observes that—

He had not the ordinary alternative of the commander of a besieged garrison, who looks forward either to a calculable relief, or, if needs must be, to an honourable surrender. The prospect of relief was utterly dark; surrender meant abandonment of his charge to massacre. . . . The value of Sir Henry Lawrence's preparation, of the labour of many weeks, both in collecting stores to an extent which some were disposed at the time to ridicule, and in training men, was now to be tested; but not by himself. His career approached its end. Others were to conduct that noble four months' defence, rendered possible only by his forethought, others were to go through the terrible excitement, the alternatives of hope and fear, which attended the repeated efforts at relief, with varying success, others to share in Havelock's final triumph, dearly bought by his death (vol. ii., p. 370).

Sir Henry Lawrence died from a wound received from a shell which struck him in the early part of the siege, July 2nd, 1857; he lingered till the 4th, expressed his last wishes with great clearness and self-possession, giving advice also as to the conduct to be pursued in defence of Lucknow. He passed away about fourteen months previous to the Act of Parliament which removed the government of India from the East India Company to the British crown. He was, therefore, one of the last of the long line of "statesmen soldiers" who had served the Company in India. His was a mournful, but very soldierly grave; he was buried in the churchyard, but no one save the clergyman could be present, the place was under fire, and every one had to be at his post.

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9. *Les Drapeaux Français de 507 à 1872.* Recherches Historiques, par le Comte Louis de Bouilli. Paris: Dumaine, 1872.

The question of the flag of France has become of unusual importance of late, on account of the refusal of the Comte de Chambord to accept the tricolour. The legitimate inheritor of the French throne probably means that the tricolour involves and symbolizes the revolutionary principle, and that he cannot accept *that*. His strength has hitherto been founded on the assertion of a contrary principle, and he would stultify himself if he were to adopt the badge against which he has always protested. If the tricolour is the flag of France, in this view of the matter he cannot have a claim to be her king. Those who sincerely wish for the peace, and not only the peace, but the prosperity and honour of France, the restoration of her influence in the affairs of Europe and the world, and who are convinced that the return of the old kingly line would be the best security for such results, may be allowed to regret that any fresh obstacle should be raised to the consummation of so many hopes. It may appear to them that the colour of the flag is an indifferent matter. Let questions of principle be sufficiently settled to enable Henry the Fifth to mount the throne, it will not then be an affair of importance what flag he takes. The tricolour in his hands may become the symbol of principle and legitimacy, or he may simply take things as he finds them, without making any change. To

make a change in the flag implies a change in principle ; but, to retain the flag does not necessarily imply that no change of principle is made.

People have got to be so hot about the colours of flags, that they have left the history of the various "colours" out of sight. The Comte de Chambord has, we think, spoken of the white flag as that of Joan of Arc and Henri Quatre. It was the flag of Joan of Arc certainly, but it was her personal flag, not the flag of France in her time. It was not the flag of Henri Quatre, nor will Henri Cinq be at all a benefactor to his country if he sets before himself the example of the Béarnais as a model for imitation. If military glory is to be the object of his restored throne, France had better look to the Napoleons at once. The work of M. de Bouilli settles all the antiquarian questions in relation to the French flag. The flag of Clovis, the cape of St. Martin, was blue. The "Oriflamme" was the banner of the Abbey of St. Denis—it was red. In the Crusades, the red cross was the badge of France, the white cross of England. In the religious wars of France, the Huguenot colour was white, the royal colour crimson. The white became the royal colour under Louis the Fourteenth, as it were by accident. It was the colour of command, and had been borne by the *colonels généraux* of the different arms, and when these were suppressed no one remained to bear it but the King. The tricolour was made up at the Great Revolution, of the colours of the city of Paris, blue and red, and of the royal white.

10. *The Question of Anglican Ordinations.* Discussed by E. E. Estcourt, M.A., F.A.S., Canon of St. Chad's, Birmingham. London : Burns and Oates. In the press.

We are indebted to the kindness of the author for a perusal of so much of this work as he has in proofs. Only a portion has been printed off, but our readers will be glad to learn that the book is really making progress, and will be published before very long. The sheets we have read are full of interest, and we venture to say the publication of the *Question of Anglican Ordinations* will mark an era in this controversy.

Canon Estcourt limits his inquiry to the simple question, "Are there good reasons for a petition to the Holy See to recognize the validity of Anglican Ordinations?" As he remarks in his Introduction, "The claim now advanced is for a recognition of the validity of Anglican Orders by the Catholic Church. Such a claim must of course rest on Catholic grounds alone, and must proceed on the principles by which the Church is accustomed to judge and which are laid down in her theologians. It would be presumptuous in any one to say beforehand what the judgment of the Holy See on such a question might be. But it may be permitted to examine and discuss the grounds on which such pretensions are put forward."

We shall reserve our remarks on the fidelity of the writer to his plan when we come to review his book ; suffice it to say at present that on no other ground can we hope to arrive at any conclusions of practical value. The Church of England, as a matter of course, asserts the validity of her orders ; she could not affect to doubt them without compromising her very existence. No Catholic should dream of extorting from Anglicans a confession of the invalidity of their ordinations, the usurpation of the Anglican hierarchy, and the profanation of the

sacraments. He may hope to convince his opponent that no Catholic on Catholic principles would look upon Anglican bishops and priests as participating in the Priesthood of the Catholic Church.

The controversy *de jure* in this instance must be preceded by the controversy *de facto*. Canon Estcourt's method is admirable. He does not spin out weary pages of narrative: on each leading point he summarizes the facts which may be considered to be agreed upon by both sides. In some instances he has brought fresh evidence to light, and he strikes the balance where there is a conflict of evidence.

The writer may be congratulated on the moderation of his tone; he writes plainly and forcibly, but never drops one word of bitterness. It is not a small merit in a controversy which has been carried on with much occasional illtemper on both sides for so many years, to bring back the calmness of a judicial investigation. Where some most estimable writers have lost all command of themselves, Canon Estcourt is always charitable to his adversaries; he owns that in some points they have the advantage in his judgment. He leaves the Catholic authorities who were, he thinks, carried away by hearsay reports; he evidently wishes to discover the truth. Would that all our controversies were conducted in this spirit!

We hope this work may receive the serious attention of our High Church friends, and of the more ardent Ritualists. No question can be conceived more momentous to them: Are they without a priesthood? Are they without the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist? Have they no real Sacrifice? Are they the victims of a fond fancy? Whoever approaches them like Canon Estcourt, with a well studied, moderately expressed opinion, deserves their attention. He may ask to be heard: they are bound to listen.

* * We again find it necessary to postpone our notices of many books which deserve great attention. We can hardly apologize for not saying much about Mr. Tennyson's two new idylls—*Gareth and Lynette* and the *Last Tournament*—for they have been published now for many weeks, and who has not read them? The first is one of the purest and freshest pieces of English poetry in the language, well worthy of the early place in the collected *Idylls* which it is designed to fill. The last is far less pleasant in its subject, but shows all Mr. Tennyson's characteristic finish and power. The pair together make up a sort of epitome of the whole series—its bright and joyous outset, its melancholy and tragic close. People are fond of saying that they are tired of King Arthur and his knights, and wish the Laureate to break fresh ground. For our part, we should be content with half a dozen more such idylls as *Gareth*, if he chose to give them to us.

We are glad to see new editions of two very valuable Catholic works, Dr. Molloy's *Geology and Revelation*, and Dr. Melia's *Origin, Condition, and Destiny of Man*. Both are published by Messrs. Burns and Oates. We welcome also the second instalment of *Early English Religious Literature*, Lydgate's *Life of our Lady* (Washbourne), as well as Mrs. Hope's *St. Boniface and the Conversion of Germany*, a sequel to her *Conversion of the Teutonic Race* (published by the same); and we must find a word of commendation for *Passion Flower*, a tale, evidently by a young writer (Burns and Oates).

